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OR,

ANNALS OF LITERATURE.

VOL. XXIV.

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PERMUTET DOMINOS, ET CEDAT IN ALTERA JURA.

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THE
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Vol. XXIV. *SEPTEMBER, 1811.* *No. I.*

ART. I.—*An Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul, being the Substance of Observations made during a Mission to that Country in the Year 1793. By Colonel Kirkpatrick. Illustrated with a Map, and other Engravings. London, 1811, 4to. pp. 386.*

THE succession of our conquests in India, the increasing interest with which the aggrandisement and precariousness of our possessions there are viewed, and the learned spirit which has gone abroad in Asia, and transmitted to the mother country the history and curiosities of that quarter of the world, combine to make all voyages and travels in the East, matters of moment and speculation.

Colonel Kirkpatrick's account of Nepaul is a quarto, elegantly printed, with an excellent map, and well executed plates. This work was not at first intended for the press, and apologies are made in the preface for its unpolished state. Much valuable information is, however, to be drawn from it; and we can venture to affirm that to the East India company it is a document of no common utility.

At the foot of the mountainous track of Tibet, which seems naturally to divide Asia into a northern and southern continent; and to the north of the extensive empires of Hindostan, is situated the retired kingdom of Nepaul. Rugged and remote, offering few facilities for travelling, or advantages of commerce, and uninviting to the geographer or the conqueror, this territory has long lain unexplored, notwithstanding idle reports represented it as

another El Dorado. The few relations concerning it, which reached the British settlements were conveyed under suspicious circumstances, and by characters on whom no dependance could be placed. Zeal might suggest falsehood to a missionary, and the lives of a robber or a pedler could not entitle *their* communications to credit. As the circumstances which led to our author's mission are curious, and necessary to the understanding what follows, we shall briefly detail them.

When Lord Cornwallis was governor of India, in the year 1792, an opportunity offered of exploring these regions.

'The court of Pekin, resenting certain encroachments which had been made by the government of Nepaul upon the rights of the Lama of Tibet, whom the emperor of China had, for some time past, taken under his protection, or, in other words, had subjected to the Chinese yoke, came to the resolution of chastising the aggressor, or *the robber*, as the rajah of Nepaul was contemptuously styled in the Chinese dispatches to Lord Cornwallis on the occasion. For this purpose a considerable army was detached (under the command of a kinsman of the emperor) which, after traversing the dreary and elevated regions of Tibet, had penetrated, with little other opposition, besides what was presented by the nature of the intervening countries, within a short distance of the city of Khâtmandû. It was then that the ruling power of Nepaul, which, in consequence of the minority of the reigning Rajah, was at this period vested in a regency, alarmed at the danger with which it saw the kingdom menaced, earnestly implored the assistance of the Bengal government.'

For the first time a Chinese force beheld the valley of the Ganges; and contemplated with stupid admiration and barbarian envy those realms which were subdued and improved by European arms and civilization. Contemptible as an enemy, but formidable as a border robber, the soldier of Pekin could afford no real or permanent alarm to the British settlements; but disputes with us might be liable to interrupt the commercial tranquillity which we now enjoy at Canton. The jealousy of a miserable government might retaliate in treachery the chastisement we might inflict in justice; and the blow which we dealt on our northern frontier, might reverberate to the eastern ocean.

The regency of Nepaul required our assistance, which could not be afforded without a direct departure from the system of policy laid down for its general guidance by the

legislature. This therefore was refused; but a mission of mediation to the Chinese head-quarters was proposed, and accepted; although more effectual aid was, perhaps, hoped for, and captain (now colonel) Kirkpatrick was appointed to conduct the negotiation. He made all possible despatch from Patna, whence he was to be escorted by a deputation from Nepaul; yet before he arrived there, imbecility and apprehension had listened to the terms of the invader. The dominions of the Goorkali were snatched from the fear of conquest by conditions probably most dishonourable; while a short delay and counsels less vacillating would have compelled, in all likelihood, the Chinese themselves to solicit a safe retreat, suffering, as they were, under the complicated evils of famine and sickness. Be this as it may, sufficient subject of discussion still remained between Bengal and Nepaul to render it advantageous to continue the negotiation on other grounds.

‘Accordingly there was not much difficulty in leading the Nepaul ministers to this point. It would have been, at least, an ungracious return to the friendly disposition recently manifested towards them by the company’s government, if they had rudely sent back the envoy of the latter, after he had, as it were, advanced to their door with their own concurrence, and in the prosecution of their immediate interests. He therefore, some time after his arrival at Patna, received a sufficiently pressing invitation to proceed to Nonkote, where the Rajah of Nepaul at that time held his court, and having obtained the necessary authority for the purpose from his own government, he proceeded thither accordingly.

‘The gentlemen who accompanied the envoy on this occasion, were the late Lieutenant Samuel Scott, assistant to the deputation, Lieutenant (now Major) W. D. Knox, in command of the military escort, Lieutenant I. Gerard, (attached to the escort), and Mr. Adam Freer, as surgeon. The escort consisted of two companies of sepoy; and Moulavee Abdûl Kâdir Khan, an intelligent and zealous native servant of the company, who had been employed by Mr. Duncan in negotiating the treaty of commerce already alluded to, and who had, on that occasion, resided some time at Khâtmandû, was likewise attached to the mission.” P. 11.

We are informed, that these gentlemen acted in the most conciliatory manner, with unremitted attention to the advantage of the company and the prejudices of the natives. It will be recollected, that this is the only attempt hitherto made, unless we except a short account of Nepaul, which appeared some years since in the Asiatic

Researches, 'to present the public with a general idea of a country and people, particularly interesting to an English reader, on account of their vicinity to the principal settlement of the British nation in India.'

We shall follow Colonel Kirkpatrick as closely as our limits will permit us, in his route, omitting all places and adventures of inferior consequence; and, as often as his style is concise enough, availing ourselves of his own words. Munniary is the last town on the East India Company's side of the river Bhâgmatty, whence the colonel set out and passed the river which separates the British dominions from those of Nepaul, in a direction nearly S.S.W. Seriva, consisting of a few paltry huts, is the frontier village on the other side the stream. This country, as we may judge from the desolate tanks, and the ruins of an ancient city at no great distance, was once much more populous than it is at present. These remains are situated between the rivers Bukkia and Jumne: the water of the latter is very unwholesome, to which the sufferings of the British here in 1769 may in great measure be referred. Bâreh is a mean place, and the defence of its fort is ridiculous. Although the other road is more circuitous, yet commerce does not pass this way from Nepaul to Patna, but by Goolpussra. Soon after this, the colonel passed the mean village of Soophye, and crossed the dull stream of Billye, just before the entrance to the great forest.

'I was three hours in proceeding from what is considered as the proper entrance of the great forest, to the village of Jhurjhoory, which may be said to mark its northern limit; I therefore judge its breadth by the road to be somewhat under ten miles; for though the ground throughout was very good, yet, as we were occasionally not a little impeded by trees that lay felled, across our path, and by others, under which it was not easy to pass, I cannot allow more than three miles and a quarter per hour. The horizontal depth assigned to this forest in the map, is eight miles and a half. Our course, for a short time after we entered it, was about north; it was next a good deal easterly; and during the last hour lay considerably to the westward.

'This forest skirts the Nepaul territories throughout their whole extent from Serinugur to the Teesta, separating them every where, either from the company's or the Vizier's possessions. It is not, of course, equally close or deep in every place; some parts having been more or less cleared away, especially those which are situated most favourably for the commerce of timber, or in the vicinity of flourishing towns. To the eastward, some considerable tracts are reported to be quite clear. I cannot

pretend to enumerate the great varieties of its trees; but the principal for size and utility, are the Saul, the Sissoo, the Setti-Saul, the Phullamikha, (or iron wood), the Sâjh, the Bhurra, the Summi, and the Mûlta. The ebony is also, I understand, found here. This forest is much overrun in the Jhurjhoory quarter with underwood and long grass. The part most resorted to by the wood dealers, appears to be that which borders on the Boggah district, timber being transported from thence even to the district of Calcutta. I am inclined to think, however, that notwithstanding the convenience afforded by the vicinity of the Gunduck, a more advantageous spot might be selected for the operations of the wood merchants. The Nepaul government levy, I believe, very high, and consequently, in a commercial view at least, impolitic duties on this traffic: whether or no they are influenced, in this respect, by the idea, that the vigorous prosecution of it would have the effect of diminishing the strength of the barrier which this forest no doubt constitutes, I had not the opportunity of ascertaining. Upon my remarking on the ill-tendency of such restraints, it was thought a sufficient justification of them to declare, that they had not originated with the present government, which did no more than follow the ancient practice in this particular.

‘ Besides valuable timber, this forest affords another source of profit to the Nepaul government in its numerous elephants; but this, like the timber, is not improved so much as it might be. The governor of the Turrye told me, that in his district, from Somoisir to the Kousi, there were caught annually between two and three hundred elephants; much the greater part, however, of these, are very young, not being above five hauts, or seven feet and a half high; nor can they well be supposed able to catch any of a superior size, as the animals are not driven into a keddah, or enclosure, but are caught by snares or nooses thrown over their necks by a mahoot seated on a decoy elephant. The rope being immediately drawn, the end of it is secured round a tree, from which it is easy to conceive that they often break loose, and are not unfrequently strangled in their struggles. There is, therefore, a double disadvantage attending this imperfect mode of catching these animals, for while it clearly tends to diminish the breed, it renders the elephants so prematurely caught, of little value.’

The rhinoceros and the tiger are also indigenous in these woods; and, as the natives told the colonel, certain trees which he saw bound with jungle grass, indicated their vicinity and the danger of the road. This was, indeed, differently accounted for, and it appears to us the most natural solution, that as the inhabitants are particularly superstitious, these might be propitiatory offerings to the demons of the woods. Such demons are supposed

to inhabit the groves of India, as well as the pine-clad mountains of North Britain. From hence the path led through the romantic pass of Cheeriaghati, where a curious cascade arrested attention, and proceeding onwards the mission reached Hettowra, a miserable and unhealthy town, although the grand emporium of these parts.

The second chapter gives us a second route from Segouly to Hettowra, the way by which the author returned; it contains some not incurious matter on the courses of rivers, a farther description of Hettowra, and the mode of catching fish in the neighbourhood. This is done by means of diving in shallow water, and catching the fish in the hands or teeth, nets (we doubt the colonel's expression, '*casting nets*'), being placed near. The price of labour here is regulated by government, as no sort of merchandize can be transported over the hill country, beyond the town, except on the shoulders of hill-porters. A curious plate of the hammock or palanquin is subjoined, in which travellers are conducted over the mountains. We have already mentioned the timber of these regions; it contains an inexhaustible source of revenue. 'The pines of the Bechiacori, and the Saul-trees, are not, perhaps, surpassed in any other part of the world, either for straightness or dimensions, or probably for strength or durability.' The mineralogy of this country deserves a more scientific writer than Colonel Kirkpatrick, to illustrate it. We are of opinion, from the few hints dropped in this work, and from surmises which we have heard advanced by those who may be supposed adepts, that this territory will hereafter be a rich field for mineralogical speculation, although, as we before hinted, it is not quite an El Dorado.

Proceeding onward from Hettowra, the mission marched up to the bed of the Rapti, the slipperiness of the bottom forming the only inconvenience. The fall of the largest cataract was not above four or five feet:

'the perpetual roaring occasioned by the impetuous course of this stream over its rocky bed, adds wonderfully to the effect of the wild and picturesque scenery that adorns its lofty banks, the hills which confine it, being of an immense, though not uniform height, and abundantly clothed with a great variety of beautiful trees.'

This passage of course must be impracticable during the periodical rains. Someway farther on, the ascent from Bheem-phede to Cheesapany fort, is for the most part diffi-

cult, and the depth of the precipices must be truly frightful, when we are assured, that the largest cattle from the road did not appear larger than the size of a bird!! Either the cattle must have been rats, or the birds the Rocs of Sinbad.

The military remarks scattered through these volumes will doubtless be of future advantage to the troops of the company. The state of defence of the forts, or their dismantlement, are surveyed with accuracy, and will not be forgotten where the intelligence may be useful. But when we enter a country as spies, are we to wonder at the jealousy of the natives? When we calculate on the range of their ill-served artillery, or have already, in our mind's eye, drawn our first parallel, can it surprise us, if the Hindû is lax in inviting us, and watches our visit with suspicious circumspection? We confess we cannot agree in giving bitter opprobrium to 'the habitual jealousy of the Goorkahs, the reigning dynasty of Nepaul;' and if we saw a French engineer, even in times of peace, employed in noting down the vulnerable points of our dock-yards and fortresses, we really believe we should feel a little jealousy of his intentions. After all, in a political point of view, it may be right to gain every military information in a country where we are hospitably invited; it *may* be a part of the service to lay such details before their correspondent board; but we must at least hesitate in the *policy* of *publication*.

'Near the top of a peak (but not the loftiest of those which rise from Cheesapany mountain), situated to the north-west of the highest point of the pass, the mercury in the barometer fell to 23. 80 inches, which indicated an elevation of about 780 yards above the level of Bheem-phede. This peak, and, of course, all those around it, most of which are higher, is often covered with snow for a fortnight together during the winter. Indeed the snow lies sometimes a span deep, and for ten days together, even at Cheesapany fort.

'On reaching the point of the pass just mentioned (and which I judge to stand about 120 yards higher than Cheesapany fort), the mountains of Himma-lek suddenly burst upon the view, rearing their numerous and magnificent peaks, eternally covered with snow, to a sublime height, and so arresting the eye as to render it for some time inattentive to the beautiful landscape immediately below it, and in which mount Chandraghiri, and the valley of Chitlong, with its meandering stream, form the most prominent objects. Indeed the snow lay upon them as low down as their sides were visible to us, which in some parts was to a very considerable depth, notwithstanding the interposi-

tion of the stupendous mountains, which rose immediately to the southward of them.' P. 38.

This description of the view from the peak of Cheesapany continues for some lines farther, which must be one of the grandest that can be well imagined. The descent on the other side is by no means so dangerous, as a traveller would be warranted in concluding from the difficulties of his ascent to the summit. About midway, a rude temple, formed of a conical heap of stones, testifies the devotion of the mountaineer. After passing Tambek-kan and Markoo, the mission ascended the hill of Ekdunta, a description of which we cannot better give than in the colonel's words.

'Over this hill there lead two paths. Our cattle, and most of our people proceeded by the safest, but neither the shortest nor easiest. It lies to the left, and partly through the course of a rivulet. That by which I was conducted, winds round the right, or east face of the hill, at no great distance from its brow, and is the most alarming, if not the most dangerous passage that occurred in our whole journey; the breadth of it no where exceeds two feet, and in some places not so much. On one hand is the side of the hill, which, contrary to the general nature of these mountains, is here quite bare, affording neither shrub or stone capable of sustaining the stumbling traveller, on whose other hand is a perpendicular precipice some hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which the Markoo-kola rushes impetuously over its rocky bed. When I perceived the situation I was in, I should have been very well pleased to have got on my legs, though probably, so sure-footed are the bearers, I was better in my hammock, where, at all events, I was under the necessity of remaining, as the narrowness of the road did not permit my quitting it with safety.' P. 64.

On descending this dangerous pass, the country beneath appeared spotted with scattered cottages and hamlets, and were it not for the terraces, in which the fields were laid out (probably like the terraced land about Bridport, in Dorsetshire), the whole might be compared to the smiling vales of England. The first station that has any appearance of a town, although it is very inconsiderable, is Chit-long, from whence Mount Doona-baisi must be ascended. This abounds in many curious trees, of which the names and properties are not familiar to the most intelligent botanist. When, in some future century, we have taken advantage of the divisions in the government, and silenced the hill-forts, so ably surveyed by the colonel, and planted our standards on the rocks of Tibet, we may expect the

most ample augmentation to our mineralogical and botanical nomenclature. Nature appears most lavish in these regions, where the summits of the mountains are covered with snow, but where invariably a most delightful scene is spread below.

The 4th chapter, which is episodical, will be found most uninteresting to a general reader; and we see no reason why it should not have been placed at the end of the itinerary, to which it does not rightly belong. It consists of a disquisition on the division of lands in Nepaul, of the measures and weights in use, of the cultivation of the soil, of the labourers and their classification, and of military service. Under each of these heads, the curious on Indian affairs will be enabled to glean information; but as we have before said, they will be of little general use, and we shall therefore omit to comment on them, and resume the itinerary.

We left the mission on the Doona-baisi, whence it proceeded across the Doona valley, and after some time ascended

‘ the south side of Mount Koomhara by a road far the worst of any that occurred in the whole journey, being for the most part exceedingly steep, and lying in many places along the edges of frightful precipices, to say nothing of the great height of the mountain, and the number of rocks necessary to be clambered over in the course of the ascent.’

Yet this declivity, rugged as it is, is laid out in rice fields! The colonel next describes the valley of Noakote, through which the travellers passed. The river which flows through it, is with difficulty curbed by immense embankments of stone; the eels in this stream are of the largest size, and most delicious flavour. Here is a brick temple, dedicated to the goddess Maha-Mai, or Bhowani, and numberless offerings of brass vessels, and various sorts of weapons are suspended from the projecting roofs. As we hang the banners of our vanquished foes in the cathedral of St. Paul's, in the sanctuary of the god of peace; so, by a similarity of barbarism, the uninstructed Nepaulian bedecks the temple of his idol with the trophies taken from the Chinese. The arms lost by Captain Kinlock's detachment in 1769 had augmented their military and religious ornaments; but the polite Nepaulian had secreted them, in compliment to Colonel Kirkpatrick, in his passage through the valley. The same goddess, a type, probably of ‘ nature,’ or the ‘ universal mother,’ (for that is the meaning of the

term Maha-Mai), is worshipped also, in a rude temple, at Daiby Ghaut, where our travellers made several observations.

‘The officiating priests are usually Newars, those people considering her the tutelar divinity, or patroness of their tribe. The oblations consist principally of buffaloes, on the flesh of which the ministers of the goddess unscrupulously regale, a special revelation of her divine will having some years ago rendered it lawful for the Newars to feed at all times upon this animal.’ P. 119.

The following anecdote of the Regent of Nepaul, we insert, as well from the curiosity of it, as, because it is nearly the only anecdote in the book.

‘Upon certain missionaries offering to instruct him in the most useful branches of mineralogy and metallurgy (respecting which this prince is very curious), provided he would embrace the Christian faith, he coolly replied, that his rank in the state made it inconvenient for him to accede to the proposed terms, but that he was ready to substitute two or three men, who should make as good proselytes as himself. The missionary rejecting this expedient, and the regent not comprehending, or affecting not to comprehend, why three souls should be of less estimation than one, very gravely inferred, that the Holy Father could only be prevented from accepting so fair a proposal, by the desire of concealing his ignorance of the arts which he had professed himself qualified to teach.’ P. 121.

A princess a short time since burnt herself here at her lord's funeral pile, and another lady of the same rank was shortly after *invited* to the same entertainment; but having a great deal of business on her hands at home, she sent a polite excuse. The scenery around this place is of the wildest and most grotesque nature, and the various elevations are jumbled together in a manner truly hideous. At p. 132, is delineated the representation of a beautiful bird, not unlike our pheasant, called the Khâlidge. This bird is to be met with in the thickets which overshadow the gorges of Noakote. It is not to be found in great quantities, for several times it was sought with guns, but always unsuccessfully: and the country appears to be as unfavourable for angling as for fowling, for though fish swarm, yet the rapidity and the clearness of the streams, prevent them from biting. From the valley of Noakote, after crossing the Tadi, over a rudely-constructed bridge, the colonel reached the foot of Mount Bheerbundy, of stupendous elevation; yet the ascent is of a different cha-

racter from those hitherto explored, safe, easy, and pleasant. The rarified air, we suppose, on the heights, exhilarated the colonel's spirits, for, dropping the monotony of his usual mode of detail, he grows all at once frisky and poetical, telling us below, that 'Ossa seemed heaped upon Pelion, and Olympus on Ossa.' But let us hear what he says after this ejaculation. We fully partake with him in his classical feelings on a mountain where Virgil was certainly never spouted before.

'I am conscious, though, I confess, not ashamed, that I never have occasion to mention the stupendous mountains which constitute this most interesting picture, that I do not indulge in an enthusiasm of expression, as well as of imagination that may appear very affected, or very extravagant, both to those who have never beheld, or those who are familiar with such alpine scenes. Possibly much of the sensibility of myself and fellow travellers on this point might be owing to the circumstance of our not being at any time fortunate enough to enjoy so long or favourable a view of this sublime scenery as could sufficiently gratify even the coldest curiosity.' P. 138.

We confess ourselves at a loss to divine, in the latter part of this quotation, why the not seeing a view should make a man enthusiastic in the description of it; or why those who are, or are not familiar with alpine scenery should *equally* think a warm admirer of it, 'very affected.' We feel with the colonel, but he must excuse us from reasoning with him.

After passing some inconsiderable towns, we at length arrive in the valley of Nepaul. Our tents are pitched on a rising spot of ground at not quite a mile from Khatmandu, the capital of this distant and hitherto unexplored region. We have here leisure to contemplate the very curious temple of Sumbhoo-nath, which stands on the summit of an insulated hill, rising abruptly from the level of the plain to the height of three hundred feet. A broad flight of steps, cut in the rock, which is pleasantly overshadowed by trees, conducts us up the ascent. 'At the foot of the steps is a colossal image in stone of the god Bondh, who is considered by some to be the lawgiver of the Bhootias or Tibetians, and to be the same as the Fo of the Chinese.' The edifice is unquestionably of great antiquity: a very well executed plate of it is subjoined to p. 149. It should, however, be noticed,

'that this view comprehends little more than that part of the sanctuary which appears to be more particularly appropriated

to the rites of the Bhootia worship, and which is encompassed by a sort of quadrangular edifice, containing a variety of small shrines and edifices.'

Nothing satisfactory can be ascertained respecting the foundation of this temple. The description goes to some length, which we regret we cannot lay before our readers.

To p. 153 is annexed a panoramic view of the valley of Nepaul, a mode of bringing neighbouring objects before our view unattainable in mere horizontal distances. This valley is nearly of an oval figure; and is bounded on the north and south by very stupendous mountains, which is not the case to the east and west where the elevations are not near so high. We shall close the itinerary with Colonel Fitzpatrick's description of Khatmandu, the hitherto unnoticed capital of Nepaul, and the final object of the embassy.

'It stands on the east bank of the Bishnmuttery, along which it stretches in length about a mile; its breadth is inconsiderable, nowhere exceeding half, and seldom extending beyond a quarter of a mile; its figure is said by the natives to resemble the Kohra, or scimeter of Daiby. The entrance to it from the westward, near which extremity of the valley it is situated, is by two slight bridges thrown over the Bishnmuttery, one of them at the north, the other near the south end of the town. The name by which it is distinguished in ancient books is Gongoolputten: the Newars call it Yindaise, whilst among the Purbuties, or mountaineers, it is styled Kathipoor, an appellation which seems to proceed from the same source with Khâtmândû, the present popular appellation of this city, and derived, as it is said, from its numerous wooden temples, which are, indeed, amongst the most striking objects it offers to the eye. These edifices are not confined to the body of the town, but are scattered over its environs, and particularly along the sides of a quadrangular tank or reservoir of water, situated a short way beyond the north-east quarter of the town, and called Rani-pok-rha. They appear to differ nothing in their figure or construction from the wooden mundubs occasionally met with in other parts of India, and are principally remarkable for their number and size, some of them being of considerable elevation and proportionate bulk. Besides these, Khâtmândû contains several other temples on a large scale, and constructed of brick, with two, three, and four sloping roofs, diminishing gradually as they ascend, and terminating pretty generally in pinnacles, which, as well as some of the superior roofs, are splendidly gilt, and produce a very picturesque and agreeable effect.

'The houses are of brick and tile, with pitched or pent-roofs; towards the street, they have frequently enclosed wooden bal-

conies of open carved work, and of a singular fashion, the front piece, instead of rising perpendicularly, projecting in a sloping direction towards the eaves of the roof. They are of two, three, and four stories, and almost without a single exception, of a mean appearance; even the Rajah's house being but a sorry building and claiming no particular notice. The streets are excessively narrow, and nearly as filthy as those of Benares.

‘Khâtmandû was reckoned, during the time of Jye Purkaush, to contain about 22,000 houses; but this amount is affirmed to have been very much augmented since that period, though not without some consequent decrease of Patu and Bhatong. This statement must, however, of necessity be understood as comprehending not only the population of the town itself, but of its dependant villages, it being manifest that there cannot stand, at the most, above 5,000 houses, on the ground occupied by this city; and indeed, though all those I discoursed with on this point appeared desirous of magnifying the number of its inhabitants, yet some of them pretty clearly admitted that the specified statement was meant to include most of its subordinate towns or hamlets, which are not less than from twenty to thirty.’—P. 160.

The seventh chapter treats of the name, climate, seasons, soil, and general face of the country of Nepaul; of its metals and its minerals; animal and vegetable productions; population and classes of inhabitants; customs and manners; religion, temples, and ceremonies; government; laws; administration of justice; commerce, arts, and manufactures; revenues and military force; coins, learning and language. In this wide field it is not worth our while to dispute on the etymology of Nepaul, or whether it should be spelt with an e or an y. Of the climate, it may be necessary to remark, that the northernmost of Nepaul scarcely lies in a higher parallel of latitude than twenty-seven degrees and a half—the oral information obtained by the colonel cannot be perfectly relied on. The barometer indicated the height of this valley to be four thousand feet above the level of the sea; an elevation which did not prevent the thermometer from rising once to eighty-four degrees. The lowest point, was forty-seven; and the mean temperature, on the average of fifty-one observations, was sixty-seven degrees. The rains commence earlier in Nepaul than in Hindostan; and great inundations are the consequence of their rapid descent. That gold-mines were contained in Nepaul, was formerly a very prevalent idea among the natives of Hindostan. The source of the error originated

‘in no stronger a circumstance than the gold of Tibet passing

14 *Kirkpatrick's Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul.*

into Bengal and Bahar through Nepaul, for it would not seem that much stress has been laid on the occasional separation of a few gold grains either from the sand or from those consecrated pebbles of the Gunduck, known by the name of Salegrams.'

Some veins of silver have been discovered to the westward of Nowkote. With regard to other metals we have given our opinion in an early part of this critique. To the westward also, it is said there are some volcanoes: none however occurred within the colonel's route.

'The houses of Nepaul are universally built with brick, because the use of stone, though every where procurable within an easy distance, would be intolerably expensive in a country not admitting either of wheel carriages, or of water transportation.'

Marble and jasper are more uncommon in Nepaul than in Bengal: near Goorka there is said to be a considerable mass of rock chrystal, and there is an abundance of limestone; notwithstanding which the inhabitants use a cement of mud in the building their houses. The population of the valley of Nepaul, Col. Kirkpatrick thinks, may be loosely estimated at about half a million; and the inhabitants are principally made up of 'the two superior classes of Hindoos (or Brahmins and Chetrees, with their various subdivisions) of Newars, of Dhenwars, of Mhanjees, of Bhootias and Bhanráhs.' In this short outline it is impossible for us to do justice to the discriminating classification given by our author. One singular fact it may be necessary to mention, that this is the only Hindoo country that has never been disturbed by the fanaticism of Mahomet, and the sword of his disciples. If this be strictly true, it contradicts the visionary speculations of many writers on the eastern progress of Mahometanism, of which theory we were before convinced, that too much has been asserted.

The religious festivals occupy a considerable space: they consist of a dry dull enumeration of teeth-breaking words, piled together without any visible utility, and certainly without any sensible amusement. The observations on the government of Nepaul are pointed, and written with ability; we cannot resist citing those which are merely preliminary.

'The genius of a government unacquainted alike with the positive and implied restraints imposed by a precise, not to say immutable law or constitution, and taking its colour, for the

most part, from the character and temporary views of the ruling individual, must necessarily be of too fugitive a nature to admit of any delineation equally applicable to all periods and circumstances. Of this unsettled kind is the government not only of Nepaul, but perhaps all the Asiatic countries. It is formally, and in a great degree, essentially despotic; but its despotism, is on the one hand modified and in some measure meliorated by certain observances enjoined by immemorial usage, and not to be disregarded with impunity even by the most powerful prince; while, on the other, it is controlled by the active influence enjoyed and occasionally exerted by the aristocratic order already mentioned, under the appellation of the Thurgurs. But at the same time that it may reasonably be doubted whether the body of the people ever derive the least advantage from the political struggles of these chieftains, it is also obvious that the extent of the authority possessed by the latter, must always materially depend on a variety of contingencies liable to constant fluctuation: hence it would not be safe to deduce the general spirit of the government from its present condition, especially since it is certain that although the administration of Behadur Shah, during the minority of his nephew has on the whole been tolerably agreeable, yet considerations of expediency, suggested by a solicitude to maintain himself in his situation, have often compelled him to conciliate his colleagues, by compliances, which, according to the declaration of an intelligent person, who communicated with me very freely on this subject, have reduced the strength and energy of the Goorkali dominion to the mere shadow of what it was under the more vigorous, or, properly speaking, the more arbitrary sway of Purthi Nerain. Without attempting, therefore, to determine the actual force of the machine of government, we must be content to illustrate its construction as well as we are able, by adding to an enumeration of the principal officers of state, a brief account of the ostensible nature of their respective employments.

A succinct account of the offices and duties incumbent on all the privileged orders from the premier to the centurion is then given: and any account of the laws of Nepaul is naturally superseded, when we are informed that the Dhurma Shaster forms the basis of the code of civil and criminal jurisprudence. The exports and imports to and from the Company's dominion are not so extensive as they might be; and for a solution of this (p. 204) we are again referred to the cant term of 'jealousy.' The commerce, on the contrary, which is carried on between the inhabitants of Nepaul and Tibet is enormous. The reason is clear; no 'jealousy' is felt of a Tibetan officer measuring the offensive and defensive means of a

people whom he visits ; and the commercial speculations of the Grand Lama, probably, aim at no ulterior enterprise under that designation.

The colonel honestly confesses that he has little to advance respecting the arts and manufactures of this remote nation ; yet he informs us that the natives work well in brass, iron, and copper ; and that their carpentry is respectable, though they are ignorant of the use of a saw. An attempt at the fabrication of fire-arms has been attempted without success. ' They gild extremely well, and among the bells they construct for the use of their temples, and other religious purposes, some are of a considerable size ; ' we are told that one at Bhatgong is five feet in diameter. Perhaps the least satisfactory part of this volume, and that which the colonel had least power of perfecting, is the account of the Nepaulian revenue ; while prudence prevented him from attempting to ascertain military matters too diligently, as the people of Nepaul are (as we have before stated) most uncivilly ' jealous.' The ambassador conceives the state of their ordnance to be rather contemptible ; nor can he conjecture how artillery can ever act with effect in so rugged a country. That we may never try the experiment, is devoutly to be desired.

Learning is not so totally extinct, or nascent, as might be supposed in this secluded tract. The Pundits of Nepaul rival, ' in the branches of Science usually cultivated by their fraternity,' those of any other Hindoo country. Judicial astrology, although perhaps we should reckon this an abuse rather than a proof of learning, has many votaries. Eight principal vernacular languages are spoken in this nation, exclusively of the Sanscrit ; but the introduction of the first Sanscrit grammar is not correctly ascertained. The whole of India probably does not afford a repository of Brahminical MSS. equal to the solitary valley of Nepaul ; and Bhatgong may, without impropriety, be termed the Benares of the Goorkhali territories. Three specimens of the Purbutti, Newar, and Koith alphabets are subjoined, and a long vocabulary of the Purbutti and Newar dialects. This takes up too great a length, from p. 221 to 252 ; a few specimens indeed of the Limboa and Newar dialects are added ; but the whole might have been affixed to the end of the volume, in smaller print.

The viiith. chapter contains an historical outline of the

Nepaulian history. It would be gratifying to few readers to listen to the dethronements, usurpations, and factions of a barbarous dynasty. We never read a more dry detail: it consists chiefly of names placed in very dubious chronological order; and we can confidently announce, that neither entertainment nor instruction can be derived from it. The ixth, and final chapter describes the boundaries, extent, and the several divisions of Nepaul, with various routes and distances. The former head is avowedly imperfect: the latter will be of considerable service to all future travellers towards the valley.

Subjoined to this volume are three appendices, the first of which is an extract from a memorial of the court of Khâtmandû, relative to the origin of the war with Tibet. (p. 339.) The second comprises official papers and letters relative to the mission to Nepaul. These are in many respects curious. We will extract one of the shortest documents, as a specimen of eastern style, and adulatory hypocrisy.

B.—*From the Dalai Lama at Pootla Lassa to Lord Cornwallis. Recd. 3d Augt. 1792.*

‘By the favour of God I am in good health! The tranquillity of mankind is the object of my wishes; God may fulfil them! I hope also for your lordship’s health. I at this time address you on the affair with Goorkhali Rajah, whose country is contiguous to this. This man’s father, and he, have to this time reduced all the Rajahs round about Nepaul, and also Nepaul itself; and from his craving disposition, wants to engage in hostilities with others. Thus in the year 1203 (1789) and the present, he has excited disputes with me. I have shown no disposition to contend with him, but he, from the blackness of his heart, will act hostility against me. Accordingly he has attacked my Zemindars in several places, and had in view to come to this quarter. But by the favour of God, this country has the protection of China; accordingly two deputies always remain here for my protection; they wrote information of this circumstance to the emperor, who detached a large army under the command of his officers to this country. When this intelligence reached the Goorkhali troops, they quitted my territory and fled to Nepaul. It is the resolution of the officers sent from China, by the favour of God, to exterminate the Rajah of Goorkhali and the other chiefs. Accordingly they pursued the fugitives, and got possession of several places of the Goorkhali territories. The emperor, by the influence of his good auspices, will certainly soon obtain possession of Nepaul and Goorkhali. The Rajah, however, to promote his object, proposes asking assist-

ance from your lordship, and will write lies and calumnies that the emperor has detached a large army against him; and that therefore he requests aid; that should your lordship not depute a force to assist him, the emperor will rise up hereafter against your lordship's government, as he has against his. Let not your lordship act agreeably to his artful insinuations, for the emperor is not hostile to any, except the Goorkhali, and it is a maxim of his majesty to take measures against him who first commences hostilities. If any of the chiefs or companions of the Rajah should fall into your lordship's hands, be pleased to seize and deliver them up to the emperor's officers, or, though you should not deliver them up, do not allow them to return to their country. The officers will write their sense of your lordship's kindness in so acting, to the emperor, to whom it will afford satisfaction: I request on my own part also, that your lordship will conform to what I have written. Your lordship is a protector of the Ryots, and the dispenser of justice, wherefore the Almighty has exalted you. The Ryots under your lordship's government live in ease and happiness. I hope your lordship will gratify me by letters.

'I have sent your lordship one pair of khauduck, 33 tolahs, and four maashas weight of gold dust, and a piece of Corhin (silk); be pleased to acknowledge the receipt thereof. *Dated 7th of Rajal, 1206, from Pootla (Lassa.)* [The original of the above letter is written in the Bhootia language.]

The Appendix, No. III. is really an interesting and authentic document. It is out of our power to abridge it, or to make any farther extracts. Itself is extracted from 'Padre Giuseppe Bernini's Account of Nepaul,' (in the 2d volume of the Asiatic Researches), and contains some relation of the invasion of Nepaul by Purthi Nerain.

We have now reached the close of the volume, and our general feeling is, that of instruction and entertainment. Weak will be the recommendation we can give it in comparison of the general character which we understand it has already gained for itself. Its sale and perusal will by no means be confined to those who are immediately interested in East India affairs, but it will also be treasured by domestic collectors as a valuable geographical document. The map has been composed with surprizing care, if we only consider the obstacles that naturally opposed themselves to the execution of it. Indeed, as far as it goes, it supersedes the geographical precision of Major Rennel: it corrects distances from actual survey; delineates most correctly the face of the country from ocular demonstration, and is almost a perpetual commentary on the major's orthography in the names of places.

Colonel Fitzpatrick writes like a gentleman of strong

sense and deep observation, and he scarcely ever fails to rivet the attention of his reader.

ART. II.—*A History of the Roman Government, from the commencement of the State, till the final subversion of Liberty by the successful Usurpation of Cæsar Augustus, in the Year of Rome, 724. By Alexander Brodie.*
London, Longman, 1810, 8vo. pp. 623.

—THIS history of the Roman government is divided into five chapters. The first takes the subject 'from the commencement of the state till the erection of the office of plebeian tribunate in the year of Rome, 261.' Mr. Brodie speaks thus of the origin of the Roman government.

'The community being at first extremely *small*, and all the members being on a footing of equality, the *great* body were unwilling that individuals should be exalted *too* far above them, and they delegated to their magistrates such powers only as could not be executed by the whole community. For the preservation of order, they entrusted Romulus with the administration of the laws for life, under the title of king; and that military operations might be conducted in an orderly manner, they elected him, for life, their leader in time of war. The enactment of laws they reserved to themselves. But as it was thought proper to have the laws, which were afterwards to be approved of by the people, framed by some committee; and as, while they wished to restrain the power of their king, it was of importance to conceal from their enemies their deliberations concerning peace or war, they chose a council, composed of a hundred of the oldest and most prudent of their number, for life, and called them a senate.'

Part of the above is rather too vaguely expressed, and the author supposes the Roman government to have originated more in a spirit of systematic arrangement, than was compatible with the rudeness of the people. Mr. B. talks as if all the members of the Roman state were, previously to the appointment of Romulus to the regal office, '*on a footing of equality*,' and no individuals had any distinction of rank or office above the rest. But on consulting Dionysius Halicarnassus, II. 4, he would have found, that the Roman people, before this period, had experienced those blessings of political incorporation which necessarily suppose a difference of rank, or the exaltation of one individual above another. The Romans,

according to Dionysius Halicarnassus, did not at this time invent a new form of government, but adopted one which their ancestors had judged the best,* which their wisdom had established, which a happy experience had taught them to approve†, and under which they had enjoyed both the sweets of liberty and conquest.‡ But it must be confessed, that the early periods of the Roman history, instead of being supported by genuine and well authenticated documents; appear to be a mass of traditional accounts in which the fabulous predominates over the true. The Romans, says Dionysius Halicarnassus, lib. 1, 73, have not one ancient historian. The first Roman historian was Q. Fabius Pictor, who flourished in the second Punic war. His accuracy with respect to the events of his own time, is asserted by Dionysius Halicarnassus, lib. 1, 6, but his partiality is censured by Polybius, 1, 14. It is not easy to ascertain what where the documents from which Fabius Pictor derived his knowledge of the more early events of the Roman history. From the intimation of Dionysius 1, 74 ||, we should suppose, that his accounts were borrowed from some traditional stories preserved in the legends of the priests. But, amongst an ignorant people, we all know, that priests, whether Pagan or Popish, always show a stronger predilection for fiction than for truth. Though truth, as Polybius says, is the eye of history, yet by whom has the divine light of this eye been more often extinguished than by men in a sacerdotal mask?

If we may credit the account of the historians, the Roman people enjoyed a considerable degree of liberty under their first kings; but Servius Tullius introduced an important change into the constitution, by which the popular franchise was effectually destroyed. He divided the

* Πολιτειας * * * πην υπο των πατερων δοκιμασθει-
σαν ειναι κρατισην * * *

† ους απο μειζονος οιομεθα φρονησεως αυτην καταστησασ-
θαι, και τυχη αρεσχομενοι

‡ η παρεσχεν ημιν ΒΑΣΙΛΕΤΟΜΕΝΟΙΣ τα μεγαιστα
των εν ανθρωποις αγαθων, ελευθεριαν τε και αλλων αρχην.

|| εκ παλαιων μεντοι λογων εν ιεραϊς δελτοις σωζομενων
ελασος τις παραλαβων ανεγραψε.

citizens into six classes, which were sub-divided into one hundred and ninety-three centuries. But, as he placed, according to Dionysius Halicarnassus iv. 20. 98 centuries (Mr. Brodie following Livy, says 80*) in the first class, which was composed of the richest citizens, the power of all the other classes which contained together only 95 centuries, was, in fact, reduced to a mere nullity as long as the centuries in the first class were unanimous in their decisions. When this was not the case, the centuries in the second class were called in to vote, and so on till they came to the sixth class, which contained only one century. If the suffrages of the hundred and ninety-two centuries were equally divided, the single century in the sixth class might then give the casting vote. But this, as Dionysius remarks, could so rarely happen, that it was next to impossible.† The historian says, that in this new distribution of the elective franchise, the king *outgeneralled* (κατασρατηγησε), the people, who did not immediately perceive the fraud. But have not the people been thus *outgeneralled* by tyrants in all ages of the world?

Previously to these innovations of Servius Tullius, the people possessed, as Dionysius of Halicarnassus remarks, (liv. iv. 20), according to the ancient constitution, (ἐκ τῶν παλαιῶν νομῶν), three most important rights which constitute the essence of political power, the right of disposing of all civil and military offices (ἀρχὰς ἀποδεῖξαι τὰς τε κατὰ πόλιν καὶ τὰς ἐπὶ στρατοπέδου) of passing and of repealing laws, (νόμους τοὺς μὲν ἐπικυρῶσαι, τοὺς δὲ ἀνελαιν), with that of determining when war should be undertaken or peace made, (καὶ περὶ πολέμου συνίσταμενου τε καὶ καταλυομένου διαγνῶναι.) These powers are greater than what are exercised by any people in modern times, either collectively or by representation.

It seems generally supposed, that what is emphatically called the patronage of the state, both civil and military, so essentially belongs to the executive, that without it, it could not carry on its functions. But, in countries where this patronage is enormous, where it is extended over all classes, where every third man, whom we meet is directly or indirectly under its influence, either by selfish enjoyment, sordid expectation, or some interested tie, the possession

* Livy says, however, 'Additæ huic classi duæ fabrum centuriæ.' Liv. 1. 43.

† ἢ μακρὰν ἀπέχον ἀδυνατῶν. iv. 20.

appears to constitute a power to which it is impossible to contrive any adequate counteraction in any check or regulation, which wisdom can devise. It is, in fact, such a power as must render the possessor in reality, if not in name, absolute master of the liberties of the people, as long as the volitions of men are more under the sway of personal interest than of any other consideration. Where the power of any executive has become excessive and dangerous to liberty, it never can be effectually diminished without a diminution of its patronage. This patronage is, in fact, *power* of the most formidable kind, exercised not only over the bodies, but the minds of men. It is an engine of servitude more fatal, because more steady and permanent in its operations even than the sword. The sword may terrify, but patronage enervates a people. The sword may make them bend, but patronage makes them fawn. The sword may mutilate or destroy, but patronage is a slow poison which vitiates at once both the mind and heart. The sword may cause the people's despondency and the tyrant's hope, but patronage, when grown rank and noisome, operates like a blight upon every generous sentiment, and converts a nation of free men into the vilest reptiles under heaven.

A part of that patronage, which in most modern governments is engrossed by the executive, might, we think, be resigned to the people, or their representatives, with great advantage to the community. A violent outcry would indeed probably be raised against such a measure as tending to create an *imperium in imperio*, to weaken the springs and cripple the motions of the government. A clamour of similar import, and it must be confessed one, which proved of mighty power, was raised against Mr. Fox's India bill, which was one of the wisest measures which that great and good statesman ever proposed, as it tended to raise a barrier to that influence which, according to the noble vote of the House of Commons in 1780, is increasing, has increased, and ought to be diminished. But the cry of *imperium in imperio*, aided by the influence of the executive, operating through the medium of patronage, defeated this great and wise measure, and converted it through the instrumentality of Mr. Pitt into the means of aggravating that great national evil which Mr. Fox so strenuously, but so unsuccessfully laboured to reduce. The words *imperium in imperio*, which were then the war whoop of faction, might with as much justice be vociferated against the appointment of a constable or an over-

seer, or a churchwarden, or of any other officer, which is still left to the choice of the people. For these all constitute so many instances, though on a small scale, of the *imperium in imperio*! Nay, the mere appointment of the president to a social club, might, on the same *principle of reasoning*, be decried as an *imperium in imperio*, as an encroachment on the rights of the executive, and of course be subjected to its influence.

But it is time to return from the politics of modern England to those of ancient Rome. The destruction of the democratical part of the Roman constitution, which was accomplished by the division of the people into centuries, was soon followed by the establishment of a tyranny not only over the poor, but over the rich. For whenever the rich suffer the more humble citizens to be oppressed or conspire to deprive them of their due influence in the government, they are themselves always ultimately preparing the way for their own subjection to a despotic sway. Servius Tullius was assassinated by his son-in-law, L. Tarquin, who converted the government into a tyranny, with the perfect acquiescence of the people, who had no longer any interest in defending their ancient constitution.

‘It will, no doubt,’ says Mr. Brodie, ‘excite surprise, that in a commonwealth like the Roman, any king should have been able to usurp tyrannical power. The only reason which can be assigned was, that the great body of the people, *being of no importance in the centuries, were not concerned that those should be held*; and that, of this, Tarquin availed himself to strengthen his power. While, by disposing spies in every quarter of the city, and by severities to his enemies, he prevented conspiracies against his power; he endeavoured to conciliate the affections of the people, and was as remarkable for liberality to his *soldiers*, as for insolence and injustice to the senators and rich citizens. Secure of the affections of the people at large, he was under no apprehension of the higher orders, who were the principal sufferers by his tyranny.’

The higher orders merited the oppression which they experienced by suffering the citizens in less affluent circumstances to be disfranchised, and then concentrating the whole power of the government in themselves. Mr. Brodie makes the following *sage* remarks on the distinction of the Roman citizens into patricians and plebeians.

‘It is a principle of human nature to extend to the descendants of illustrious and worthy men a portion of that esteem and

veneration which were held for themselves. The descendants of senators, called patricians, would be more respected than other citizens of equal wealth, virtue, and merit. It was customary in Rome for the rich to plead the causes of the poor: in these cases, the sons of senators would be most employed, as, from the circumstance of senators officiating as deputy judges of the kings, and of sitting in juries, their sons would be supposed better acquainted with jurisprudence than the other citizens. A numerous attendance of clients being a proof of popularity and of superior talents, all the young men of eminence *would* strive to outshine their equals in this display of the public estimation in which they were held. In consequence of rivalry, sums of money *would* not unfrequently be given, so that in more luxurious ages, the number of clients denoted the wealth, rather than the talents of the patron. But, under the government of the kings, the limited fortunes of the wealthy citizens, prevented bribery to clients from being practised to any extent, and patricians being most attended, they were the most respected order of citizens. After the expulsion of Tarquin, the patricians *would* feel a common interest in establishing the aristocracy of family, and *would* contend that they were best entitled to fill the great offices of the commonwealth. But as the voting by centuries prevented the people at large from testifying their respect for the descendants of their venerable senators, as it gave exclusive power to the equites and first class, as the patricians could not command a majority of votes in the centuries of the equites and first class, and as the other voters would, in self-defence, unite in opposing their ambitious schemes, it *would* be necessary to drop their designs, or if they wished to limit the number of competitors for the great offices, to form a combination with the very persons whom they were anxious to exclude from competition with them. In order to prevent those of the second and third classes from competing with them, as soon as they attained wealth sufficient to entitle them to be ranked in the first class or equites, it was necessary to form an important distinction of ranks, and to confine all offices to one rank. The distinction was to be hereditary, and neither merit nor wealth was to entitle any one to the advantages of the privileged order. The patricians adopted into their order all the equites and members of the first class, who were not the descendants of senators, and a law was passed by the centuries for confining all the offices to them and their successors.

It does not appear, that the Romans gained much by exchanging the regal for a consular government. Instead of one tyrant, the people were oppressed by many. As a proof that the consular power was at first no blessing to the people, we have only to remark, that, in about fourteen years after its establishment, it was found necessary

to appoint a dictator, as the only remedy for the disorders of the state. But what must we think of that constitution which rendered it necessary to have recourse to despotism as a salutary expedient?

A sagacious writer well remarks, that the office of dictator was 'originally intended to serve the patricians at the expence of the people.'

The second chapter of this work is entitled 'from the erection of the plebeian tribunateship in the year of Rome 261, to the election of decemvirs, for collecting and framing the laws in the year 302.' Mr. Brodie says:

'The power of the plebeian tribunes was at first limited to protecting their own order. By writing the word *reto* (I forbid), on any *senatus consultum* (decree of the senate), they could prevent the passing of any law, and by expressing the same word, they could suspend or stop any proceeding relating to the plebeians, or in which their interests were involved.' * * * *

Mr. Brodie should have added, that the power of the tribunes was very much circumscribed by the circumstance that their opposition to any public measure was nugatory, unless it was unanimously expressed. If the aristocracy could gain over one of the tribunes, it would be sufficient to frustrate the hostility of the rest. This was not impracticable when their number was only five; but it became more easy when it was increased to ten. It is, we think, at least a matter of uncertainty whether the people were really benefited by the institution of the tribunate. It served to inflame the passions of the multitude, and to keep them in a state of perpetual agitation. But civil liberty is not likely to be much benefited by fermenting the resentment of the populace, or subliming it into paroxysms of frenzy by selfish hopes or imaginary fears.

The interval between the institution of the tribunate and the election of decemvirs, was a period of continual dissension between the aristocracy and the commons of Rome. The commons were intent on abridging the power and privileges of the patricians, who spared no effort nor artifice to maintain their exclusive privileges, and to keep the lower orders in a state of poverty and dependence.

Coriolanus, who, with more zeal than prudence, opposed all concessions to the people, was sentenced to be banished. The following is part of the character which Mr. Brodie has drawn of Coriolanus, and may serve as a specimen of his *talents* in this line.

'Veneration for military talents and bravery, has induced

ancient writers to ascribe to C. Marcius Coriolanus the most amiable qualities. If, however a judgment be formed from the facts transmitted, he will appear in a very different light. His filial affection, so highly celebrated, was probably owing, in a great measure, to the encouragement which his mother gave to the favourite bent of his inclinations. Had she confined her instruction to the humbler virtues, or had endeavoured to convince him that the plebeians were entitled to the same privileges as the patricians, there is reason to suppose that the same stubbornness and pride, which made him insult his fellow citizens on the subject of their sufferings, and join his enemies in making war upon his countrymen, *would have led him to despise the weakness of the female mind, and would have alienated his affections from his mother.* He loved her, *not because she caressed him, or inculcated the importance of the social duties; but because she flattered his vanity, and, as if superior to the weakness of her sex, encouraged the growth of heroic and masculine virtues.*

In the year of Rome 267, (but, according to Mr. Brodie, 268), Sp. Cassius proposed the first agrarian law, the recommendation of which afterwards became a ready expedient with demagogues for inflaming the passions of the populace, in order to serve the purposes of individual ambition. Cassius is said to have been put to death for affecting the sovereignty. Mr. Brodie tells us, p. 107, that he 'was destroyed shortly after the *expiry* of his consulate.' He adds, that 'his house was razed, and the area *still* remained where it had stood.' It is not very clear to what period this '*still*' refers. Mr. Brodie certainly does not mean the time when he was writing. With respect to the 'area,' or ground, remaining where the house 'had stood,' it was not very likely to be otherwise. For who was to take it away? Could not Mr. B. have expressed his meaning with less ambiguity?

The complaints of the Roman people, that the power of the consuls was excessive, and ought to be diminished, occasioned several propositions for altering the authorities of the state, some of which were carried into constitutional acts. The number of tribunes was doubled, by which no new protection was acquired for the liberties of the people, for the chances which the nobles had of corrupting some of the tribunes and rendering them subservient to their interests, were much greater when there were ten tribunes than when there were only five. The power of the consuls and that of the other magistrates were, for a short time, abrogated to make way for the reign of the decemvirs. But the decemvirs, after having compiled the famous code of the

twelve tables, soon began to abuse the power with which they had been entrusted, and to excite disgust by their insolent domination. Their power seems to have lasted between two and three years. Tacitus, ann. 1, says, that it did not continue more than two years. The former offices, which had been suspended, were then restored.

It deserves to be remarked, that amongst the laws which were composed by the decemvirs, there was one in which all intermarriages were prohibited between patricians and plebeians. Nothing can more strongly evince the aristocratic spirit which prevailed at this period, and the extreme jealousy with which the superior order of citizens viewed the pretensions of the poor. The Decemvirs, who had all been chosen from the nobles, seemed to have been anxious not only to preserve, but to perpetuate the invidious distinctions which split the state into two factions, whose political differences were inflamed by all the violent antipathies of personal animosity.

In the year of Rome 308, but, according to Mr. Brodie, 310, the law was annulled which prohibited the intermarriage of the patricians and the plebeians. It was also proposed, that the plebeians should be eligible to the consulate. In order to prevent the immediate enactment of this law, the senate proposed, that six military tribunes should, for the present, be elected in place of the consuls, three of whom were to be chosen from the patricians and three from the people. But only three were, at this time, chosen, and these were taken from the patricians. The consular power was restored the same year. But the office of military tribune, with consular power, was renewed in some of the following years, and was not finally abandoned till the year of the city 386. No plebeian appears to have been elected to the office till the year 353. Such were the artifices of the aristocracy, and such the forbearance of the commons of Rome!

The fourth chapter of this work contains 'the period from the burning of the city by the Gauls, in the year of Rome 363, till the murder of Caius Gracchus in the year 632.' In this period the Roman constitution experienced some important alterations. The people became eligible to the highest offices. Lucius Sextius was the first plebeian who enjoyed the dignity of consul. He was elected in 387. Persons of plebeian families were afterwards admitted to the prætorship. Q. Publil. Philo was the first plebeian elected to this magistracy, A.V.C. 418. After this a law was passed, which would probably have prevented

great dissensions, if it had been established in an earlier period of the commonwealth. It was enacted that creditors should have power over the goods but not over the persons of their debtors. The Roman laws of debtor and creditor had hitherto furnished the rich with the means of exercising the most inhuman tyranny over the poor; for the creditor could not only imprison his debtor, but could, after the expiration of 63 days, put him to death.

The law which was passed in 614 for voting by ballot at elections is commended by Mr. Brodie. Mr. B. like other advocates for a similar mode of popular suffrage, thinks it best 'calculated to prevent undue influence;' but does it not seem more likely to favour that corruption which is of the worst and most malignant species, because it is concealed? Is not that evil most to be dreaded which operates unseen? Is not that political profligacy of the most alarming kind, which the laws themselves conspire to hide, and to prevent from being brought before the awful tribunal of public opinion and public shame?

In the period of the Roman history of which we have been speaking, the elder Gracchus was put to death, and the younger, treading in the steps of his brother, was afterwards forced to fly, and solicit death from the hands of a faithful slave, in order to avoid it from those of an infuriated aristocracy. The following are some of the reflections which Mr. Brodie makes on the murder of Tiberius Gracchus:

'Diseases in the body politic have often been compared to those of the human body; and as it is sometimes necessary for the physician to prescribe medicines, and for the surgeon to perform operations, it is necessary for the statesman to propose plans for the improvement of political institutions, and for the people to make such alterations and innovations as circumstances may require, particularly if they can be accomplished consistently with the fundamental principles of the constitution. Such were the plans proposed by Tiberius Gracchus: as a tribune, he was bound to protect the people, and to watch over their interests; and the laws, which he proposed, were well calculated to effect these purposes. Of the two which chiefly gave offence, the first had been long enforced, and the latter was intended to prevent the senate from appropriating to themselves what the king of Pergamus had bequeathed to the people. If the laws were in themselves good, the only blame which can attach to him for the consequences is, that he did not attend sufficiently to the nature of the times; and that, by attempting a reform, he plunged the state in anarchy, and laid the foundation for despotism. That we may be able to judge with candour of

this proposition, it is necessary to reflect on the circumstances of the great body of the Roman people. They were unfortunately plunged into such an abyss of misery, that no change could render their situation worse; and the plan proposed for ameliorating it was one which seemed to hazard nothing. But the senate, by having recourse to the most illegal means to prevent the people from exercising their undisputed privileges, defeated the intentions of the tribune, and finally prepared shackles for themselves. As such an event had never occurred in Rome from its foundation, a period of six hundred and twenty years, it was not to have been calculated upon; and even although it had, as the people had nothing to lose, and as the senate and rich had a great deal, Tiberius would not have acted inconsistently with the public good, had he even foreseen that such consequences might proceed from his plans, since the faction which were likely to suffer, and did actually suffer from the measures which they proposed, bore no proportion to the people. In justification of the senators and rich, it may be alleged, that many had unadvisedly made purchases, and that they would have suffered great loss by the revival of the *Lex Licinia* at that time; but it ought never to be forgotten, that these purchases had been made in defiance of a law which had been long enforced, and, though neglected for some time, could not be considered obsolete. It was besides a law of public utility, and it becomes every virtuous citizen to make sacrifices for the public good.'

The fifth and last chapter of this work is 'from the murder of Caius Gracchus in the 632d till the single dominion of Augustus Cæsar in the 724th year of Rome.' After the destruction of the Gracchi and their adherents, the government of Rome became in fact an oligarchy. The great proprietors, aided by their clients or dependents, who, as has been remarked, in some measure resembled the vassals of a feudal lord in passive obedience to their respective chiefs, exercised a sort of uncontrouled domination over their fellow-citizens. The fate of the Gracchi had spread terror among the people. The magistrates of the republic, who had enriched themselves by their exactions in the provinces, brought home exorbitant fortunes, the expenditure of which was injurious in its effects to public morals and to public liberty. Their houses were filled with hordes of slaves, by whom their lands were tilled; and the opportunities which the former freemen enjoyed of obtaining a subsistence by honest industry were greatly circumscribed. The elections of the magistrates were influenced by terror and by force, and the freedom of suffrage was almost destroyed. Bands of

armed retainers were maintained by wealthy individuals, and these were frequently only bands of desperadoes who were ripe for every atrocity which vengeance might prompt, or ambition deem necessary to its views.

The events of the Jugurthine war fully prove how far corruption prevailed amongst the leading men, and how far the public spirit of the Romans had degenerated from that of their ancestors. Jugurtha for some time secured impunity to his accumulated crimes by bribing the senate and the commissioners whom the senate sent to examine into the charges brought against him. The want of public spirit and political probity, which became so prevalent in Rome after the destruction of the Gracchi, generated one species of public disorder after another, till every trace of a free government vanished in an unrelenting despotism.

In this history of the Roman government, Mr. Brodie proves himself a warm advocate for liberty, and he appears from the following quotation to be prepossessed in favour of a more democratic constitution, than is at present to be found in any of the European states. Thus he says, p. 499 :

‘ Governments are not to be judged of by appeals to particular cases ; but by their general result : that those of popular forms may be attended with inconveniences, cannot be denied ; the question is, what forms have produced the greatest happiness, or have tended most to improve the human mind and dispositions ? Those who are acquainted with the history of nations, will not hesitate to declare the palm due to popular forms, and of the popular forms to those which have been governed by regular magistrates chosen by the people, and directed by a council to whom the people have intrusted the management of affairs, only reserving such a controul over them as may prevent any abuse of the public confidence.’

Mr. Brodie sometimes utters ‘ *ex cathedra*,’ some very ancient truisms, with as much self-importance as if they were novel discoveries. Thus, p. 9, ‘ In all communities men will have less or greater numbers of children.’ P. 10, ‘ The quality of land is extremely variable.’ ‘ The produce of a field will be proportioned to the skill and industry with which it is cultivated.’ Some of Mr. B.’s expressions are a little uncouth to an English ear. Thus p. 16, ‘ Among those who fell victims to the tyrant’s jealousy were his *blood* relations.’ ‘ L. Junius feigned himself *stupid*, from which he got the cognomen of Brutus.’ P. 18, ‘ Her beauty and demeanour,’ (he is talking of

Lucretia) 'made such an impression on the mind of Sextus, that he was inflamed with *animal love*.' P. 21, 'It is a principle of human nature to extend to the descendants of illustrious and worthy men a portion of that esteem and veneration *which were held for themselves*.' P. 86, 'Did they remember an article in the *paction* concluded on Mons. Sacer.' The word '*expiry*' seems a favourite with Mr. Brodie. Thus, p. 107, he says, that Cassius 'was destroyed shortly after the *expiry* of his consulate.' P. 246, 'As they passed along the streets in *marching order*, they exhorted,' &c. Why could not Mr. B. have written more briefly, 'As they marched along the streets, they exhorted,' &c. P. 438, 'By gentle means they so far wrought on the people already *mollified* by the late kindness in relieving them of their debts,' &c. Mr. Brodie more than once uses the word 'tract' instead of track. Thus, p. 564, he talks of persevering 'in a *tract*.' In p. 524, he writes, 'and he was compelled to *flight*,' instead of 'compelled to fly.' P. 594, Marius 'pretended great anger at a clause which proposed that the senate should *implement laws*.' The country to which Mr. Brodie belongs, has caused us to notice these literal defects, in order that when he writes another book, he may be a little less negligent of the English idiom.

ART. III.—*Despotism ; or, the Fall of the Jesuits : A political Romance, illustrated by historical Anecdotes.* London, Murray, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

THE once formidable government of the Jesuits is well characterized in this work. Some of the sketches, which it contains, of this mysterious society, are bold and masterly performances. The author draws his portraits with great force and spirit, and several of his descriptions are strikingly interesting. His remarks, both political and moral, are often very acute, penetrating beyond the surface of things, and affording much excitement to the reflective faculty. There is little variety of incident or story, but one great personage, called Ribadeneira, the general of the Jesuitic fraternity, is constantly kept in view. His moral or rather immoral lineaments, are stretched out in all the grandeur of wickedness; and Bonaparte himself might almost envy some of his talents for moulding mankind to his ambitious views.

Ribadeneira is first brought on the stage under the

pontificate of Benedict XIV. Benedict, while his capital was the great mart of Jesuitical intrigue, is said not to have troubled himself much about the perpetual legacy of infallibility which was bequeathed to him by his predecessors. In one of the bulls which was extorted from his good nature by the importunity of the Jesuits, he facetiously contrived to appear to tolerate the opinions he condemned, accordingly as a certain phrase was preceded or followed by a comma or a period. As rival factions were dispatched to the holy see to plead for the comma or the period, the successor of St. Peter sent another copy *unpunctuated* with his sovereign benediction.

Ribadeneira is described as having been educated in the 'solemn magnificence' of the Spanish court. Among the haughty he could endure no equal, and when in proud humility, he trod them down with the sandals of the monk, he felt himself born to rank among the masters of mankind. His skill had been tried in the political labours of ten years, and he was still only a solitary Jesuit. But his soul was inflamed with the lust of unbounded dominion. The caprice of fortune in the elevation of Alberoni, who was then wielding at his will the sceptre of the Spanish monarchy, excited his hopes and showed him that all, which is wanting to ambition, is, favourable opportunity.

Alberoni, who had been crossed by Ribadeneira in his own political labyrinth, '*was on the point of getting rid of the Jesuit quietly,*' when the court of Rome, in an extraordinary dispatch, recommended the wily intriguer to the protection of the Spanish minister. 'The cardinal (Alberoni), was startled! Was he delivered up into the hands of a mightier intriguer?' The cardinal, employing patronage as 'a substitute for assassination,' 'instantly promoted Ribadeneira to the bishopric of San Andero, a splendid exile.'

The ambition of Ribadeneira was too overflowing to be absorbed in the pastoral charge of a sequestered diocese. He turned his eyes to the vast continent beyond the Atlantic, and the idea crossed his brain of founding a new dynasty amongst the oppressed Indians under 'the grey cloak and the long beard of a missionary.' But at the moment 'he was hastening to become a missionary in Paraguay, the Roman cabinet urged his acceptance of the generalship of the Jesuits.'

Ribadeneira had long admired that influence, which in the depths of darkness, was forging chains for the world. But Ribadeneira only 'partially penetrated into the ge-

nus of the order.' On his way to Rome, the new general of the Jesuits mused on thrones subverted and new dynasties established!

'The secret on which the soul of Ribadeneira had long brooded, the secret of that dominion which was to subjugate the world, lie (lay) concealed in the mysterious INSTITUTE.' He

'grasped the terrific code of universal despotism; and in the inebriation of ambition and genius, he leaped into a secret throne, which seemed invested with omnipotence and omniscience, and he started at his own solitary despotism!'

The Jesuitic government had 'reduced man into an artificial animal,' leaving the motion of the limbs, but retaining in its own mastering hand the principle of action. The members were

'a monstrous body, indissolubly combined with their head, moving with one volition; tremendous Unity! The multitude in a Man! the ONE made up of the *Many*! This is the political Leviathan, who, when he raiseth up himself, the Mighty are afraid.

'By the side of the secret throne of the Jesuit, was placed an awful volume, whose leaves were like leaves of brass: it was the book of Life and Death, where the unrelenting hand of STATE NECESSITY traced its indelible characters.

'There, as in a secret tribunal, were chronicled the deeds and the words of the great; there, were developed the infirmities and the crimes of the sovereigns and the ministers of Europe; and the more potent men, whose secret oracles they obeyed; there, were disclosed the *Arcana Imperiorum*, the intrigues of courts, and the ferment of the people; there, the interest of the order enlarged or diminished empire; and there, its vengeance inscribed the names of kings with their blood.'

The court of the general of the Jesuits is well described with its sources of information, and its powers of corruption.

'When Ribadeneira looked into the cabinets of Europe, the infirm masters of the world to him formed but one jealous and discontented family, addressing each other by the style of brother; but a political brotherhood is without parent or friend.' 'In secrecy and in silence, Ribadeneira was bending his dark and sinuous course among the decaying governments of Europe; the world was agitated, but the Disorganiser was unknown! The footsteps of the politician must not be traced; in the Ocean of human affairs he passes like the keel of a ship that traverses the seas and divides the waves, yet leaves no track behind.'

Ribadeneira is described as accommodating his means to his end with admirable facility of application and versatility of stratagem. He was the advocate of liberty in one place, the asserter of the divine right of sovereigns in another, at once Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Jew, and by turns every thing that could conduce to the interests of the Order, in opposition to those of all the world besides.

In part of the following, is the author painting with a strong, but rough hand the gigantic despotism of Bonaparte? Ribadeneira had said:

“The day that shews a Jesuit on the throne of France shall witness the conquest of Europe; a Cæsar, who will acknowledge no code but the Institute!”

‘It might have baffled the profoundest politician to have conjectured where Ribadeneira designed to put that bias in the round globe, which was to make it keep the direction of the Jesuitic hand.

‘All was simplified according to the Institute!

“To divide, and to reign,” was but the first step of the universal despot—another! and the Colossus bestrides the two hemispheres! The sword of despotism breaks the pompous seals of treaties, and exclaims—“There are no balances in power!” For him to reign, the very word of liberty must not be breathed in one of the regions of the globe!

‘It was in a general innovation, the great usurper was to grow and feel secure. When all was a rude heap, his hand would re-mould the heavy chaos—When old governments were forgotten, new dominions would stand in the freshness of youth and hope, for all parties—And to make men adhere to his fortunes, he was to wind their own destinies with his. There was but one great end, for the mighty ONE!’

The office of Vice-General in the Jesuitic empire, is, at this time, represented as filled by a subtle young Belial of the name of Acquaviva. He had been well disciplined in diplomacy in the school of Ribadeneira, and had practised the art in various European capitals. His character was such as would suit the court of the Thuilleries, or any other court in which perfidy is substituted for plain-dealing, and kneeling for religion.

‘Ambidextrous, in the negotiation of a treaty with open lips and a closed heart, he was fertile in expedients to conceal, while he obtained his designs. He knew to be dilatory by rapidly hastening a treaty,—reserving insuperable difficulties to suspend its conclusion; or whenever an insurmountable obstacle, a *sine*

qua non occurred, he could invent an ambiguous expression, whose sense hereafter would be affixed as his master chose.

The fall of Alberoni, whose shadow still crossed the path of Ribadeneira, was assigned to Acquaviva, 'as a first practical lesson of the art of reigning.' Acquaviva accomplishes the work which his master had appointed him to do. A few traces stamp the character of Alberoni with the impress of truth.

* * * 'In the depth of his mind he thought like Tacitus, while he talked and gesticulated like the gardener's boy; so strong were the workings of nature in the peasant minister!' * * * 'In vain he substitutes for great enterprizes chimerical projects; their rise only announces their fall.' * * * 'Alberoni, ambitious as Richelieu, and supple as Mazarine, has still too much of Alberoni in Alberoni.'

That faculty which may be denominated the omnipotence of tyranny, the power of developing even the thoughts of its slaves, was hardly too great for the grasp of the chief of the 'Order of Jesus.' 'Confession was the microscope by which the Jesuits searched the naked human heart, and watched the beating of every fibre.' A Secret Register preserved the living portraits of all who belonged to the Order, or whom it concerned the Order to know.

Ribadeneira is described as having found a singularly efficacious instrument to promote the good of the Order in the person of Tellier, the confessor of Louis XV. To possess the monarch, he 'wound himself about the man; soothing the voluptuary with a code of royal morality, which simply consisted in lengthening the creed, and shortening the decalogue.' Tellier is painted as too wise 'to be wise before the king.' The grave Jesuit told facetious tales, collected biting lampoons, and unravelled secret history.

In chapter xxii. of this work, a stranger is introduced to the general of the Jesuits. The stranger is thus portrayed.

'He was of a commanding figure, tall, meagre, and pale—his features strongly marked with more fierceness than majesty, his brow contracted, his countenance clouded, painful thoughts were there—Whoever gazed on him might feel a shudder in their heart, whilst his motions were restless as his eye, which incessantly turning on every object, seemed full of suspicion and watchfulness.'

This stranger proves to be a member of the order, of the name of Rebello, who had been employed at Lisbon

in conducting a conspiracy, in which he had been unsuccessful. But to fail in the accomplishment of any purpose of the order, is to be criminal in the code of Jesuitic despotism. Rebello returns agitated between contending emotions and half penetrated with remorse for the career of crimes on which he had entered. The dialogue which ensues between him and Ribadeneira is a fine piece of dramatic painting.

Ribadeneira, after contemplating the stranger in silence, exclaims with mixed surprize and disapprobation,

"Rebello! and at Rome!"

"Behold the veriest wretch wherever he is!" replied the stranger.

"What wouldst thou? Comest thou a fugitive from thy duties; or art thou expelled from Lisbon?"

"What but despair could have conducted me into thy presence? Give me repose! let me forget myself."

"Rebello! thou wert born for better things! Thou didst enlist early in the career of glory in the Order. Wouldst thou retrace thy steps? Art thou one who with a coward's baseness forms grand designs, but ends them ignominiously? He who attempts great enterprizes, must be endowed with the force not to relinquish them but with life."

"The glory of the Order!" exclaimed Rebello. "I have heard that sound too often! It is ambition, which will not grant its votaries a pause from crimes."

"Mildly replied the adroit despot, "My son, thou hast long had my heart. Thinkest thou that glory is an empty sound, accompanied by power? Thou hast witnessed the secret energy of the Order. Do we not remunerate with imperial magnificence? Who placed the minister Carvalho by the throne of Portugal? Thyself! Canst thou think thou art "the veriest wretch," who to-morrow mayst ascend the throne, thou hast thyself bestowed?"

"The stranger profoundly sighed. "Am I still to be urged on? Father-General, may I still call thee by a title more humane, friend of my youth! I swear I cannot paint my wretchedness! Every day am I not trafficking with delusions, inflaming the ambitious, stirring up the discontented, seducing the unwary, and terrifying the timid, inventing crimes for others to practise, and practising the crimes which others invent. But I who terrify, am myself shaken by innumerable fears. I who deceive, am myself deceived! O God! that I were an atom in thy universe, floating in air without design, and but glittering in thy sun-beams! Father, I am desperate; I am but a man!"

"Rebello, thou wouldst be something more than man, wert thou a Jesuit!" exclaimed Ribadeneira, with more dignity than anger. "Once I loved thy soaring spirit! Where are now the

sublime sympathies of thy nature? Once thou didst sigh to be the theme of some immortal story."

"Father-General," the stranger resumed with a collected air, "When a youth, I have wept reading great deeds, which I had not performed. Glory beat with the pulses of my heart. My ruling passion was my great infirmity—they touched me there, and I fell! I, who only breathed honour and heroism, am covered with fraud and crime! Could a man be a matured villain at once, he would never be a villain; nature starts at enormous crimes; but experienced demons make invisible the dreadful path they are conducting us in; and when we discover it, then we are infernal spirits like themselves!"

Rebello at last exclaims: * * * 'Father-general, absolve me from my vows!' 'Miserable victim!' exclaimed Ribadeneira, 'Ere thy wish was pronounced, it was granted! It is now six months, thou hast ceased to be a Jesuit.' Rebello contemplates the extremity of his sufferings and the fearful menaces of Ribadeneira with dismay.

"Where, where shall I hide me?" cried Rebello, covering his face with his hands, and flinging himself on the ground.

"Abject fallen Rebello!" exclaimed Ribadeneira. "At forty, thinkest thou thy passions are extinct? No, deceiver! that is not thy thought! 'Tis nature only who can extinguish the volcano in thy heart. Change thy character! thou mayst indeed be an apostate, but never canst thou be a penitent. Can I make an old traitor, a new martyr? Hear, and tremble! In the hall of the Lions in the Alhambra, at midnight, who was at thy side?"

'Rebello started in confusion and agony.

"Mysterious man!" he exclaimed, "wilt thou never cease to persecute me?"

'He hesitated, and trembled—and cried—"Or art thou thyself deceived? Thou, who seemest to command more than mortal instruments, tremble thou thyself!"

'Ribadeneira stood collected in awful majesty, and with a disdainful smile, extending his hand, replied, "Thou menacest the general of the Jesuits! I exhort thee to suffer that thy death may be decent—it is the last effort the miserable owe to themselves!"

"Father!" cried the agitated man, "I do not menace him, whom I admire, while I execrate. But who is he who now protects, and now opposes me?"

'Ribadeneira, looking on Rebello with a mixed feeling of tenderness and resentment, desired him to explain himself.

"Father-General! it is now more than a year, that at Lisbon I have exhausted my inventive powers, and still am lost in a dark labyrinth. I am dragged to and fro, by some invisible hand.

How am I to know whether it be thine, or another's? Even now am I not trembling at the unknown? I know not if to be silent, or to speak!"

"I command thee!"

"But in obeying thee, I know not but I am violating thy commands. So am I hedged around! Already, I come to Rome, and thou tellest me, I am a proscribed exile! I know not with whom I stand connected!"

'Ribadeneira was impatient, and Rebello, kneeling, cried—"Imagine the most terrific event; thou canst not come up to my fears! What if in the Order, there should be one greater than thyself?"

'Ribadeneira looked wildly on him; "It is death to have pronounced these words!"

'Rebello, declined his head, prostrate at the feet of Ribadeneira. "I call heaven to witness that I have hitherto obeyed the solemn injunction, never to repeat the name I now repeat. It was given to me as an incommunicable name. Never till this moment have I breathed the potent sound. Who is Santiago?"

'The cheek of Ribadeneira was instantly blanched; his voice was lost, and he sunk into his seat in astonishment and terror. Rebello *lie* immoveable with fear. Horror-struck, Ribadeneira with hurrying words cried—"What talkest thou to me of Santiago?—The flesh mouldered on his bones! He, he who—died of a fever—in these arms he died! We have no brother."

The name of Santiago was connected with the secret history of Ribadeneira. It was that of his murdered brother! Suspicion and fear are now predominant, which are the more difficult to be vanquished, as the objects of them seem hid in the night of mystery. But the commanding genius of Ribadeneira soon recovers its wonted tone. Rebello relates what had passed during his mission in Portugal. Ribadeneira discovers, that this assumed Santiago had been practising treason in the order, and paralyzing some of the master efforts of its mighty general.

Rebello is at last to be restored to confidence on his performing the necessary penance. He was to journey among the 'Accursed Mountains,' to the 'Chambers of Meditation,' where he was to receive farther instructions. This journey is finely described. We will select some passages from it,

'With the chart of the secret passage through the Alps, and a small scrip, Rebello commenced with intrepidity, the mighty state-penance that was to elevate him once more to that height of fortitude, from which he had fallen.

'He passed among the craggy cliffs, where all the seasons mingled together, and lakes in a softened blaze of light, and the

Glacieres, the dazzling azure of whose points caught the beams of the sun, while their crystal heads glittered like diamond.

‘As he proceeded, the dreary sublime prevailed—the barren mountain, the dark abyss, and the abrupt precipice—Flung wildly across his path, appeared some giant tree half separated from its trunk ; or some fierce torrent rolling its green and foaming streams, thundered and rose up among the ruins of nature. Often while treading in the awful destruction of some recent avalanche, the thought of his own instant annihilation struck at the heart of the solitary man.

‘Now the grey dark skies seemed pressing downwards on the masses of snow ; the air was biting with peculiar sharpness ; his way was on a rough road of ice ; suddenly he lost the pale sunlight, and dropped into the gloom of an ice-valley. It looked a solid and immoveable sea, where the tumultuous waves had rushed in, and by magic were arrested. Rocks of crystal shagged, with a thousand icicles, hanging as if ready to fall, while an uncertain light gleamed amidst gigantic forms—the moaning blast of the wind broke along the ice-rocks—a voice, a form, struck his imagination ; he recoiled, and resolved to perish in the face of heaven. Once more he gazed, and there stood a human form before him ! Rushing forwards, there was a human being, whose fixed eyes shone, whose face had colour, resting on its knees—Art had given to the dead man every thing of life, but life itself ! Rebello’s hand struck on a sarcophagus, and leaning in curiosity and terror he read this inscription :

MY CRIMES,
NOT NATURE,
PLACED ME
HERE !

“Ribadeneira !” exclaimed the despairing man, “Here then are thy victims silently immolated ; the Alps is thy state prison ! and thus despotism has its bye-paths, and its secret graves ! Mysterious man ! Thou canst make thyself terrible, even in places where the foot of man does not tread—to the fugitive Jesuit in the desert !”

‘Rushing from these congealing horrors, the turbulence of nature seemed gentle to the frozen silence and the dead brother’s mimic existence in the sepulchral valley. But the scene too was wonderfully changing—the clouds became more transparent, the cheerful beams of the sun were glittering on the lakes—a gentle river wantoned in light cascades, streaming in grey vapours, or sporting into filmy rainbows, as they fell from cliff to cliff—he trod on a mossy velvet turf, where the silky grass, the low and luxuriant box-wood, and the aromatic herbs, restored the man of despair to the enchantments of nature—his wounded spirit was calmed, he sat down, and plucked some flowers—he

gazed on the light chamois vaulting over the wide chasm of parted rocks, and he sighed while involuntary tears dimmed his eyes.

The tinkling of a sheep-bell, told him he was not distant from men; he found a goat-herd who had the care of the *Chalet*, and who led him to his cottage.

The excommunicated Jesuit, the most miserable of men, looking around the silent and attentive foresters, once more experienced the sense of human existence.

He discovered that this rustic family were not completely happy, from the goat-herd's local attachment to the spot which had seen three generations, and which the intreaties of all his family could not persuade him to quit, although a *Glaciere* opposite had been visibly enlarging. It had too frequently been a disputed point with the honest goat-herd whether it had materially increased—he could not bear to think of it, and they had been watching it, of late, many a month. The neighbourhood of the *Chalet* was also declared to be haunted by perturbed spirits; and the wife of the goat-herd told that about five years past, a peasant of Piedmont losing his way in a snow-storm, had been buried three whole days in a cavern, where he saw four holy fathers of Jesus, suspended from four ice-rocks—the saints had all the freshness of life, by the brightness of their eyes, and the firmness of their cheeks—yet there they must have hung a long time, for their square caps crumbled in his hands, when he touched them.

Rebello shrunk at the recital; and taking a mournful leave of his rustic hosts, he resumed the track marked out for him. Melancholy and terror, and indignation, were the furies that marched by the side of the lost and degraded slave of despotism.

From Alps to Alps, sinking under the weariness of life itself, "Why this eternal struggle?" he exclaimed. "Let him who can hope, exert fortitude! I am only hastening to do the merciless tasks of a tyrant; O nature! thou didst not design me to be the criminal, Ribadeneira has made me!"

He rested on a block of granite—his melancholy eyes were lifted to the vast chain of *Glacieres*, and beneath his feet was the chasm of a precipice—a slight and single motion, and he would rest for ever! The thought of suicide was not painful to a spirit in agony—yet shuddering he turned his eyes to heaven, but peace was not in his prayers, nor sweetness in his tears:

He was roused from a state of stupefaction, by the tremulous motion of the block of granite—it seemed as if the whole Alps had felt a shock! Where to fly? He had just escaped from the block of granite, when he observed it rise, then rolling heavily, till rapidly precipitated among the rocks, a thousand echoes reverberated—Masses of ice pressing on each other, rocks rising on rocks, crashing whatever opposed their progress, a whirlwind of dust darkened the skies, mountains of snow

dashed into a chaos, and, rushing downwards on a forest, it disappeared in the enormous waste.

‘It was an awful visitation—and the despairing man was roused into a sense of existence—the life he had so little valued, had now become an object of gratitude.

‘Rebello exclaimed, “Almighty nature! how little now should the despotism of him who would rule the world, affect me who have witnessed thine! Art thou too mysterious as the tyrant?” Rebello reflected on the direction the avalanche had taken, at the disappearance of an entire forest, which had probably involved the honest goat-herd’s paternal cottage, in the same snows that concealed the criminal Jesuits.

‘Several days after the terrific fall of the avalanche, he came to a spot, where the waters were gently welling from a cliff; Athirst he bent over the clear stream, and started, as he discovered reflected in the transparent waters, a great bell, suspended on the rough trunk of a tree flung across the highest point of a rock. The wildness of the spot itself, its dead solitariness, and its difficulty of ascent, seemed even too wild and desolate for a hermit—it looked rather to be the haunt of Banditti: reckless of danger, and stern with despair, he hollowed. The bell heavily tolled—a haggard being looked down from the cleft of the rock, like the wild genius of that solitude. Motioning his hands, in token of kindness, he descended to conduct the traveller up the cliff.

‘The two most miserable of men met.’

Rebello now learns, that this person was an excommunicated Jesuit, one who, in all his transactions for the order, had never been successful. The edict of the sovereign had planted him here on a rock of the Alps; and the wretched exile seemed to glory in the obstinacy or fanaticism of his obedience. Rebello at last arrives at ‘the chambers of meditation,’ where ‘he finds the instructions and the congratulations of Ribadeneira.’ The transactions are then opened which led to the expulsion of the Jesuits from Portugal. This measure it is well known, was effected in the ministry of the famous Portuguese reformer, Carvalho, the Marquis of Pombal. Carvalho is also introduced in this romance. He is represented as a Jesuit who had practised Jesuitism so well as to outwit even the general of the order. Ribadeneira was surpassed by Carvalho in duplicity. The hour of retribution was at last come to the Jesuitic sovereign. His reign of mystery was at an end! The departure of his greatness and the dissolution of his power are announced to him in a letter from Carvalho, brought by a youth from whom Ribadeneira turned with convulsive horror. It was his nephew,

the son of his murdered brother, who looked him in the face, but spoke not a word. Ribadeneira, bowing to his destiny, summoned Acquaviva, who presented to him the goblet which was to save 'the honour of the Order.' Ribadeneira applies the poisoned liquid to his mouth.

'Tell the marquis of Pombal,' said the general of the Jesuits to his messenger, 'I drink to his better fortune which has triumphed over mine—but never shall he triumph over the genius of the order.' * * * * *

'Acquaviva supported him, for his strength was failing. The coldness of his extremities was approaching to his heart. He raised one convulsive look on the young Santiago, but the light was dying on his eyes. Covering his head with his robe, he stretched out his hand, as if he sought to touch the hand of the youth; but it trembled and sunk down—and in one deep sigh, the genius of the order breathed no more!'

Such is the catastrophe of this political romance; and whatever may be thought of its defects as a whole, or of its want of a well constructed story, it must be allowed that, in many passages, it discovers great force of language, depth of reflection, energy of sentiment, nice and varied delineation of character, and considerable insight into the human heart.

ART. IV.—*Hints to the Public and the Legislature on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching. By a Barrister. Part the Fourth, 1810. Sherwood. 8vo.*

WE had written a review of the fourth part of this work soon after the commencement of the present year, but the manuscript was burnt in the fire by which Mr. Barnard's premises were destroyed. After this accident, we felt, as may naturally be supposed, rather unwilling to undertake the same task again; but on farther consideration, we were more unwilling that a production of so much importance should remain entirely unnoticed. We will therefore devote a few pages to a consideration of the contents.

The fourth part of these valuable Hints is principally composed of shrewd and pointed remarks on the projected 'Society of Theological Booksellers,' on some passages in the 'Christian Observer,' of some extracts from Glanvil's 'Essay on Preaching with appropriate Strictures;' and of very candid thoughts on a revision of the articles,

In the commencement of his work, the author very properly reprobates the common practice of theologians, of calling their adversaries by invidious names, when they cannot invalidate their arguments.

‘The great inquiry,’ says the author, ‘is, whether the statement made, or the doctrine advanced, be true or false. If true it is no more an answer to the argument to call the writer a Socinian, than to call him a soap-boiler.’

We have heard several persons make use of the epithet Socinian, who, when asked to explain themselves, could not tell what it meant. They had heard it as a term of reproach, and they perhaps thought that it was another name for the Devil, or some of his imps. Religious polemics, like contending politicians, or scolding fishwomen have a *Billingsgate* peculiar to themselves, with which the endeavour to strike their adversaries dumb.

‘The Society of United Theological Booksellers’ on the principles, objects and tendencies of which the author expatiates at some length, has, as we are informed, been abandoned. We shall not, therefore, repeat what the author has said on this subject; but we must state our cordial assent to his opinion, that

‘to Associations of this description, no Englishman ought to lend his support or co-operation. They pave the way to a gradual encroachment on every liberal principle of commercial dealing, which it is our common duty, and our common interest to cherish and protect. They lead the way to *other combinations* the most arbitrary, and to *other monopolies*, the most invidious, oppressive, and illiberal.’

The author proceeds to notice ‘*the confession of faith*’ expected from the students, preparatory to their reception into the ministry of what the Barrister calls ‘the New Church.’ Of this confession, the Barrister amongst other propositions, which he combats, makes the following clause the object of severe animadversion:

‘In the Scriptures many mysteries are revealed, which transcend finite reason.’ ‘Can any assertion,’ says the Barrister, ‘be more absurd, or any language more confused or contradictory than this? To talk as these people perpetually do,—of the *mysteries of revelation*, is a perfect solecism. A mystery *revealed*, is a mystery no longer. It would not be more absurd to talk of a concealed *discovery*.’

‘To tell us, too, of “mysteries revealed, that transcend finite reason,”—is to abuse the ear and the understanding with

a jargon of words. The proposition is not intelligible. It is utter nonsense; for unless our reason can comprehend what is revealed, no revelation can be made. It is most clear, that nothing can be explained, unless there is a capacity of receiving the explanation.

'When it is added, that—"they are to be received upon the authority of the revealer, without inquiring into the mode of them,"—what is to be understood by this? "*The mode of them!*" The mode of what? the *mode* of the *mysteries*?—What stuff is this?

'That what cannot be *understood*, cannot be *believed*, and that it can consequently make no part of any system of *faith*, is a proposition, which, notwithstanding the ferocity with which it has been denied, and the foolish attempts made to disprove it, is capable of the clearest illustration.

'For example: a boy sees, for the first time, a balloon floating in the air; of the existence of such a phenomenon he has the evidence of his senses, and therefore believes the fact. The *mystery* to him is, how a body of so great bulk and weight floats in the air, while his peg-top, which is a thousand times smaller, and a thousand times lighter, would, if thrown into the air, fall immediately to the ground. The *cause* of this, till explained, can be no subject of *belief* to him; but when the nature of *specific gravity* is illustrated to him by experiments, and he is made to understand that this machine is inflated with gas, specifically lighter than the atmospheric air, and that, owing to this *cause*, it floats upon the air, as cork does upon water, that which before was a *mystery* is now *revealed*; and he is now enabled to *believe*, not only in the phenomenon itself, on which he had the evidence of his senses, but in the *cause* of it.

'Again: we believe in the *existence* of God. The wonders of creation carry a conviction of this truth to every sound mind, and the word of his revelation confirms what the ways of his Providence had declared. Our *BELIEF in God* is therefore established on authority that cannot be shaken—our *faith* is built on a foundation that cannot be moved. But of the *mode* of his existence we know nothing, and can therefore believe nothing. In the *fact* of his existence there is *no mystery*, the evidence is irresistible; but the *mode* in which HE exists, who by his presence pervades at once *all worlds*, is a *mystery* which our finite reason cannot fathom. It is a *mystery* which cannot be revealed to us, because our faculties are not fitted to comprehend it, and respecting which, therefore, no *faith* is expected from us. That "*HE IS*, and that he is the *rewarder of them that diligently seek him*," is *revealed* in his *word*, and *made manifest* in his *works*. These are truths of eternal moment; truths which it behoves us all to *believe*, and which are, therefore delivered in language that all may *understand*.'

The Barrister contends with great force of reasoning against an assertion of the Christian Observer, that there are certain doctrines of the gospel which 'may be **VERY PERNICIOUS** if inculcated' by themselves, 'but **very salutary** when taught in *connexion with others*.'

'It perplexes me,' says the Barrister, 'to discover,—and I think it must perplex every man of ordinary understanding,—how it is that a certain number of doctrines, *each pernicious in itself*, can be purified and made perfect, *by reference to each other*! It is as if I should say of a building, that it is *faulty* in all its parts, but *faultless* as a whole! Those who can believe what is *unintelligible*, may know how all this can be. I am not one of that class; whenever these sort of *mysteries* come across me, my *faith* is at a stand.'

The author proceeds:

'The validity of every principle must be determined by the *consequences which arise out of it*. There is no other test of the truth of any doctrine. It is sound and legitimate, if it will abide this test.—It is adulterate and spurious, if it will not.'

'Take any doctrine of Christianity, and try it by this test. Take, for instance, the doctrine of the *resurrection from the dead*; does it give birth to any conclusion that reason hesitates to admit? Is there any argument connected with it that may not be followed out to all its extent? Does it give rise to any difficulty that imposes on us the necessity of escape or evasion? Is there any thing resulting out of it,—taught singly, and by itself—that tends to *harden a man in sin*? Quite the reverse. View it as *disconnectedly* as you may, it furnishes new assurances to faith, and fresh excitements to virtue. Examined in every light, it bespeaks the goodness of God, and breathes consolation to man.

'Turn to the doctrine of *future rewards and punishments*, is there any thing in it, taken *singly*, that is not calculated to promote the perfection of the whole intellectual and moral world? Is there any result arising out of it, that seeks refuge in *association*? Is there any thing in it, considered *separately*, that can possibly be, in any manner, *converted into an encouragement to iniquity*? Quite the contrary. The more *distinctly* it is investigated, the more clearly shall we discover its eternal truth, and develope its invaluable and infinite importance.—The *genuine doctrines* of the Gospel will be found, upon a close and rational examination, to contain the *motives* which should excite and stimulate our obedience to its *precepts*; it is, therefore, utterly impossible but that each doctrine, taken *separately*, must contribute to the good resulting from their *united* operation and effect.'

In the conclusion of this work, the Barrister supports an opinion, which has been often maintained in the pages of our journal, that, if we wish to provide a real and efficacious remedy for the evil which he has so ably exposed, we must revise the thirty-nine articles of the established church, expunge the polemical matter and leave only what is conducive to peace and godliness. We will not bring forward our own notions on this subject, which are pretty generally known; but will lay before our readers the earnest but temperate recommendation of the Barrister.

‘ Let the Articles which were framed in an unenlightened age, and at a period of bigotry and bloodshed; let them be fairly, and without prejudice, examined; and if any one is found to contain any expression which seems to undervalue the importance of *good works*, or, which is the same thing,—to undervalue that practical obedience to the laws of God, without which religion is an empty name,—let such expression be withdrawn.

‘ If there is any Article that experience has proved to be more productive of religious dissension than of reverence to God or allegiance to the state—let such cause of offence and disunion be removed.

‘ If any article should be found to have separated conscientious and worthy men from the Established Church, by demanding an implicit and specific faith on points not fundamental—let such article be so revised as to restore the right of private judgment, and the freedom of religious inquiry.

‘ Thus revised, the *Articles* would be no longer—what I fear they have too long been—a stumbling-block to the friends of the establishment, and a stalking-horse to its enemies.

‘ I am aware of the outcry that may be raised against this by the Bigot, whose creed it may disturb, and by the Sectary, whose views it may counteract; but the intelligent part of the public will give to such outcry just the weight it deserves, and no more. The only point they will seek to determine will be—Is such a measure salutary, and is it just? Does it tend, as far as it goes, to avert the perilous consequences to be apprehended from the present state of things? This is the sole inquiry. The appeal is to reason and to fact. Mere din and clamour can contribute as little to any wise decision upon it, as the bellowing of a blacksmith’s forge.

‘ It is a plain truth—but it is a truth that should not be withheld.—This nation does not, nor can avail itself of the progress of knowledge, and the dissemination of learning amongst its clergy. The Church has in it, both now and in times past, many persons of distinguished piety and exalted talents, by whom Christianity might have been cleared from those errors which have so long

corrupted its purity and retarded its influence ; but a boundary line is drawn, beyond which they can never step with safety. They have no power to oppose, by argument, the progress of those doctrines by which the multitude are so fatally misled. They find these doctrines so incorporated with that formula of Faith which they have subscribed, that their lips are sealed.— This is an evil of infinite magnitude, and is full of the worst consequences to society. •

‘ No ARTICLES can ever be a proper foundation for any man’s *faith*. In a REVEALED religion, they must always be useless, because there can be no necessity to resort to, much less to rest on,— any human decision.’

The Barrister having mentioned the use of a religious establishment for the moral benefit of the community, says,

‘ But Articles of controversial divinity have no connection with, nor can they ever contribute to, the great and sole purposes for which a national Clergy is instituted. It is not by such articles that the moral reformation of the profligate, either in high or low life, can be effected. You may enforce them for ages, without rooting out a single vice from society. You may declaim upon them to eternity, and never bring one bad man to repentance. The leaders of the *Church-militant* will be found among their most strenuous supporters. The EVANGELISTS of METHODISM resort to them as their rock of refuge. If you expose the destructive tendency of their tenets, or trace their gradual and excessive accumulation of *power* ; if you set forth the danger which this *new political and religious interest* threatens to the vital interests of the state—they do not attempt to meet you as an opponent in the open field of argument, but they artfully slip aside from the subject, and endeavour to involve you in a discussion of the *Articles of the church*.—They take advantage of this in two ways.—If you *admit* the authority of the Articles in matters of faith, they then take occasion so to manage the controversy as to leave all the main points out of the case, and to shew that they are *supported by them*. If you do *not admit* their authority, they then draw off the whole attention from the statement you have made, to *you personally*, and denounce you as the real enemy of the church ; and by this expedient they throw the charge *from themselves*. In the meanwhile, all that it most behoves the public to mark—their Delegates abroad—their Associations at home—their insatiable spirit of proselytism—their Society of United Theological Booksellers—their Provincial and Corresponding Societies—their influence at the India Board—their party in the House of Commons—their restless *conversionary* exertions in the army and navy—their funds for the purchase of livings—the zeal with which they labour to propagate, among the lower classes of the

community, a spirit of hatred and distrust towards the moral Preachers of the Establishment—and the careless and assured air with which they prophecy the downfall of what they contemptuously term “MOTHER CHURCH”—all this representation they reply to by pronouncing you to be a SOCINIAN, and by quoting the Thirty-nine Articles in support of the TRINITY.’

In p. 143—4 of this work we have a quotation from the ‘Pursuits of Literature,’ in which it is said that ‘CALVIN and his disciples were never friends to monarchy and episcopacy.’ We will make a few remarks on this passage, because it will give us an opportunity of rectifying some erroneous notions respecting this reformer, which are generally entertained. That Calvin was no enemy to *episcopacy* is clear from this circumstance that, he himself, with Bullinger and other reformers, in a letter which they addressed to King Edward VI, ‘offered (as Strype says) to make him their defender, and to have *bishops in their churches as they were in England.*’ A proposition was, at the same time, made for uniting Protestants in one communion. This proposition was renewed by Calvin in the year 1560, when he wrote to Archbishop Parker, and entreated him to prevail with Queen Elizabeth,

‘to summon a general assembly of all the Protestant clergy, wheresoever dispersed; and that a *set form* and method’ (of religious worship and ecclesiastical government) ‘might be established not only within her own dominions, but also among all the reformed and Evangelic churches abroad.’

The queen’s council ordered the archbishop to return their thanks to Calvin for the suggestion of this scheme, which they had begun to take into consideration, when the further prosecution of the design appears to have been frustrated by Calvin’s death.

Strype quotes a passage from Calvin’s treatise on the necessity of reforming the church, in which he says,

‘Let them give us such an hierarchy, in which *bishops* may be so above the rest, as they refuse not to be under Christ, and depend upon him as their only head; that they maintain a brotherly society, &c. *If there be any that do not behave themselves with all reverence and obedience towards them, there is no ANATHEMA but I confess them worthy of it.*’

These sentiments are certainly not conformable to those of the Calvinists of a later age; and they may not be in unison with other passages in the writings of Calvin himself: but they furnish indubitable proof that this reformer

who had no *fixed* aversion from Episcopacy, from a precomposed form of prayer, or from that particular mode of ecclesiastical polity, which is established in this country.

In the letter, which Calvin wrote to the Duke of Somerset, then Lord Protector, in October 1548, he expressed his hearty approbation of a precomposed liturgy. His words are

‘*Formulam precum et rituum ecclesiasticorum valde probo, ut certa illa extet, a quâ ne pastoribus discedere, in functione sua, liceat.*’ His reasons for approving a set formulary of prayer and worship were, ‘1. *Ut consulatur quorundam simplicitati et imperitiæ.* 2. *Ut certius constet omnium inter se ecclesiarum consensus.* 3. *Ut obviam ineatur desultoriæ quorundam levitati qui novationes quasdam affectant.*’—*Epist.* p. 69.

When Cranmer projected to draw up a body of scriptural doctrine which might serve as a centre of union between the different Protestant churches, he communicated his design not only to Bullinger and Melancthon, but also to Calvin, whom he revered for his industry and his zeal in the great cause of the reformation. The advice which Melancthon gave to the archbishop on this occasion was such, as we dare say that the Barrister, himself, would strenuously recommend, if a committee of divines were appointed to draw up some common formulary of doctrine in which all sects might accord. It was to avoid all ambiguous terms, and ‘*scapham, scapham dicere,*’ to call a spade a’ spade. Melancthon said that he ‘loved not *labyrinths* ; but, according to some, these labyrinths constitute the beauty of the church. They seem to have carried into the vineyard of Christ, Mr. Repton’s ideas of landscape-gardening, and never to be satisfied till they have lost their way in the wilderness of theological metaphysics.

Many of the more fanatical followers of Calvin in modern times seem to measure the qualifications of their teachers by their incompetency to teach. Their ignorance is made the test of their skill; and, in proportion as they are deficient in human learning, they are reckoned more fit receptacles for the illumination of the gospel, and more fit instruments for its diffusion among the multitude. But their great master John Calvin, did not, if we may believe his own words, think such persons the most proper for the purpose of evangelical instruction. For, in his letter to the Duke of Somerset, dated 25th July, 1551, he expressed a strong wish that a liberal provision might be made for the clergy, that persons of respectability might be induced to undertake the pastoral office, and that no contempt might

be excited by the want of the requisite qualifications in the ministers of the word. 'La qualité des personnes,' says Calvin, 'engendre un grand mespris de la parole de Dieu.'

Calvin himself was a man of profound learning and lively wit. Joseph Scaliger, who was rather fastidious in respect to style, has commended Calvin for the elegance of his Latinity. Scaliger, says Bayle, praised Calvin for not writing a commentary on the *apocalypse*. In this respect he shewed more good sense than many of his followers. When Calvin was asked his opinion respecting that mysterious book, he answered, 'se penitus ignorare quid velit tam obscurus scriptor: qui qualisque fuerit nondum constat inter eruditos.'

Calvin appears to have been a man of strong and ungovernable passions; a propensity which he himself confesses that he had often endeavoured to conquer, but in vain. To this irascible temperament, combined with his popish education, we may ascribe the part which he acted in the condemnation of Servetus to the stake. But while we reflect with horror on this deed of blood, we ought not to forget that, when the reformers abandoned the Popish communion, they could not instantly acquire the virtues of charity and moderation. They were, in many instances, but too ready to claim for themselves the infallibility which they denied to the pope. Whilst they renounced the authority of the Vatican, they seemed willing to transplant it into their own confessions of faith and articles of belief. Even Cranmer, the mild Cranmer, could bring himself to sentence in 1549 Joan Bocher, or Joan of Kent, and in 1551 a Dutchman of the name of George Van Paris, to the flames. The first was a poor deluded woman, who asserted that our Saviour had not a body in reality but only in appearance; the second simply affirmed that 'God the Father is only God, and that Christ is not very God.' For these *heresies*, as they were called, these two honest people were condemned to be burned alive. See the sentence, &c. in Burne's Hist. Ref. vol. II. Collect. Rec. No. 35, p. 152.

When Cranmer could bring himself to sanction such proceedings, we can hardly be surprised that Calvin, who was a man of more impetuous temper, and more ungovernable zeal, should not have kept the articles of his faith subservient to the dictates of humanity. The occasional bursts of rage in Calvin caused some of his contemporaries to say that they would rather be in hell with Beza, than in heaven with him.

Calvinism has certainly been on the decline in England

at least amongst the more literate part of the community, since the reign of Elizabeth, and more particularly since the days of Archbishop Laud, when the majority of the clergy appear to have embraced the doctrines of Arminius. From that time the remark of the great Lord Chatham became in a great measure true, that we had '*a Popish liturgy, Calvinistic articles, and an Arminian clergy.*' In proportion as the clergy became Arminian, they became anxious to prove that the articles were not Calvinistic. But though the interpretations and the interpreters have varied, the articles remain the same. Calvin's Institutes of the Christian religion were first published in 1535; and the articles of the church of England were not agreed on in convocation till 1552. They afterwards underwent some trifling modifications in the year 1562; and have ever since remained without any alteration.

These articles were composed by men who entertained a personal respect for Calvin, and who beheld or thought they beheld a perfect representation of the scriptural doctrine in the mirror of his institutes. The great Hooker, speaking of the towering reputation which Calvin enjoyed, and the extensive influence which he exercised amongst his contemporaries, says, Eccles. Pol. ed. 1676, fol. p. 47. 'The perfectest divines were judged, they who were skilfullest in Calvin's writings.' In another place, p. 44, Hooker says that he thinks Calvin '*incomparably the wisest man that ever the French Church did enjoy, since it enjoyed him.*' While, therefore, we agree with the Barrister in reprobating the doctrines of the Calvinistic teachers of these days, we are far from thinking meanly or irreverently of the abilities or the virtues of Calvin himself, who will always have a resplendent place in the list of religious reformers, and who, whatever may have been his erroneous views of scriptural doctrine, or his occasional ebullitions of unhallowed zeal, deserves no common praise for the patience with which he sought the truth, and for the uniform disinterestedness with which he endeavoured to propagate what he believed to be true. We are ourselves strenuous anti-calvinists, but we love truth more than we hate either Calvin or his adherents.

ART. V.—*The Passions, in 4 Volumes. By Rosa Matilda, Author of Hours of Solitude; the Nun; Zofloga; Libertine, &c. &c.* London, Cadell and Davies, 1811, 4 Vols. pp. 1171. 12mo.

IF the fair author of these volumes would deign to

descend occasionally to the realities of human life, and become sensible at the same time of the ridicule, which invariably attends an inflated extravagant style of language, she possesses powers of invention, talents for description, and dominion over the feelings, sufficient to give her a high station among female novel-writers.

The extravagant absurdity of the language of her present work, is beyond any thing which has ever fallen under our notice as reviewers, nor does it proceed from the pen of one only of the characters of her novel, every individual of the *dramatis personæ* are madmen and madwomen upon stilts. As the diction is bombastic beyond a parallel, so is the tyranny of the passions overstrained far beyond the limits which truth can justify. To delineate a character enjoying a continual and almost unalloyed pleasure from the prosecution and success of a persevering system of revenge is neither instructive nor true. The gratifications arising from such a passion are restless in their nature, short in their duration, and never unmixed with gall. The passion of unlawful love, as described in these volumes, is open to many more objections, for if excellence of natural disposition, good education, and the possession of a wife, lovely and amiable, even beyond what imagination can pourtray, are to be considered as futile and ineffectual barriers to sudden and wild desire, and that too for the person of the wife of a nearest and dearest friend, the conclusion which a mind, untutored, except in the ethics of *Rosa Matilda*, would naturally draw, is this, that there is a destiny and fatality in this passion, to which human opposition is vain. The moral, which the author draws at the conclusion of her performance is, we allow, widely different; such a moral is not however deducible from the premises before us, and it is no uncommon affectation to add sentences of this nature to the end of a novel, that it may pretend to be in some way subservient to the purposes of instruction.

As the outline of this tale displays considerable invention, and some of the situations in it are striking, we present our readers with a brief analysis of it. The plot is conducted in letters; the scene laid first at Vienna, afterwards in Italy and parts of Germany, and the passions, which, we presume, *Rosa Matilda* has attempted to exemplify, are revenge, hatred, jealousy, love, pride, &c.

The Countess Apollonia Zulmer, the chief agent of misery in the fable is a fashionable, young, and handsome widow at Vienna, a woman of boundless passions, implacable resentments, and a most refined hypocrisy to conceal

them. Although fond of admiration as any female, her wit and talents are of the manly cast. This lady becomes enamoured of the young Count Weimar, but as on the disclosure of her passion to the count, he is obliged to confess that he entertains no corresponding sentiments, her love is changed to the most unrelenting hatred, and she still preserves the semblance of friendship, while she is prosecuting the most persevering system of revenge. The count, who admires the commanding talents, although he rejects the love of Apollonia, retires from Vienna, and visits Switzerland. He there marries a young woman named Julia, possessed of every accomplishment which a novelist can bestow. This lady had been educated by her mother in a secluded spot in that country, and the count continues to reside in the same spot until the death of his wife's mother, when he brings his wife to Vienna to introduce her to the circles of fashion. At Vienna they are soon thrown into the way of Apollonia Zulmer, which lady, while she receives the husband with a dignified air of friendship, gradually insinuates herself into the unsuspecting heart of the wife. The books which she recommends to the perusal of the latter, and the sophistical reasonings which she weaves into her correspondence, are such as to shake that sense of duty and propriety which Julia had from education, as well as disposition, always considered sacred. From Vienna Weimar and his wife go to Lintz, where Count Darlowitz, a friend of the former, was then residing with a beautiful wife, by name Amelia. For some time the happiness of this domestic circle is uninterrupted, until at length Julia begins to feel a less unreserved confidence in her husband than formerly; her simplicity is at first at a loss to conceive the reason of this gradual change of sentiment; the event proves that a growing partiality for her husband's friend Darlowitz is the cause of her uneasiness. Darlowitz in the mean time becomes sensible of a similar attachment; he attempts indeed to deceive himself into a belief that he feels only admiration and not love; but Count Rozendorf, a friend of Weimar and Darlowitz, draws the veil from his eyes, and shews him the precipice on which he stands. Apollonia, the confidante of Julia, acts differently, and from very different motives; she reasons much to prove that what is involuntary, as the feelings of the heart, is not criminal; her arguments do not, however, produce conviction in the mind of Julia, but leave her unsatisfied and unhappy. The passion in the mean time grows,

though uncommunicated on either side. The language of the eyes at length discloses to each the state of the other's heart. Weimar about this time proposes a tour through Italy; in vain does Count Rozendorf urge his friend Darlowitz by every argument of honour not to be of the same party; he is borne away from reason by the madness of passion. Julia caresses her children before she leaves them for her tour, with a melancholy presentiment that she shall not see them again. Weimar too is staggered by an anonymous letter of a mysterious kind, the object of which is to rouse his jealousy. This letter was of course sent through the agency of Apollonia Zulmer, who had a creature, Pietro Mondovi, whom she commanded on such occasions. Rozendorf suspects Apollonia, and charges her with treachery to his friend, but he is unable to trace the fact with accuracy. At Naples Darlowitz is seized with a dangerous illness; when supposed to be near death, Julia cannot refrain from sending her maid to his room with inquiries; the ice is now completely broken. Darlowitz writes a letter declaratory of his passion to his wife's friend. Julia is now seriously alarmed, and to repeated letters returns only a few lines. The letters of Darlowitz are rather those of a madman than a lover. At length as passion gains upon his mind, he concludes one of his letters with, '*You must be mine, wholly mine, or I must perish!*' Julia, still possessed of sufficient virtue not to fly into the arms of Darlowitz, and afraid to remain with her husband, where she must daily see her lover, comes to the uncommon resolution of flying from a combat with her inclinations, to which she feels herself unequal. Accordingly, in a letter to Weimar, she explains the cause of her flight, yet with such contrition is this letter worded, for crimes which were only mental, that the husband has no doubt but what his wife had been actually guilty of a breach of her marriage faith. Horror is now crowded upon horror. Amelia, the wife of Darlowitz, long conscious that she had lost the affections of her husband, at length becomes certain of the fact by discovering his correspondence with Julia, and overcome by anxiety falls a prey to a rapid decline. Darlowitz, rendered desperate by considering himself the murderer of his wife, and distracted at the flight of Julia, anticipates the vengeance of Weimar by suicide. In a letter to his injured friend, he attests the innocence of his wife, and leaves him as the protector of his children.

Julia, in poverty and extreme misery, had reached

her native mountains of Switzerland; from hence she dispatches a letter to her supposed friend Apollonia Zulmer, for sufficient pecuniary assistance to procure her admission into a neighbouring convent. This confession of misery from her victim completes the gratification of Apollonia's revenge. She replies to it with accumulated insults, and to aggravate the distress of Julia, upbraids her as the murderer of Darlowitz and Amelia. Julia's mind is unable to bear up against such complicated distress; she sinks into a state of idiocy in a peasant's cottage. Apollonia Zulmer now tears off the mask, and in a letter to Weimar, after informing him of the agency from which his misfortunes have proceeded, encloses to him the letter of his wife. Weimar, the passion of whose mind was pride, though determined not to see Julia again, for having preferred another man to her husband, dispatches his friend Rozendorf in search of her, that he may place her in the enjoyment of the external comforts of life. In the mean time, Apollonia Zulmer finding a residence at Vienna no longer safe; as well from the fear of Weimar, as from pecuniary distress which she had incurred by gambling, and wearied by the importunities of Pietro Mondovi, whom she had employed in some nefarious transactions, resolves to pack up her jewels, and retire privately with a single female attendant by night. Mondovi discovers the plans of his mistress to elude him, and waylays, robs, and murders her on her journey. Rozendorf on his journey to discover Julia just beholds the end of this poetical justice, though too late to prevent it. He discovers Julia in the state we have mentioned, and it is thought advisable to place her in a cottage near Lintz, where Weimar then was, under the hope, that scenes once known to her, might revive former associations in her mind, and conduce to a recovery of intellect. To this place she retires with one female attendant, a gleam of reason seems occasionally to dart across her soul when she uses her own lute, but more particularly when she surveys the towers of Lintz from her window. It is with difficulty that she is ever withdrawn from the window commanding this prospect. Although never restored to reason she acquires that cunning so remarkable in people deprived of their senses; and in a stormy snowy night, when in a most weak and sickly state, escapes from her servant, and rushes out of doors. Instinct seems to point out to her the path to Lintz. The morning dawn discovers to her the well-known habitation

of her husband and children; she falls exhausted before she can reach it. 'Sense awakened by excessive anguish burst the chains of madness, and returning reason rushed upon the brain!'—it preceded death—it was the harbinger of it.' After repeated struggles, she staggers, reels, and dies upon the threshold of her husband.' Weimar, who after sleepless nights, had been accustomed to brave the early air, and sometimes from concealment catch a sight of Julia at her cottage, encounters the corpse of his wife as he opens the door. Rosa Matilda draws a veil over the husband's grief, and gives a moral to her tale. The faults of the fable are these—the agency of all the misery is attributed to Apollonia's revenge; yet the misfortunes of Julia arose wholly from the unbridled passions of Darlowitz, over whom Apollonia exerted no influence; and the sophistry of Apollonia had so far been unsuccessful with Julia, that she is not guilty of actual crime. 2dly, there is much unnecessary distress, which ancient critics disapprove of in tragedy, in whose sentiments we moderns participate. 3dly, the pride of Weimar is wholly unaccountable and unnatural; we have before given our sentiments on the character of Apollonia. We leave the returning gleams of reason in Julia to the criticisms of the learned in medicine. With all these glaring defects the tale possesses no inconsiderable degree of interest. To justify our charge of extravagant absurdity in the language, we shall produce two specimens at random.

The first is from a letter of Weimar's to Rozendorf, describing the scenery of Switzerland.

'What is the prayer of the priest? what are his feeble images of God's immensity? what are they compared to scenes like these, which speak more deeply, more powerfully to the soul in a single moment than the most eloquent dissertation. Oh! when on these proud heights, how is my ethereal essence elevated and purified; it ascends beyond the clouds; it catches for an instant a glimpse of eternity; it trembles, awe-struck at heaven's gate; I am no longer a mortal.' How frivolous, how vain, how contemptible, appear the 'nothings' of this life! how could I ever be swayed by likings or antipathies? how could I ever appoint, propose, and look forward to years? how could I dream of the future, or feel interested in the past or present? My whole existence seems wound up in a single moment of ecstasy of enthusiasm.'

But, gentle reader, the above is absolutely good rational prose, when compared to the indignation of the rejected

Lady Apollonia. Hear her then recapitulate her sufferings to her quondam governante.

'Oh! what are the bugbears of antiquity, the punishments of the damned in their fabled hell? what are the tortures of Tantalus, the labours of Sisyphus, the miseries of Ixion; the agonies of Prometheus; what are they all, compared to the new species of suffering devised by my evil genius for me? which could I impart to the gloomy monarch of those subterraneous abodes, he would exult in an addition to his power of tormenting. * * * * * Oh! for ten thousand scourges applied at once—for the stings of knotted scorpions—for any species of corporeal suffering, that for a single instant might divert to it the superior and unspeakable agony of my soul, that for a single instant the one might be swallowed up in the other. But, no, it may not be; *I am sadly free from physical pain—all, all is soul, the nerve of mind.*'

Let but Sir Francis Burdett read this, and he will no longer consider it as a hardship 'that we are a flogged nation.' Never, we will venture to assert, in the greatest severity of discipline were ten thousand scourges applied at once; the back of an Englishman is not capacious enough, of Hollanders or Russians we say nothing; but in no age or country has mutiny been suppressed, or orthodoxy established, by the stings of knotted scorpions. Of what then does the flogged soldier complain? why truly of a few hundred lashes from a cat o' nine tails, of that which a Vienna countess would consider as below comparison with a flea bite; a lady, who complains that '*She is sadly free from physical pain.*'

Had not Rosa Matilda given such ample proofs of classical erudition by talking so much about Ixion, Prometheus, fabled hell, &c. we should venture to suspect, that the words 'as some curious *phenomena*, or *lusus natura*,' (p. 17, vol. 2.) were to be attributed to a different kind of inaccuracy than that of the press.

ART. VI.—*A popular Treatise on the natural and artificial Causes of Disease in general, with the Means of Prevention, and Rules for Diet, Regimen, &c. in two Volumes. By John Robertson (late of Edinburgh), Author of the practical Treatise of the internal Use of Cantharides, &c. &c., Svo. Highley, 1811.*

'THE principal general sources of disease,' (says the

author of this treatise, whom we ought, we believe, to call *Doctor Robertson*),

'in this and perhaps in every other country, I believe, with very few exceptions to exist in external, and for the most part, removable causes; but from our familiarity with numberless circumstances which are unquestionably injurious to our comforts, and even destructive to our constitutions, we, in the common bustle of life, insensibly so overlook them, as scarcely ever to regard them in a just point of view. Many are willing to allow, that these sources are injurious to their comforts, but few believe them capable of ruining their constitutions.'

To the general spirit of these remarks we give our unfeigned assent. The principle, on which they are founded, has been sanctioned by the authority of the venerable father of medicine, who, by writing a particular treatise, '*de aere, aquis et locis*,' transmitted to posterity his belief in the great influence of local impressions on the animal frame. But this is still a partial view of the subject. The human constitution is undoubtedly modified by numerous external impressions; by what we eat and drink, by our clothing, our occupations, habits, and customs. And all or nearly all the real improvements which have been made in the general health of individuals or of communities has been by the abolition of pernicious habits, which secretly and silently undermine the constitution.

If this should be doubted, let the former ravages of scurvy and other diseases in the navy be recollected. Formerly, whole crews were swept away by diseases of this nature, caused by the use of a bad diet, salted provision, musty biscuit, the want of fresh meat and fresh vegetables, with the neglect of cleanliness and ventilation. Now, by correcting these active and incessant sources of mischief, a residence on the ocean seems as healthful at least as a residence upon land; epidemic and putrid diseases are stifled in their germ; and the same wise attention to measures of prevention ensures the health of the seaman and the security of the state.

Why are large and crowded cities so notoriously destructive of human life, that their streets would soon become deserted, was not the current of population fed by the perpetual influx of new comers from the country? why, but because the sum of the causes destructive of life are more active and more concentrated in large cities than in the country! If so, it must follow that the inves-

tigation of these causes, a calculation of what is the effect of each taken separately, what is the consequence of their combination, or concentration, present objects of research, than which none can be more worthy of philosophical attention, and promise results, than which none can be more interesting to the philanthropic mind.

Such is the task which Dr. Robertson has undertaken to execute in the work before us. In pursuance of his design he first considers the general causes of diseases; of which he makes a two-fold division; the *natural*, and the *artificial*. The natural are *soil, climate, and situations*; the artificial causes comprehend *construction of houses, occupations, modes of living, and manners*. From the consideration of causes he proceeds to effects, treating first, of *contagion, infection, &c.* and subsequently of *individual diseases*. A just and rational investigation of causes and their effects leads naturally to the consideration of the measures to be adopted in order to correct their pernicious influence, or if possible to prevent or destroy their operation altogether. The causes are however so widely diffused, or so much intermingled with the habits of society, that individual exertion is in most cases utterly incompetent to the task. It demands either the united efforts of the enlightened classes of society; or the authority of a wise and patriotic magistracy. Dr. Robertson has therefore most inaptly designated generally the preventive methods by the general title of *police*. Following therefore the arrangement adopted in the investigation of the causes, he treats in their order of the *police for natural causes, police for artificial causes, and police for diseases*.

In two subsequent books he has applied the doctrines to the local causes of permanently and regularly recurring diseases, as they exist, first, in Edinburgh, and, secondly in London. These books are precise counterparts of the first, the principles detailed in them being particularly applied to the local circumstances of these capitals respectively.

In treating subjects so multifarious, Dr. Robertson has of course made use of the labours and observations of many preceding authors. We wish that he had cited the authorities to whom he has had recourse; as we think that the most useful, and, we may add, the most entertaining parts of books which are necessarily compilations, are the references to the original sources of information. An author likewise in a measure consults his own fame whilst he enhances the value of his work. We find some

statements in the work before us of doubtful authenticity; others, that are contradictory of each other. If the author did not think it right to withhold such accounts from his readers, by producing his vouchers, we should have been better enabled to estimate the degree of confidence to be reposed in them; and the responsibility would have rested in its proper place. Of the execution of this work we leave our readers to judge from a specimen or two. We will take the following on the effects of vegetable effluvia:

'We likewise find that vegetable effluvia are possessed in many instances of very noxious effects.

'Nothing, for instance, is sweeter than a rose, and yet its fragrant effluvia are far from being favourable to the air in which it is confined. Some, to whom the smell of that flower is not displeasing, are nevertheless so much hurt by it, that it makes them sick, and would even make them swoon, if not seasonably prevented.

'It is observed, that on breathing for some time in a conservatory, where the floor is kept moist, and a number of luxuriant vegetables are growing, there is felt a fulness, with sometimes a giddiness, in the head, and some debility; but if we put our head out of the window, or inhale the atmospheric air from without, through a tube, the unpleasant sensation subsides, although the rest of the body be exposed to the warm and humid air.

'The examples I have given of the noxious effects of vegetable effluvia on the human body, are, I think, satisfactory. In addition to them, it is a very remarkable circumstance, that there are some even of plants which do not thrive in the neighbourhood of others. This is observed of the cabbage and cyclamens, of hemlock and rue, of reeds and fern. We have also many examples of such like antipathies among animals. These effects are of course produced by the effluvia which are emitted by all organized bodies.

'It seems pretty well established, that marshes of a boggy sort, or where the soil consists of peat, are not prejudicial to health; and moss of itself is not easily corruptible, and has even the power of preserving animal and vegetable substances for ages. What therefore we understand by putrid substances is of a very different nature from this, and where exhalations from marshes prove prejudicial to health, it is probably owing to the innumerable vegetables and insects that die and putrify in them.

'After heavy rains, in many countries, a very dangerous moisture of the air arises, particularly where the water after floods stagnates and corrupts in low ground; but otherwise, in the flattest grounds, if properly drained, frequent showers have

a salutary effect in tempering the heat, refreshing the stagnating water, and precipitating putrid exhalations.

‘ On the contrary, stagnant waters, and even large rivers, in dry seasons, produce very bad effects. When a great part of their channel is left uncovered, its moisture is totally exhaled, it becomes a hardened solid crust, and no sooner do the rains fall, than gradually the long parched crust of earth and clay softens, and the ground, which before had not the least smell, begins to emit a stench, which, in a short time, becomes exceedingly noisome, and then, in every country where such occurrences are common, the season of sickness commences.

‘ In the day time, these swampy shores emit a smell resembling that of corrupted flesh, or putrid carrion, and a near approach to such putrid swamps is then apt to produce an immediate sickness, a vomiting, and afterwards a low nervous fever.

‘ The smell of the swamps, and of the vapour arising from them, at this time, resembles the unwholesome scent of a ditch lately cleaned. And the effect upon the most healthy and vigorous constitution is often the chilling cold fit of an ague, terminating in a fever, with delirium, bilious vomiting, a flux, or even death itself.

‘ It has even been observed, that certain periods of the year in every country are more unhealthy than others, and an explanation of this has been attempted in various ways by medical writers.

‘ It has, I believe, been pretty generally acknowledged, that in this country the prevalence of disease is most conspicuous in spring and autumn. Among other modes of accounting for this, it has been supposed, that the difference in the severity of the complaints in spring and autumn is owing to the different effects produced in the constitution by the season previous to each. Thus, it is said, that the bracing effects of winter render the diseases of spring milder, and the relaxing effects of summer, on the contrary, make the autumnal diseases more severe.

‘ Perhaps it is possible to give a more satisfactory explanation of these occurrences. Is it not more likely, that the remarkably sudden changes of the weather in this country render the spring months unwholesome, and that, on the other hand, the putrid effluvia arising from decaying vegetables about the harvest time, are the principal causes of those diseases which are so very common, and so very destructive at that period?

‘ It is a well known fact, that in those countries where *lint*, (qu. *hemp*?) grows, that if the process of *steeping* be carried on in a running stream, the fish, &c. farther down the river, to a very considerable distance, die almost immediately on the impregnated water reaching them.

‘ Many years ago, there broke out, amongst the scholars at

Wadham College, a very malignant fever, that swept away great numbers, whilst the rest of the colleges remained unvisited. The singularity of the case engaged the attention of all the gentlemen of the faculty, in a serious inquiry into the causes of so remarkable an effect, and all agreed, that the contagious infection arose from the putrefaction of a vast heap of cabbages thrown into a heap out of the several gardens near Wadham College. The noxious effluvia had consequently power to infect the adjoining building, though not to pass farther.

‘Now it is to be observed, that all alkaline plants, such as cabbage, turnips, raddishes, &c. when in a putrid state, come nearest to that of the animal corruption.

‘In the hundreds of Essex, where the country lies low, and the soil is continually moist and spongy, it is well known the marsh miasmata, perpetually ascending, determine the fever, produced in consequence of cold, to be an intermittent. The fevers of North Wales, and the northern countries of Europe, on the contrary, are, in general, inflammatory, though cold be still the *existing*,’ (qu. *exciting*?), ‘cause; the atmosphere being there (cold) and dry.

‘In short, in all low grounds, such as Holland, &c. &c. where the soil is continually moist, equally bad effects result from it.’

After considering the causes of disease, Dr. Roberton proceeds to detail the consequences: first, he treats of contagion and infection; of course, since there exist in nature so many distinct species of contagious matters, each producing a specific effect on the frame, Dr. Roberton’s observations, comprised in about eighteen pages, can be but slight and superficial. We must say the same of his remarks on individual diseases, which are confined to short descriptions of a few of the more common diseases, catarrh, pneumonia, consumption, hydrocephalus, dropsy, leucorrhæa, fever, dysentery, and complaints of the liver, stomach, and bowels. Moreover we do not see that the phenomena of these particular diseases are any wise connected with the general causes, nor any attempt made to trace them to their source.

We are sorry to remark, among the observations on diet, some which, we think incorrect, others trite and frivolous.

Of the former, we would instance the following.

‘The addition of acid to ardent spirits, as in punch, in general renders them still more prejudicial to the stomach.’ If the acid be at all hurtful, it is not directly, but indirectly. By making the liquor very pleasant, *more* of the ardent spirit is consumed.

Of the frivolous we could, were we disposed to be ill-natured, find an abundance of examples. We shall content ourselves with the following.

‘*Grapes* contain a large proportion of sugar, and are, if used without their husks, the safest and most nutritive of summer fruits.’

‘*Gooseberries* are very wholesome food, provided the skins are not swallowed with them.’

‘Milk and fruit may be taken together with the greatest safety. Experience convinces us of this by every day’s habit; therefore, strawberries with cream, or butter with apple-pye, make a very proper diet.’

Let us turn from these puerilities to matters of more importance. We have read with much pleasure Dr. Robertson’s account of the causes of diseases in Edinburgh, and have met with some statements in it, which we should wish to see verified by more precise and circumstantial evidence. Such is the account of the effect of under ground apartments.

‘I have made,’ he says, ‘very minute inquiry respecting the comparative number of deaths that for several years past have taken place in houses with their sleeping apartments under ground, and others with them above it, and I find, that the mortality probably caused in consequence of the sleeping apartments being under ground, is incredibly greater than takes place when they are above it. A variety of families in Edinburgh have even remarked an evident decline in their health from the time they inhabited under ground houses. In some houses, on the contrary, which I could point out, the superincumbent earth has been removed, and diseases which existed in them previous to this have disappeared.’

Such is the corresponding statement, at another place, of a particular house, the inhabitants of which are, at least nine months out of the twelve, affected by some epidemic disease, in consequence of a rapid declivity of the hill behind it, so, that though the ground floor is considerably above the common level of the ground, the back of the house is completely under ground. Such again is the assertion, that whilst the North Loch (the great hollow which divides the Old from the New Town of Edinburgh), continued less or more filled with water, and served as a reservoir for the filth of the town, it produced not merely intermittents, which might have been expected, but (what, we believe, is not acknowledged as having any relation to aguish diseases), the *croup* likewise. We think the fact

highly probable from having ourselves seen the croup epidemic; but should be gratified by more distinct proof of it being adduced.

We cannot say, that we have been so well contented with Dr. Robertson's account of London. The greater part of it is mere common-place matter, more fit for the pages of a *tableau* or picture of the metropolis, for the use of visitants, than a medical work. When he tells us, that the New River water is conveyed into the houses for the expence to each house of a few *shillings* per annum, any housekeeper would have informed him he ought to have said *pounds*. When he tells us, that this metropolis may be deemed one of the most healthy in the world, he contradicts a former statement given by himself (vol. I. p. 122), where the annual mortality of London is said to be 1 of 21, Dublin, 1 of 22, Amsterdam, 1 of 22, Berlin, 1 of 26. Vienna only is less healthy than London, its annual mortality being 1 of 20.

ART. VII.—*Poetical Pastimes.* By James Fitzgerald.
London, J. Carpenter, 1811.

ON opening this volume, which we now announce to our readers, the first thing that met our sight was the following epigram:

ON A BAD POET.

' Says Martin to Ned, 'tis a terrible pity
Those rascally critics so mangle each ditty:
Let me write what I will, its the very same thing;
They all fall upon me the moment I sing!
Now what shall I do, Ned, to make them give o'er?
I'll tell you, quoth he:—do not sing any more.'

Though this triple row of couplets cannot boast of much precision or neatness of trim, yet it contains such sound substantial sense, that we think we cannot do better than prefix it to our critique as a certain remedy for any of those sores which a painful duty may impel us to inflict on the author. Not to keep Mr. James Fitzgerald in any suspense, we at once most unreservedly inform him, that in our opinion, a viler tissue of rhymes was never obtruded on the public notice even in this age of impudent ostentation. His mind, 'duller than the fat weed

'That rots itself at ease on Lethe Warf,'
never teems with one animated or sprightly thought: in his

odes indeed, which are strings of paltry lines, some on women, but most on wine, he aims at elevation and spirit, but it is the tedious and monotonous turbulence of insubriety. In his epigrams, he pretends to gaiety, but it is about as refreshing as the yawny simpering of a stupid fellow prosing on what he calls a facetious story. Even love cannot wake him to life and animation: his amorous ditties would put to sleep the most wakeful and love-sick damsels: conceit itself would dose over its own praises when so tamely uttered. He who is nerveless and unroused on such subjects as these, will hardly be expected to be very much alive on grave and solemn topics. We were therefore rather surprized, though not agreeably to find him more than usually vivacious in his *epitaphs*. Death is a subject which makes most people serious: even the gay and licentious feel a momentary pause in their merriment, in the contemplation of departing existence: the exits even of the absurd and foolish of mankind inspire well-regulated minds with mournful regret at least, if not with sorrow. Thus the Prince Henry is inspired with melancholy sentiments even on viewing the bloated carcase of the profligate buffoon Falstaff, and Hamlet gives way to unmixed expressions of grief on seeing the skull of a roaring jester who had been dead twenty years. Not so the author of *Poetical Pastimes*: like the philosophical Thracians of old, he looks upon death as the time for mirth and joke. Of twenty persons, whose ashes he has insulted by wretched verses, not one suggests a sad thought to his mind: he throws at them all indiscriminately his *bon-mots*, which, whilst they are scurrilous, manifest but little courage as the dead can make no repartees. If there were any wit in his jests, one might be induced to forgive their unseasonableness, but a dull joke on a grave subject is doubly offensive, as being both bad and out of place.

From these remarks, the reader will have perceived the nature of the poems that fill the volume, viz. *Odes, Quatrains, Miscellanies, Epigrams, and Epitaphs*.

Those who recollect Boileau's splendid description of an ode, and who have formed their idea of this species of poetry from the lyrics of Pindar, Horace, Gray, and Collins, will perhaps be somewhat surprized on opening this author, to find, that an ode consists of about a dozen of namby-pamby couplets ending with such rhymes as 'courting, sporting,' 'dimple, simple,' 'pleasure, leisure,' 'tickle, fickle,' 'drinking, thinking,' 'soul, bowl,'

‘warmer, charmer,’ while the verses to which these rhymes form the final appendages, are made solely for the sake of the said appendages, being filled up with no thought of any kind, but merely with a quantity of words scattered ad libitum, almost all synonymous with love and wine. The author may perhaps have the vanity to say or think, that Anacreon’s Odes were of this species; but we must beg leave to tell him, that when he employs equal delicacy and simplicity of expression on the same worthless subjects which are treated of by the Grecian bard, then and then only may he degrade the ode by the choice of the same topics. We call them worthless, because, though we may love ‘the generous wine,’ as much as Mr. Fitzgerald or Anacreon himself, and though we think love a subject not unworthy of the noblest and purest pens that ever wrote, yet to celebrate the orgies of inebriety and to dwell with rapture on the charms of prostitutes, is we think, a style of writing fitted only for the perusal of those who are the subjects of the song.

The best poets, as far as we recollect, are, upon the whole, the most moral, and though we are fully aware, that the pages of Pope and Dryden are polluted with many indecencies, yet they have redeemed this fault with ten thousand moral excellencies. If Dryden and Pope had been always indecent, they would have been forgot long ago, and have slumbered on the same shelf with the abominations of Lord Rochester. Let these senseless pleas then be no more used, and let Mr. Fitzgerald learn, that if he expects the praise of the judicious, his muse must not reel like a drunkard nor leer like an harlot. To justify what may appear rather harsh censure, we shall present our readers with some quotations.

The following is ode the 3d.

‘Tis true, indeed, the grave ones say,
 I trifle all my time away:
 For ever dancing, drinking, sporting,
 But most of all they cry in courting.
 Yet, howsœ’er those grave ones chatter,
 I care not much about the matter.
 In spite of them my foremost care
 Shall ever be to please the fair!
 With me, they like their ease and leisure;
 With me, they think of nought but pleasure;
 And could they also drink with me,
 Ah! that indeed were extacy!
 For when I drink, a-new I burn;
 Anew thro’ all my loves return:

And count them o'er, and o'er and o'er,
Till I can count or drink no more!
Then I will sing of love and wine,
While yet the fire of youth is mine;
While happy in life's jocund spring,
I taste the joys of which I sing:
And none should sing of them I think
Save those who love themselves and drink.
Disputing thus, ah! who shall say,
I trifle all my time away? P. 78.

We give the following ode for its strangeness of thought or expression. Whether it be sublime or profane, or mere drunken raving, we will not venture to pronounce: let the reader judge. By-the-bye, it is an imitation perhaps of the ancient *Dythrambics*.

' A matter of some years ago
As sage and holy writers show;
Mankind such wicked deeds had done
God vow'd to drown them every one,
Except a single family;
Which might whene'er the ground grew dry,
Step from their ark upon the earth
And give the world a second birth.
But after he'd immersed the rest,
God stood to Noah's race confest,
In likeness of a beauteous bow;
Which as a token was to show
That good, henceforward, or bad men,
He ne'er would flood the earth again.
Now so unruly are my cares,
I've sworn to drown them unawares.
Yet as the Lord thought fit to spare
One human race, so love shall fare.
Love in the ladle for a boat
Unhurt amid the bowl shall float,
Until the viny deluge o'er,
He may get safe and dry to shore.
But for the rest both great and small
I am resolved to souse them all.
Then bring me, boy, a swinging bowl:
Mind, large enough to drown the whole.
And when I've drown'd them, love may throw
A glance in vain to seek a bow.
Mercy shall never find a place
In me towards any of his race;

For if a-new they plague me, then
I'll drown them o'er and o'er again.' P. 47, 8.

Perhaps after all this effusion neither aims at grandeur nor blasphemy, but is intended as a specimen of a very common, though by no means commendable figure of speech, called nonsense. Next come the 'Quatrains,' or poems, consisting of three stanzas of four lines each: without stopping to discuss the propriety of this title, we will present the reader with two specimens. Novelty and elegance strive for mastery in the following:

THE COMPARISON.

'The spring, like woman, mild and warm;
Calls forth the flowret's bloom;
Summer bestows a brighter charm,
But winter brings its doom!

'So once I shone too, fair and gay,
Beneath Lucinda's eyes;
Now that their beams are turn'd away,
Behold my colour flies!

'The flow'r, that in the morning smil'd
Ere evening may lie low;
And the fond youth by love beguil'd,
Thus fades *who* flourish'd so.'—P. 71.

The next is 'of a higher strain,' being at once solemn and pathetic.

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Ruthless rocks! within the bay
Of tempestuous Alderney;
Couch'd the roaring billows under,
Wretched ships to rend asunder!
Hoping to escape the storm
When they feel your flinty form.
Ah! the struggle soon is over
Wounds so deadly ne'er recover!
Thus by fatal beauty won
Woo's the heart thro' love undone!
Cruel breasts, we hop'd to woo in,
Often prove our utter ruin.'—P. 78.

We come now to the miscellanies, which are chiefly amatory poems: we are afraid that the admirers of Suckling and Carew will not form a very favourable estimate of the following sprightly effusion:

TO A LADY
ON HER LOSING HER BROACH.

- ' A broach is the pride of my song,
Which stray'd from young Barbara's neck;
To rove other bosoms among,
But never so fair a one deck!
- ' Too long have I hid from the sight,
Said the generous broach on a day;
This bosom the source of delight,
That henceforth shall bear such a sway.
- ' He spoke: then withdrawing the barb
That lock'd its perfection from view;
Wide open'd the half-conscious garb,
And prov'd that his judgment was true.
- ' Ever since has that breast caught each eye,
And forcibly held every heart;
It has taught me to feel with a sigh,
What I never must dare to impart.—P. 97, 8.

Anxious to afford his readers every species of entertainment, Mr. Fitzgerald; after soothing us with the melody of love madrigals, inspires us with the 'brisk awakening riot' of epigram. The following are some of its piercing strains:

THE REPARTEE.

- ' Quoth a wag to a man once on Tyburn highway,
How far have I to go, can you tell me I pray?
Not more than a mile, Sir, the other replied,
You'll soon see the gallows along the road side.—P. 113.

THE GOOD NAME.

- ' When Monsieur first from France arriv'd,
He ask'd where a good tailor liv'd?
Why, Cabbage, Sir, of the West End,
The waiter cries, I recommend.
Cabbage, quoth Monsieur with a nod;
Is he one tailor à la mode,
And has he one good name? Quoth John,
There never was a better one!—P. 117.

We will just give the reader a taste of his epitaphs. We are rather puzzled which to select: inopes nos copia fecit. We are not willing however to say of this gentleman what was predicated of Demosthenes, that his longest

70 *Sketches of History, &c. in the North of Ireland.*

compositions are his best, and shall therefore quote two or three of the shortest.

ON A PAINTER.

‘Beneath lies a painter whom few did excel;
But none it was thought could pourtray death so well:
Yet death always look’d in his pictures so ill,
That he call’d on the painter and gave him a pill!’

ON A BUMBAILIFF.

‘Here lies Catchpole who in law’s strife,
Was catching others all his life:
Old Nick now has caught him at last,
And will not let him go in haste.’—P. 138.

ON A SEXTON.

‘Full many a man I’ve laid in earth,
The strongest that might be:
What now in all my boasting worth,
For lo! they’ve potted me!’—P. 141.

We have taken a great deal more notice of this volume than it deserves. From the preface and the dedication (by permission) to Lord Moira, we are afraid that the author is one whom conceit and injudicious encouragement may render totally unfit for any useful occupation.

ART. VIII.—*Sketches of History, Politics, and Manners, taken in Dublin, and the North of Ireland, in the Autumn of 1810.* London, Cradock, 1811, 8vo. 8s.

IT would be well for reviewers, if all books were susceptible of two classifications, and their essential properties were either to instruct or to amuse. But unhappily there is a third class, which is much more numerous than the other two, which is at once stupid and vapid, equally destitute of information and of entertainment, making no additions to the stock either of knowledge or of merriment. Let not the author of these sketches, whoever he may be, imagine that we mean to place them under the last denomination. No; they are not amongst the dull and insipid trash which has often loaded our shelves. They are full of life and spirit, and if they do

not always conduce to intellectual aliment, they will seldom fail to contribute something to the fund of amusement. The diction of the writer, though sometimes rather too metaphorical for our taste, is often deficient neither in sprightliness nor in elegance. In chapter V. our author, who appears to have studied physic at Edinburgh, records the melancholy fate of a Mr. Colclough, who was his fellow student in that university. His brief history is not un-instructive, nor destitute of interest.

‘ He took a distinguished part in the Irish rebellion, and was executed—he was a young man of considerable talents and great gentleness of manners; but he had great vanity, and great ambition also—vanity and ambition, more than conviction, have made many young men republicans. He who thinks himself qualified to govern, does not like to obey, and the youth who, in the glowing visions of imagination, wields a truncheon, and hearkens to the trumpet, can have little relish for the pestle and mortar’s more peaceful sound. Among the debating societies of the students, there was one in which general subjects were discussed, to the exclusion only of medical ones. Mr. Colclough was a great speaker there, and often displayed no mean oratorical powers. I recollect well one subject of discussion was the assassination of Cæsar. “Was it a justifiable act on the part of Brutus and the other conspirators?” As may be supposed, he took the part of the great martyr of freedom; he made a long and brilliant speech which was greatly admired and rapturously applauded by all who heard it. I have very little doubt that the praise he received that night, gave a bias to his future life, and that the destiny of Brutus involved his own equally unfortunate one. He resolved to quit the profession of medicine, and betake himself to the bar, as a field where his abilities would have greater room. In the interval, however, a small fortune was left him, and he married. Shortly afterwards the Irish rebellion broke out—the stage was now erected on which so many thousands were doomed to perish; he flattered himself, no doubt, with being able to play a distinguished part, and was among the foremost who appeared on its reeking boards. He had talents, youth, and courage, which, well directed, might have given him the rank and consideration he so much coveted; but, abused and misapplied, served only to conduct him to the gallows—to excite some sympathy in the hearts of others, and probably in his last moments to embitter his own. At the age of twenty-six his course was finished. After the recapture of Wexford, he retired with his wife and child to one of the Saltee Islands, of which he was landlord, and chose for his temporary abode a cave, which he furnished with provisions, and hoped to remain concealed till the fervour

of prosecution should abate; but Mr. Bagenal Harvey, knowing his place of retreat, followed him so incautiously, as to afford a foundation for conjecture and discovery: they surrendered without resistance; though from the nature of the place they might have made for some time a defence. At his trial he displayed a calm intrepidity and dignity, tempered with mildness, which commanded the admiration and esteem of the spectators; at the place of execution he did not evince less fortitude; he called, it is said, for a glass of wine, and drank his Majesty's health. I hope this is not true. About to be launched into eternity, the most outrageous royalist troubles himself little about kings; but in a man of his prejudices and opinions, such a toast could only be dissimulation, and if ever given, must have proceeded from some faint hope, and lingering expectation of mercy. Mr. Colclough was a remarkably handsome man, elegantly made, though rather heavy in the limbs, as Irishmen generally are; his face was round and fair, with an expression of great sweetness; he was a Catholic, though, when I knew him, ashamed to acknowledge it; he thought it degrading as a philosopher and republican, to wear the shackles of so contracted a religion; yet so difficult are early habits to be rooted out, so much do the tales of the nursery influence the man, that what he denied with his tongue, he venerated in his heart; and he has been often known to steal privately to the only Catholic place of worship Edinburgh afforded; he was then very young, however, and his religious opinions might have undergone many changes previous to his death; little did I imagine at that period it should be his fate to undergo such a one, or that it should be mine thus to record it.

The present Lord-lieutenant appears from the account of this writer, as well as from other accounts which we have heard to be at least in one respect, admirably qualified for his post. 'He is what is called a five bottle man.' Many stories are told of his Bacchanalian feats. The author relates the following, but without vouching for the truth.

'He was spending a few days at a gentleman's house in the south of Ireland; there was a good deal of other company, all great topers, and invited for that reason; they were milksops, however, compared to his excellency, who, having soon laid them under the table, was reduced to the unpleasant alternative of either drinking by himself, or not drinking at all. In this melancholy predicament, his host dispatched a messenger for a young curate of good family, in high estimation for the strength of his head, who lived a few miles distant; he begged of him, for the love of the Lord, the credit of the county, and the honour of his country, to come to him immediately, and strive

to keep company with his excellency. The clerical Bacchus did not refuse so agreeable a summons, and next day was seated at table opposite the vice-regal one:—after the rest of the party were dispersed or fallen, the two champions were left alone.—“This is poor pitiful work, your grace,” said the curate; “the wine is getting cold on my stomach; what do you think of a bumper of brandy?”—His grace had no objection to so *spirited* a proposition, and two large glasses were instantly swallowed—two others were as instantly filled up; Mr. ——— drank a part of his, but could proceed no further; his jaw became fixed, and he rolled motionless on the floor:—the duke coolly finished his own glass, and, smiling on his prostrate antagonist, walked steadily to his chamber. Next day he drank his health by the title of Dean—had he overcome the duke, I suppose he would have been a Bishop.’

The author adds his testimony to the distressed situation of Dublin at the time of his visit last year; and we do not suppose that, since that period, there has been any return of Halcyon days. ‘Several thousand manufacturers are out of employment; and bankruptcies are so numerous that credit is almost at a stand.’ Part of this distress may certainly be placed to the account of the Union; but no small portion of it may probably be ascribed to causes which would have been operative if the union had never taken place.

‘The talent and integrity of the Irish parliament, can hardly, I believe, be under-rated; but frugality was not among its faults; it was bribed liberally, but it spent freely; its patriotism could never, I fear, much benefit the city of Dublin, but its money did. Three hundred Bacchanals, whose sun daily set in claret—spending six months every year with their wives and children in Dublin, must have been of infinite service; and their loss would for a time be severely felt. Something must likewise be attributed to the improvident disposition of the Dublin merchants, and shop-keepers, who live in great luxury and profusion—who too often adapt their expenditure to their highest income, and lay up nothing in a year of plenty, for a year of famine; but the effect of both these causes would have been transient; nor would the taxes have been severely felt, but for the almost universal stagnation of trade, occasioned by the present perplexed and complicated state of commerce in Europe.’

The author gives a lively account of the actors and actresses on the Dublin stage. He speaks of Miss Smith as ‘a great tragic actress.’ This leads him to remark that there is ‘at present no tragic actress at Covent Garden.’ He says that

'No person could see Mrs. Siddons with pleasure now, who saw her for the first time;—she pleases from the force of habit only; which reconciles us to the most nauseous things, and attaches us to ugliness, because when we knew it first it was beauty:—This force of habit is of service to some of her near relations, as well as to herself. Like old Transfer, in the novel of Zeluco, a London audience find nothing agrees with them so well as what they are accustomed to;—could any thing else render tolerable a large unwieldy woman, upwards of sixty years of age, counterfeiting the appearance, and mimicking the light and airy tread of lovely and fascinating youth.—Could she even be endured with her face to the audience; must not the delusion vanish the moment she turns her back? yet the back is not the least prominent part of Mrs. Siddons, and her friends may argue, with much plausibility, she is still a great actress at *bottom*;—even her face, though so generally admired, never pleased me—it is cast in too antique a mould—it does not show to advantage on a modern stage, or a woman's shoulders, though it might in front of a Roman legion.'

The Irish bar is thus vividly and truly characterized!

'The style of the Irish bar is different from the English—it is less solemn and decorous, but more lively and animated, more glowing and figurative, more witty and sarcastic—it reasons less, it instructs less, it convinces less, but it amuses more; it is more ornamented, more dramatic; it rises to the sublime, it sinks to the humorous, it attempts the pathetic—but in all this there is too much the trick of the juggler. I don't say that an Irish advocate thinks less of his client than an English one, but he appears to think less; he appears to think most of himself—of his own reputation, of the approbation of his brethren, the applause of the spectators, and the admiration of the Court.—I dare say I should be most gratified by specimens of eloquence taken at the Irish bar, but was either my life or fortune at stake, I should like to be defended—at an English one.'

In the social circle the Irish lawyer is portrayed as mingling gentlemanly manners with professional acuteness, lively repartee with classical allusion.

'Yet even here it is easy to remark the traces of the defects I have mentioned—a rage to shine, and disposition to dazzle—his wit cloyes by repetition, and his allusions are often forced, and far-fetched—difficultly found, and not worth the trouble of seeking;—he is too fond of antithesis, likewise, and says smart, rather than sensible things; specious, rather than solid things.—This disposition, however, to be witty rather than wise, is not confined to the gentlemen of the bar, but is universal through

the city—in every party I have been in, talkers were many, and listeners were few; and wit, or what was meant to be such, was bandied about with the bottle, or the cards. As many of these would-be-wits had little pretensions to it, we had often laugh, when there was no joke, and much merriment when there was little reason for it.—They are great punners, and, to do them justice, I heard some excellent ones.—I would recommend the editor of the *Morning Post*, who seems so partial to this species of humour, to import a quantity for the use of his paper, as the stock on hand is of the vilest kind.’

Our agreeable traveller proceeded from Dublin to Drogheda. It was market-day, when he arrived; he remarked that the country-people in general were neatly dressed, and none without shoes or stockings; but he says that the individuals of the fair sex were ‘almost all ugly, and at thirty had the look of old age.’ Allowing the fact, we doubt whether he has accounted for it by ascribing it to ‘scanty nourishment, hard labour, and much exposure to the air.’ Does not the free use of whiskey also tend to accelerate a premature decay? At Drogheda our author was hospitably entertained at the house of a shopkeeper, and as he expected to hear mass in perfection in a great Catholic town, he asked his host, who was a Protestant, to go with him to some Popish chapel in the place. ‘But Mr.——’ ‘started as if a culverin had been let off at his ear.’ He could not have been more astonished if he had been asked to go, in church time, to a house of ill fame.

‘I stood an hour in my friend’s shop this morning, after breakfast, and was highly amused with the manner of doing business.—The number of people that came in was very great, and so was the trouble they gave; stuffs, dimities, and cottons, were tossed about, with as much indifference to the trouble given the shopman, as a fashionable lady in Bond-street feels on a similar occasion:—one or two women bought gowns, and I observed that the colours they preferred, were all different shades of green—a very elegant stuff, of a pale yellow was shown them—the youngest seemed pleased with it, but the other whispered something in Irish, and then laid it aside.—I remarked the shopman smiled, and asked him what she said: “Don’t have any thing to do with it, it is a *protestant* colour.” Green, in all its shades, is catholic—Orange is protestant:—Green is not only the most beautiful, but it is the national colour.—All the attachments, indeed, and prejudices of the Catholic, have a reference to the country, to the soil, to the sod, as he affectionately terms it;—this is a more natural feeling, and therefore bids fair to be more lasting than the protestant one, which is artificial and factitious, founded on recollections that time must

infallibly weaken, and on attachments that are extrinsic and adventitious.

From Drogheda our author journeyed to Monaghan. He breakfasted at Castle Blayney in his way, where he remarks the great improvement which has taken place in the state of the Irish inns, which were 'some years ago, miserable hog-styes, rather than the habitations of men;' but which are now said to be 'second only to English ones,' and 'in some respects not second.' The author, at this place, furnishes some biographical notices of Lord Blayney, and mentions one of his boyish propensities to have been that of 'slaughtering cattle;' and his lordship is said to have been not merely a theoretical amateur, but a practical proficient in knocking down an ox. The author was much struck with the contrast between Monaghan, where he now was, and Drogheda, which he had so lately left. 'It was as if one had fallen asleep in London, and awoke in Edinburgh.' A large portion of the inhabitants are of Scottish extraction, and still preserve the leading traits of the Scottish character, though blended with some Irish lineaments. Or the physiognomy of a third character, has resulted from the union of the two, but still with a predominance of Scottish lines. Our author on leaving Monaghan makes a pedestrian excursion to Cootehill in the county of Cavan, on a visit to a lady, who was the mother of an old and intimate friend. The following, as well as some other parts of the work, is honourable to the writer's sensibility.

*** 'He was indeed a friend, such as is seldom to be found. His kindness had gladdened life in its gay, had cheered it in its melancholy and sustained it in its sinking moments—he was now no more.—In the flower of youth, in the enjoyment of comfort, he had been summoned from this life,—from the banquet he scarcely had tasted, from the cup that was just raised to his lips,—from his mother's house, where last I had seen him, the abode of plenty and happiness, to the cold mansions of the grave!—she received me with pleasure;—she strove to tell me so, but her heart was full.—Welcome was in her eye; but she could not speak it with her tongue;—she made the attempt, however, but her words were drowned in her sobs and her tears.—She looked on me, but she thought of her son,—of the days we had passed together, our convivial nights.—The years that elapsed were forgot, and her son seemed to stand before her in the person of his friend. I strove to console her, but I wanted consolation myself;—twelve years had rolled their heavy course since I had seen her last on this spot;—what changes had since

taken place in her life and my own!—The dreams of youth were vanished, the brain-spun web of romantic happiness was broken, and the flowers, with which fancy graced its border, torn away.—This, perhaps, is but ideal misery,—her's, alas! was real;—she was old, she was solitary, she was a widow, she was childless;—one of her sons had died abroad, in a distant land, among strangers, in the island of Malta.—The other, he whom I knew,—at home,—on the eve of marriage, in her arms;—she closed the eyes of him who she hoped would have closed her's, and she had not one relation remaining in the wide world;—like the North American chief she might sorrowfully exclaim;—“There is not a drop of my blood runs in the veins of any human being.”

The author furnishes much interesting matter respecting Cootehill, and its vicinity. The story of Lord B—— is very well told; if we had room we would extract it. In the following part of the work, we find a few admirable sketches of Irish character, we mean of that which predominates in the north of Ireland. For the character, which pervades the southern provinces, appears to be differently modified. As our agreeable traveller proceeded from Cootehill to Omagh, he spent a day at the house of a rich farmer, a sturdy *Orange* man, who lived at the distance of some miles from the former place. Our author, in stepping incautiously out of the farmer's gig, plunged up to the middle of his leg in a stagnant pool of dirty water at the door. * * * “Never mind the water, my honey, (said the farmer) take a drop of the *cratur** to keep it out of your stomach, and I warrant you it will do you no harm.” On carving the goose, which was sailing on the pond ‘like a stately swan’, when our traveller arrived, the farmer, in flourishing his knife and fork, unfortunately cut his fingers instead of the bird. The author, who had no mind to eat goose with sauce made out of the farmer's veins,

‘sent away his plate, being perfectly satisfied. * * * My host's kind heart was not so easily contented; he had returned to the table with his fingers tied up, in a clout that was none of the cleanest: he said I had made no dinner, and that I must positively eat a wing of the goose, which he swore the blood had not touched. “But what, though it had, man,” said he, with a cordial slap of his sound hand on my knee, “it is neither Jew's

* A term, we believe, of affection for whiskey; the great comforter of the Irish of both sexes, at the dawning day and at the setting sun.

nor Papist's blood, but a good old Protestant's, who never did a dishonest, or disloyal action; who loves God, and honours the King." "And hates the Pope," said I. "D—n the Pope," said he, "and all *that* takes his part; if I had the *trial* of them, I would hang them all up without judge or jury;—an outlandish vagrant, seated cross-legged on his seven hills, like a scarlet whore, as he is." "He has quitted the hills," said I, "his French physician thought the air of them too keen for his constitution, and ordered him down to the valley." "He should have ordered him to the Devil," said my host, (who had swallowed a bumper or two of grog, before dinner, and was now a little elevated), "he and all his breed.—Come," said he, "I'll give you a toast, that I am sure you won't object to, for you have a good Protestant face; come, bumper, bumper I say, no *sky-lights*—here's to H—with them all for ever!"—"For ever," said I, "is surely too long; a thousand or two years might satisfy."—"That's purgatory," said he, "and the Papist's doctrine.—I don't believe in it—Ah, master of mine (drawing his chair closer, and speaking lower, as if afraid of being overheard), you don't know *them* as I do; you *hiv'n't* lived among them, and can't tell what sort of *varmin* they are: why, man, my own *sarvants* would murder me in my bed, if they durst; and so I told them on Friday last, being the *first* of *August* old style, of all days in the year; you ungrateful vipers you," said I, "I feed and *nurrish* you, and yet if the French landed to-morrow, you would *turn tails*, and cut off my head, for a present to some French captain or other, to make yourselves more welcome." "French captains," said I, "care very little about men's heads, whatever they may about their purses; there is gold sometimes in them"—"And lead in the poor Irishmen's skulls," said he, with a laugh; "thank you, thank you, master; come, that's a good one too; I love my joke, and I love my friend, and I love my glass, and I love—dang it, *thit's* well thought on too—I say, fill your glass, I'll give you my wife's health—a better *sowl* never broke bread; doesn't cross the threshold from week's end to week's end, and yet you see, in company, she *his* quite the look of a lady—she's of a *grate* family, in the county Armagh—her father's a tip-top man there—keeps a large tan-yard, and is hand in glove with Squire Verner, and all the rest of the gentry.—Orange and Blue for ever, my jewel," said he,—"King William, for ever,—King George,—God bless him." "And the Princess Charlotte," said I, "and the Prince of Wales, and the Royal family—That's what the prayer-book says." "The Prince of Wales is a good man's son, and *thi'fore* we'll drink reformation to him," said he, "if you *plase*. Can you tell me if he keeps company with Mrs. F——yet?" "Its very likely," said I, "for I am told she is still a handsome woman."—"She's old," said he.—"No woman is old in London," said I: "There is a *grate* many of them," said he, "that are older than they

are good, I'll be bound for it; but you can't deny that Mrs. F—— is a Papist." "Why, man," said I, "the Papists are a great trouble to you.—Do you think the Prince of Wales goes to Mrs. F—— to talk religion to her?" "I don't know what the devil he goes to her for," said he, "nor, not to give you an ill answer, do I care:—but this I know, simple as I sit here, I would'nt go to a Popish w—— when a Protestant one was to be got, for love or money; but I suppose, its all owing to that damned fellow Mac——, who, if he had his good will, would not let a Protestant dog near him, for fear of his barking some truth into his ear."

In the way between the village of Cross Roads, and Aughnacloy, our author, who was now a pedestrian tourist, was overtaken 'by a gentleman's servant in a jaunting car,' who 'favoured him with a seat in his vehicle. Our traveller found the hospitable chariotteer to be a staunch Burdettite, and said, that if he was within forty miles of Sir Francis, he would 'walk them bare-footed to set his two eyes on him.' He shewed his enthusiastic admiration of the member for Westminster, by the eager curiosity which he evinced to know 'his height, age, person,' &c. He asked our traveller if he had read the story of Sir Francis's goodness

"to his wife's waiting maid, who had an *ould* mother to support?"—I told him I had. "There's a gentleman for you," proceeded he, with exultation:—(I cautioned him to sit steady lest he should tumble off)—"there's a gentleman worth fighting for; by the Holy Father, (his very oath, as I have in relating this conversation made use of his own words, as far as I could recollect them) I would wade up to my knees in blood for him; but these London capons have no spirit, or they would'nt have given him up so *donsily*! (easily)—ogh, ogh, if some of our barony boys had been there, we would have shewn them the difference; we would'nt have hung our tails and ran away, as those roast beef and plumb-pudding fellows did."

Our author very shrewdly remarks, that

'all Pat's jests are levelled at what he thinks the shades in his brother John's character—his gluttony and unwieldiness—his roast beef, fat pork, and strong ale—his red face, and big belly: he despises him as an over-fed and inanimate hog, who is afraid to face danger, and unable to bear fatigue, and attributes the successes of the navy and army to his own courage and exertions.'

In the vicinity of Omagh, the author went in his medical capacity to visit a farmer, whom, in a very sultry evening, he found lying under a 'treble load of blankets,' with an immense fire blazing on the earth.

‘I moved to the window, to try to open it, but it was nailed down. Irish farmers think they have air enough in the open fields, and seldom admit it into their apartments;—they would therefore be reservoirs of disease, but happily, the same carelessness which shuts it out, sometimes lets it in.—Panels when once broken, are seldom mended, and even a hole in the roof is seldom hastily repaired.—I felt the man’s pulse and looked at his tongue—he was in a high fever—his situation would have caused some degree of it to every human being. I desired the guid wife (as she is called) to take off some of the blankets.—“I durs na, Surr,” she said, “he is in a great *heet*, and would tak his death of *cauld*.”—“My good woman,” I said, “if he takes his death (which is not unlikely) it won’t be from cold I assure you—why do you keep such a fire on this warm evening?” “In troth, Surr, and I will just tell ye: he has a grate weight about his *heart*, and the *ni’bours* advised me to put it on, and now and then, to gie him a wee drap of whiskey, just to strike it out.”—“And then my guid *ni’bours*, come in o’evenings,” said the sick man, “to ask how I am, and crack a bit—one must have something to make them comfortable, you know.” “I know,” said I, “if I was in a fever, I would think of myself, and not of those who, from idle curiosity, came in to visit me; and who ran the risk of taking an infectious disease, and propagating it through the country.—Do you wish I should order you any medicine?” “I canna say I do, Surr; not that I would *kast* any slur on your judgment, but I am in the hands of Providence, and he is the best doctor:—he knows what is guid for me, better than I do myself, and gin it be *leese*, or death, I submit myself to his will.” “Providence allows second means to be made use of,” I said; “as he gives corn to satisfy hunger, and water to quench thirst, so he gives medicine to cure disease. You had better let me order something.”—I canna, Surr, I canna; dinna be angry with me, but it would be tempting Providence.’

What would become of the medical fraternity, if all sick men and women were to turn rigid predestinarians? Surely Sir Henry Hallford, and the rest of his honourable profession ought to make the bow profound to Bp. Tomline and other divines who have provided the community with antidotes to Calvinism!

In talking of the emigrations of the Irish to America, the author makes a distinction, which we believe a just one, between the different degrees of fervor, in which the love of the natal soil of Green Erin operates in the bosom of an Irish Presbyterian and an Irish Catholic. The Catholic, says the author,

‘hardly ever emigrates—fondly attached to his country, to his friends, to his parents, he seldom leaves them when he can at all

live among them. When obliged by want or imprudence to quit his native place, he goes into the militia, or perhaps wanders as far as London.' * * * 'The attachment,' of the Presbyterian 'to the country is not half so strong as the Catholic's; his energy is more and his sensibility less. Oppressed by his landlord, whose exactions hardly allow him the necessaries of life, he seeks, most commonly in America, what Ireland denies him, where his perseverance and industry soon give him independence and affluence.'

The Protestants are said to compose the greater part of the Irish emigrants to the United States, and it is remarked, that 'the population of Ireland is rapidly becoming more Catholic.' This we have learned from other quarters, besides the work now before us.

Our author celebrates not only the probity but the hospitality of the inhabitants of Strabane. He remarks too, that in the parties to which he was invited, he 'saw no disposition to excess, every person was at liberty to drink as he pleased.' This is a proof of increasing civilization.

We shall close our extracts from this work with the following sketch of the Irish ladies.

'In general they are fair and well looking. They are not unsuccessful copyists of English fashions, and have a good deal the appearance of English women. If there is a shade of difference, it is that their features are harsher, and their persons rather more masculine. They are very fond of dancing, in which they display more vivacity and rapidity of movement than elegance or grace. This, perhaps, may be no evil. Young women who are taught the steps of opera dancers, are often apt to learn their tricks. They are more acute and knowing than English women. They have not (I think) by any means, so much sensibility; their passions are not so easily inflamed.—They can play about a flame, therefore, which would singe and consume an English woman.—They have probably more vanity, and they have certainly more pride.—In an Irish country town, there are four or five different degrees in female rank, and each class looks down with sovereign contempt on the one below it.—The consequence of this, I fear, is that Irish women are not so agreeable acquaintances as English women:—they have many virtues, but pride is the rind that conceals them.—A man accustomed to English manners, will seldom take the trouble to break it.—Yet so strange a thing is human nature—so admirably are disadvantages balanced by corresponding advantages, that I have doubts whether the negative qualities of this very vice of pride, does not do as much good as any positive virtue;—at least, if female chastity is the essential virtue that people are disposed to think it. Irish pride gives chastity to the females, in a de-

gree that hardly any country this day in Europe can boast of. Adultery, or an intrigue even, is unknown among females in the middle class.—A married woman may be violent, may be a termagant.—An unmarried one may be pert, may be ignorant, may be flippant,—but they are,

“ Chaste as the icicle,
That hangs on Dian's temple.”

‘ Climate no doubt has some influence in this;—religion has some; but pride, pride is the buckram and whalebone in the stays of Irish chastity, which enables it to walk through life, as stately as a duchess at a coronation.’

This is a very amusing performance, and we would therefore advise him or her who opens it, to do it at least three or four hours before their accustomed time of going to bed, or otherwise they are likely to break far into the night, and perhaps not to put on their night-caps till they hear chanicleer crow in the morning.

ART. IX.—*The Gleaner, a Series of periodical Essays, selected and arranged from scarce or neglected Volumes, with an Introduction, and Notes. By Nathan Drake, M.D. Author of ‘ Literary Hours,’ and of ‘ Essays on Periodical Literature,’ 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. Suttaby, London, 1811.*

A WORK which consists professedly of republications, rarely falls within the plan of periodical criticism; whenever its merits do become the object of inquiry, the labours of the editor are the more immediate occasion of it, than the abilities of the authors. In the present instance, a few only out of the numerous works, from which these volumes have been compiled, have previously arrested the attention of many readers, and a very small portion of them have ever been ushered into the world by the fostering notice of criticism, or dismissed from it by its frowns. Some of the papers, and especially some of the earlier ones, are the productions of well known and justly admired authors, but of these the majority are nearly forgotten, for which reasons we do not conceive the examination of the works themselves to be foreign from our general plan.

Dr. Drake informs us in his introduction, that while composing his essays on periodical literature, he was under the necessity of turning over many volumes now neglected;

from these volumes, including the periodical essayists, who have published between the years 1713 and 1797, the present collection has been formed. From this are excluded those works of established reputation, which the editor names 'The British Classical Essayists,' under which title he includes, *The Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*; *The Rambler*, *Adventurer*, and *Idler*; *The World*, *Connoisseur*, and *Mirror*; *The Lounger*, *Observer*, and *Looker-On*; to which the 'Gleaner,' is intended as a supplementary companion. The arrangement pursued is not strictly chronological, as much so however, as is consistent with the leading and indispensable object of variety.

Nineteen works out of one hundred and twenty-two, which were published from 1709 to 1760, have been laid under contribution for the two first volumes.

The first volume commences with two papers of Steele's, 'The Englishman,' 1713, the only work from his pen, or enriched by his contributions, which has not revisited the press. The first of these contains an interesting account of the residence of Alexander Selkirk for more than four years on Juan Fernandez, a story which we are now more accustomed to contemplate as a tale of romance, than as a real unadorned fact. The writer describes himself as having frequently conversed with this extraordinary man, after his return to England in 1711, extraordinary not solely from his adventures, but for having overcome the very impulse of nature, that longing desire for the sight and converse of a fellow-creature, which protracted separation seems more likely to increase than to obliterate.

'When I first saw him,' says the writer of this paper, 'I thought if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned, that he had been much separated from company, by his aspect and gesture. There was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship, which brought him off the island, came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months absence, he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him. Familiar intercourse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.'

The true story of this man recalls us to the tale, a mixture probably of fable and truth, of Philoctetes on his desert island. Nor can we bring a stronger proof, that the Greek dramatist drew from nature, than that the moving words, which he puts into the mouth of Philoctetes, when describing his first sensations at finding himself cut off from the society of man, are an accurate transcript of what Selkirk really felt, when the vessel put off, 'at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades, and all human society at once.' De Foe, in his *Robinson Crusoe*, as well as Sophocles in his tragedy, so many centuries before him, seems to have considered this indifference of returning to the society of mankind as too incredible for his tale, although the hero of the fable of antiquity had so many reasons to view that society with the eye of a misanthrope. Two numbers from the '*Lay Monastery*,' 1713, and supposed to have issued from the prolific pen of Sir Richard Blackmore, on the parallel between poetry and painting, are not only free from the peculiarities and absurdities of that author, but evince a justness of conception, of which he gave so few specimens, that we are almost inclined to doubt the correctness of their parentage. The other works in this volume, from which the best pages occur, are the '*Free-Thinker*,' and the '*Universal Spectator*.' The oriental tales in the former are well deserving of that notice which they have now nearly ceased to excite. In the latter, among other good papers, we find the foundation for the ingenious and humorous critique on the *Knave of Hearts* in *Numbers Eleven and Twelve of the Microcosm*. In a work entitled '*Common Sense*,' occurs the following advice to those ladies who are not remarkable for external accomplishments, in which they are recommended to avoid all superfluities in dress. We doubt much, however, whether the author will increase the number of his female readers, and consequently extend the empire of reform, by addressing them in the following way, a manner which shews a very mistaken notion of that sort of humour which Horace, as a poet, and Addison, as an essayist, employed to correct the follies of the times in which they respectively lived.

'I come now to a melancholy subject, and upon which the freedom of my advice, I fear, will not be kindly taken; but as the cause of common sense is most highly concerned in it, I shall proceed, without regard to the consequences. I mean the ugly (I am sorry to say), so numerous a part of my country-

women. I must for their own sakes treat them with some rigour, to save them not only from public ridicule, but indignation. Their dress must not be above plain prose, and any attempts beyond it, amount at the best to mock-heroic, and excite laughter. An ugly woman should by all means avoid any ornament that may draw eyes upon her, which she will entertain so ill; but if she endeavours by dint of dress to cram her deformity down mankind, the insolence of the undertaking is resented, and when a gorgon curls her snakes to charm the town, she would have no reason to complain, if she lost head and all by the hand of some avenging Perseus. Ugly women (who may be more properly called a third sex, than a part of the fair one), should publicly renounce all thoughts of their persons, and turn their thoughts another way: they should endeavour to be honest, good-humoured gentlemen: they may amuse themselves with field sports and a cheerful glass, and if they could get into parliament, I should, for my own part, have no objection to it. Should I be asked, how a woman should know she is ugly, and take her measures accordingly, I answer, that in order to judge right, she must not believe her eyes, but her ears, and if they have not heard very warm addresses and applications, she may depend upon it, it was the deformity and not the severity of her countenance that prevented them.' *Common Sense*, February, 1737.

Nothing could be more fallible than the criterion which this writer proposes, that the fair sex, and this epicene gender of his own creation should apply to in their judgment on their own personal attractions. Did he forget the importunities with which many a Dutch-built city dame, many a may-pole with a vacant face, or dwarfish pollard with a deformed one, have been solicited for their jointures and fortunes, instead of their minds, faces, or persons? And yet the very rules which this author has laid down, do not forbid the former to attempt the compression of her dimensions, round the waist, while the overflowing profusion of her charms is protruded naked above, or the latter to attempt, unconvinced by the assurances of Scripture, to add another cubit to her stature, by high heels and lofty feathers. From '*Common Sense*,' we will turn to those who are more unworthy of remaining 'scarce and neglected.'

From '*The Inspector*,' are extracted several papers on natural history, and particularly entomology, from the pen of Sir John Hill, published in 1751. Dr. Drake has illustrated some of them by some pages from Sullivan's *View of Nature*, very appositely introduced. We particularly recommend the 109th paper of the *Inspector* to our

readers, (vol. 2, of the Gleaner, p. 268); it will shew how highly susceptible of elegant description subjects of this nature may be made; their subserviency to the interests of religion and morality has been too often insisted upon, to need repetition.

Some entertaining selections are made from 'the Gray's Inn Journal,' 1752—and 'the Old Maid,' 1755.

The third volume commences with a paper on little men by Colman, who was himself not above five feet in height. It forms the second number of a paper entitled 'the Genius,' 1761. The Genius introduces himself to the public with the following very humorous description of his own person:

* Let not, however, the partial reader conclude too hastily from what has been said, that I pretend to the honour of the deformity of Scarron, the crookedness of Pope, the blindness of Milton or Homer, or even the long nose, or no nose of Tristram Shandy. Not to make any further delay of introduction after having so long announced myself to the good company, the truth, and the whole truth is, that I am of a remarkable low stature; a sort of diminutive play thing of Madam Nature, that seems to have been made like a girl's doll, to divert the good lady in her infancy: a little *i* without a little *o* top; a human figure in miniature; a minim of nature; a mannikin, not to say minnikin, and indeed rather an abstract or brief chronicle of man's fair proportions, than a man at large. My person indeed is not formed in that excellent mould of littleness, which, as in some insects and animals, becomes beautiful from the nice texture, and curious compositions of its parts. I may be seen, it is true, without the help of a microscope, and am not even qualified to rival the dwarf Coan, by being exhibited to my worthy countrymen at sixpence each. I am however so low in stature, that my name is never mentioned without the epithet 'little' being prefixed to it; the moment that my person presents itself among strange company, the first idea that strikes the beholders is the minuteness of my figure, and a whisper instantly buzzes round the room, "Lord, what a little creature;" as I walk along the street, I hear the men and women say to one another, "there goes a little man." In a word, it is my irreparable misfortune to be without my shoes, little more than five feet in height. Eating of daisy roots, we are told, will retard a man's growth; if the French alimentary powder, or any other new invented diet, would at once elevate me, and surprise my friends, I would go through a regimen to be raised ever so little nearer to heaven.

Had Mr. Colman lived in the days of the Oxford ugly club, his diminutive proportions would have made him a

formidable rival to the Spectator on the occurrence of a vacancy. His paper continues in a playful style, and at the conclusion turns on an observation, singular in itself, though not unfrequently made, that a very considerable part of the distinguished men of various countries, have been recorded to have been men of very low stature. To Mr. Colman's list of men of this description, Dr. Drake in a note adds the name of the present autocrat of western Europe; and we are here compelled to notice the irrelevancy of some of the editor's notes. The mention of the name of Bonaparte was natural enough; but what elucidation or illustration can it possibly throw on the subject before us, to fly off to 'energetic passages on British liberty,' and favour us with a quotation from Bradstreet's Sabine Farm? Mr. Bradstreet's lines are highly deserving of commendation for their poetical vigour, but are wholly misapplied in the present instance.

The 'Olla Podrida' and 'the Microcosm' claim the first station in this volume; if they are scarce volumes, we trust they are not neglected by those who are possessed of them. The persons by whom the latter work was written, the place, and the circumstances under which it was published, and the political notoriety, which has since attended several of the contributors to it, independently of the intrinsic merit of many of the papers, had, we conceived, continued to secure it many readers; with this impression on our minds, we shall not make any further observation on it, than that Dr. Drake has certainly made a very favourable selection from it, although we should have been happy to have seen the very good paper on Swearing transplanted to his pages. The humorous papers in the 'Olla Podrida' approach nearer to the manner of our older essayists, than those of any other work in the whole collection.

'There is one argument, (says the author of No. 17), in favour of a multiplicity of newspapers, which I do not remember to have met with; namely, that no man is ever satisfied with another man's reading a newspaper to him, but the moment it is laid down he takes it up and reads it over again. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that each should have a newspaper to himself, and so change, about, till every paper shall have been read by every person.'

Our author might in charity have extended his recommendation to a multiplicity of Reviews in all coffee-rooms, reading-rooms, breakfast tables, &c. The same author feelingly complains of the grievance of paying visits, and

receiving the same, the number of which, he observes, 'has increased, is increasing and ought to be diminished.' The following observations on conversation are well imagined.

'A table of any kind, considered as a centre of union, is of eminent service to conversation at all times, and never do we feel more sensibly the truth of that old philosophical axiom, that nature abhors a vacuum, than upon its removal. I have been told that even in the Blue-stocking Society, formed solely for the purpose of conversation, it was found after repeated trials impossible to get on, without one card-table. In that same venerable society, when the company is too widely extended to engage in the same conversation, a custom is said to prevail, and a very excellent one it is—that every gentleman upon his entrance, selects a partner, as he would do at a ball, and when the conversation dance is gone down, the company change partners, and begin afresh.'

This custom undoubtedly promises very salutary effects, more nevertheless is wanting to complete the system. The conversation dance, as it is termed, may be reasonably considered as concluded, when a profound silence ensues; yet by a most unaccountable piece of courtesy, an universal custom prevails, never to leave a partner at this precise time, but to wait and take advantage of the very first appearance of a thaw. The longer the silence, the more impossible does it seem to separate, and many a couple have thus wasted many minutes face to face without a sound to interrupt their taciturnity, until providentially some third person of charitable disposition, or loquacious habits, has stepped in and relieved their embarrassment. We recommend therefore that the partners should separate immediately, when either is conscious that the existing topic is exhausted, with liberty nevertheless to resume at a future part of the evening. A lapse of nearly two centuries does not seem to have produced much visible improvement in conversation. That between the poet and his patron, we are told, seldom amounted to more than

'Hora quota est, Thrax est Gallina Syro par?'

which may be freely rendered in English. What's the hour? is the 'Chicken' a match for Gully, or any other professor of the fist? This was, it appears, the extent of the familiar intercourse between two of the most accomplished men of their own times; and we confess our doubts, whether during the hour or half hour in the day

immediately preceding dinner, a time set apart for conversation by immemorial custom, the Georgian age produces a more lively, entertaining, or instructive confabulation than the Augustan. As the work which we are reviewing is of course of the most desultory nature, we shall be pardoned for moving off, without a formal bow, from the company, which we left, filling up their half hour before dinner, to a place where they will one day follow us, the church-yard, and make no farther apology for a transition from the conversation of the living to monumental inscriptions over the dead. The thirty-ninth paper of the '*Olla Podrida*' on this subject, gives to epitaphs the general classification of the learned—the sublime—the characteristic—and the complimentary. Under the first head are contained those which are written in the dead languages, or rather in the Latin tongue, as the former is as rigidly excluded from our temples as from our senate. The use of these, the essayist would restrict to the commemoration of the excellencies of deceased scholars.

English epitaphs are in our opinion in general so diffuse, and abound so much in indiscriminate praise, that they very seldom obtain an attentive reader. The Latin language on the contrary is adapted to the condensation of much matter in a small space. And although the readers of inscriptions in this language, and consequently those who may possibly benefit by them, must always be comparatively few; we are convinced that notwithstanding this disproportion, more Latin epitaphs are treasured in the mind than English.

But the chief reason why we should be sorry to see Latin inscriptions exclusively confined to so few departed individuals of scholastic attainments, is the concise and exquisitely affecting turn of some, the condensed morality of others, and the brief and forcible appeals to the readers for which many are remarkable. Epitaphs are not to be considered merely as grateful testimonies to the virtues of the dead, but as specimens of the talents of the living. We know that they are frequently composed wholly with the latter view, and human nature tells us, that even under afflicting circumstances, they are frequently produced with a view to both these objects. As the admirers therefore of affecting composition in the dead language, we should be very loth that the epitaphs on women should be confined to the tongue, which they understand. The decay of youth, beauty, and innocence,

under every circumstance of more than ordinary interest, are subjects to which a single turn of thought, in the Latin language, may give the most pathetic effect, in the fewest possible number of lines; while in our own language, that artificer of periods must have acquired no small degree of skill, who shall erect his edifice of words, neither mean nor bald, from conciseness, nor tritely sentimental, from diffusion. Bourne's best Latin epitaphs are on women. Lowth's on his daughter will not be soon forgotten.

The periodical works, which have been laid under contribution to form the fourth volume, are in number ten, published between the years 1790 and 1797 inclusively. 'The Bee' is the work of the most consideration, and has produced a series of critical papers on the merits of staple British authors, well worthy of the attention of the lovers of literature. We regret to add at the same time, that many of the papers are tinged with strong marks of Scotch nationality, some apparently drawn up more as panegyrics of 'the land of the mountain and the flood' than as unbiassed disquisitions on literary characters. In a paper comprising sketches of the characters of Hume, Robertson, Franklin, and Johnson, Dr. Drake has omitted all that related to the latter, 'as being written,' he says, 'with undue severity, and exhibiting strong marks of prejudice and aversion.' But why omit it? If the criticisms are unsound, which if raised on the soil of prejudice and aversion, they probably are, no persons, whose opinions are worth retaining, will be induced to alter them; and although we are as averse as any men, from any attempt to beat down the well-earned reputation of that great man, we anticipate some ingenuity of argument, and originality of conception in the author, whose few following words, relative to Johnson, are quoted in a note:

'Towards the latter part of his life, when he thought he could indulge his humour, there are many strong and luminous flashes buried among a chaos of rubbish and confusion. Yet even that chaotic mass has something of the terrible and sublime; the flashes that there occur, are like the glare of lightning that serve to make the impression of the gloom more awful.' *The Bee*, vol. xiii. p. 117.

The last paper in these volumes, No. 26 of the 'Reaper,' published in 1797, contains some circumstances relative to the life of Collins, unnoticed by Langhorne and Johnson, and extracted from some letters in the possession of the

late Mr. Hymers of Queen's College, Oxford, who had intended to edit a collection of Collins's works, with an account of his life. The first of these letters written by Mr. Warton, mentions the following circumstances :

‘ Here (at Chichester) he shewed us an ode to Mr. John Home on his leaving England for Scotland, in the octave stanza, and beginning,

‘ Home, thou return'st from Thames !’

‘ I remember there was a beautiful description of the spectre of a man drowned in the night, or in the language of the old Scotch superstitions, seized by the angry spirit of the waters, appearing to his wife with pale blue cheek, &c. Mr. Home has no copy of it. He also shewed us another ode of two or three four lined stanzas, called ‘ The Bell of Arragon,’ on a tradition, that just before a king of Spain died, the great bell of the cathedral of Saragossa, in Arragon, tolled spontaneously. It began thus :

“ The bell of Arragon, they say,
Spontaneous speaks the fatal day.”

‘ Soon afterwards were these lines :

“ Whatever dark ærial power
Commission'd haunts the gloomy tower !”

‘ The last stanza consisted of a moral transition to his own death and knell, which he called ‘ some simpler bell.’ I have seen all his odes already published in his own hand-writing ; they had marks of repeated correction ; he was perpetually changing his epithets.”

Afterwards,

‘ Dr. Warton, my brother, has a few fragments of some other odes, but too loose and imperfect for publication, yet containing traces of high imagery. In the ode to Pity, the idea of a temple of pity, of its situation, construction, and groupes of painting, with which its walls were decorated, was borrowed from a poem, now lost, entitled ‘ The temple of Pity,’ written by my brother, while he and Collins were school-fellows at Winchester college.”

Collins died in 1759, aged 39. Johnson erroneously says in 1756. In another letter from some person intimate with Collins, it appears, that he had begun his translation of Aristotle, contrary to what Langborne and Johnson say. The writer of the latter had himself seen many sheets of that work.

We here conclude our account of the different works. To the labours of essayists, and to the taste, which has rendered their works familiar to all the educated part of society, is to be attributed in a very great measure the modern cultivation of manners, and of intellect; and if the actions of the majority of our countrymen depend as much on a sense of propriety, and a fear of deviating from the established axioms of morality, as on religious motives, the essayist, who contributes to establish a pure system of manners, is an instructor of no common utility. As the essay to be useful must be popular, in attacking our failings, must begin with the pruning knife, before it ventures to handle the axe, the easy wit, and elegant railery of the spectator, have given birth to numerous imitators; of these all have fallen short of their original, and in the collection before us, we cannot but observe it as the prominent deficiency, that but very few of the humorous papers present, well drawn or comprehensive pictures of the manners of the day, in which they were written; while some of our earlier periodical papers seem almost to unite the office of histories of the manners of the day, to the character of moral or humorous essays. We consider the 'Gleaner,' however, as a very proper companion, to what Dr. Drake terms, the 'British classical Essayists,' it rescues from oblivion the effusions of many men distinguished for their talents, many papers, and some whole works undeserving of the neglect they experience; and we have seldom examined a selection, whether of poetry or prose, where we have wished to retain so much, and reject so little.

Dr. Drake's editorial labours are confined to occasional notes attached to the papers, containing remarks or quotations of parallel passages; we have before given an instance where he is rather irrelevant; he has added mottoes with their translations to such papers as were before without them. Among these is a quotation from Mr. Bland's poems; we are happy to see him characterize that author's lines as 'exquisitely beautiful.' If we add however to the estimation of these labours, the task of going through such an immense mass of essays, as the muster-roll of the names in the introduction presents to us, the largest proportion of which are entirely excluded from the 'Gleaner,' as containing nothing of sufficient merit, the task has been by no means inconsiderable.

ART. X.—*Select Scottish Songs, ancient and modern; with critical Observations and biographical Notices. By Robert Burns: Edited by R. H. Cromek, F. A. S. Ed. 2 Vols. crown 8vo. London, Cadell and Davies, 1810.*

SOUTHERNS as we are, we confess ourselves unequal to the task of criticizing these volumes. They consist of remarks from the pen of Burns, on each of the songs of his country, which he seems, as he indeed declares himself, to have studied with more attention and zeal than any body else. They had appeared before in Mr. Cromek's *Reliques of Burns*, but the editor, during a late visit to Scotland, exerted a good deal of assiduity to obtain copies of those songs, which met with the poet's decided approbation; and these are here collected under their appropriate remarks. The occasional touches of feeling, with which the Scottish, as well as our good old English, songs abound, make their way directly to the heart; for they have every association to render them delightful; they are simple, and display no artifice to entrap admiration; and they were perhaps some of the first things that pleased our childhood, when every hope was sanguine and every prospect bright. But the charms of this association have, in our opinion, often blinded the judgment and corrupted the tastes of most eulogists of ballad poetry; and the remarks before us, written as they are by the pen of Robert Burns, appear to us much more warm in the praise of old song than is consistent with good taste. Burns was in this way 'a man of a most unbounded stomach;' nothing seems to come amiss to him; and we often find him lavishing praises upon what we are illiberal enough to suspect, if translated into English, would turn out to be nothing more than vulgar cant, sanctified to the memory by those associations of childhood, which made us familiar with the lower classes of people, and their peculiar language and habits. Let it not be supposed that we think as meanly of an old song, as the citizen at Garraway's, who talks of buying or selling an estate for one. We have a very proper respect for ballad poetry; and can judge from our feelings of old English ballads, what must be a Scotchman's reverence for those of his nation. Many indeed of these have the most powerful charms even for us, Englishmen and reviewers as we are; and we have perused and made ourselves masters of several in the volumes before us, particularly by Burns, Skinner, &c.

which appear to us to be highly beautiful, insomuch that we wish (and many of his countrymen feel the same sentiments) that Burns had written more in English. Many of the songs before us are merely repaired and renovated by that poet; and we always wish he had done more to them. We could readily produce an example of our assertion; but Burns' poetry is sufficiently before the public, and we do not know whether we should be warranted in doing so. Mr. Cromek has verified the fable of the old man and his ass, by reprinting a Cantata called the Jolly Beggars, which was before to be found in a little Glasgow volume of 'Poems ascribed to Burns,' and which was indisputably his, but which Mr. Cromek had omitted in his *Reliques*, from motives of tenderness to the memory of the poet. For this Mr. Walter Scott called however in a review of the latter work; and Mr. Cromek now avails himself of that authority for its insertion in the present selection. The poem is broad and low, but not exactly indecent. Many of Burns' former songs had sailed quite as near the wind. Mr. Walter Scott's critique, which is beautiful and just, appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, which, in order to preserve its character as a London publication, talked of 'Our Northern brethren.' This Mr. Cromek calls a renunciation of Mr. Scott's country, and one of the humiliating shifts to which the man must stoop who lets out his pen for hire. This is surely too hard: Mr. C. had no right to know who was the writer of the review; the artifice was very harmless, and the critique was doubtless voluntary.

Our readers will perhaps be more amused with the following pair of anecdotes, than with any thing else, we could extract from Mr. Cromek's volumes. The first is of Cunningham, the author of *Kate of Aberdeen*:

Cunningham had little consciousness of his own merit as a poet, and seldom wrote but when urged by necessity. His highest ambition was to be considered a great actor, for which he had no requisite either of person or talents. When in Mr. Bates's company of comedians, he had generally a benefit night at North Shields, and being much beloved, numbers flocked to it from Newcastle. He would declare afterwards to his friends, with his usual *naïveté*, that so crowded a house was drawn by his *theatrical eminence*!

An occurrence not generally known gave the first shock to this good man's heart. His volume of poems was dedicated to Garrick, whom in his admiration of theatrical talent, he would naturally esteem the first man that ever existed. He trudged

up to the metropolis to present his volume to the celebrated character. He saw him; and according to his own phrase, he was treated by him in the most humiliating and scurvy manner imaginable. Garrick assumed a cold and stately air; insulted Cunningham by behaving to him as a common beggar, and gave him a couple of guineas, accompanied with this speech, "Players, Sir, as well as poets, are always poor."

The blow was too severe for the poet. He was so confused at the time, that he had not the use of his faculties, and indeed never recollected that he ought to have spurned the offer with contempt, till his best friend, Mrs. Slack, of Newcastle, reminded him of it by giving him a second box on the ear, when he returned once more beneath her sheltering roof, and related his sad story. The repulse, however, preyed deeply on his spirits, and drove him to that fatal resource of disappointment, *dram-drinking*. When he had money, he gave it to people in distress, leaving himself pennyless. His kind protectress, Mrs. Slack, used to empty his pockets before he went out of the little that was in them, as one takes halfpence from a school-boy to prevent him from purchasing improper trash.

The second anecdote we shall transcribe is an account of the late Joseph Ritson, the antiquary, communicated by a barrister of Gray's Inn.

The late Mr. Ritson lived in the same staircase with me in Gray's Inn for many years, and the common civilities of the day passed between us but nothing more. We never visited. I understood he possessed a great singularity of character; but he was ever polite and civil to me. Early in September, 1803, I frequently heard a great swearing and noise in his chambers, and, on meeting his laundress on the stairs, I asked her the cause of the disturbance I had heard. She answered, that she believed her master was out of his mind, for his conduct in every respect proved him so; and that she was greatly afraid that in his delirium he would do himself or her an injury. She said she had taken him his dinner the day before, but that he had not touched it, and that he never ate animal food. She was then going to him, but expressed a fear that he would burst into a rage and abuse as I had heard him before. The last time she was in his chambers, he had shut himself up; however, she had left his dinner upon the table, and was then going to see if he had eaten it. I said, as she had expressed herself fearful I would go with her to her master, which I accordingly did. I saw his dinner on the table, but he was still shut up in his room. I asked the laundress whether he had any relations in town. She said he had not; but that he had a nephew somewhere in the north, who had lived with him for many years; but that Mr. Ritson had turned him out of his house for eating

animal food. I desired her to endeavour to find out some of his relations or friends, and to apprize them of his unhappy situation, and in the mean time to be very careful of him.

On the 10th of September, about nine o'clock in the evening, on my return to my chambers, my servant told me, that Mr. Ritson had been making a great noise, and that there was a great light in his room, which had alarmed the people in the Steward's Office, and looking from his window, I saw Mr. Ritson's room strewed with books and loose papers, some of which he was gathering up and throwing on the fire, which occasioned the great blaze they had seen. He had a lighted candle in his hand, which he carried about in a very dangerous manner. The steward not being at home, I sent for him to represent to him Mr. Ritson's extraordinary conduct. However, being much alarmed, I went to Mr. Ritson's chambers, and knocked at the door several times, but could get no admission. At last a key was obtained from the laundress, and Mr. Quin, the steward, and myself, with two porters, entered his chambers. He appeared much confused on seeing us, and asked how we came in? We told him by means of the laundress's key. He then asked what we wanted. Mr. Quin told him we came in consequence of the great blaze that appeared in his chambers, believing them to be on fire. He answered, that his fire had gone out, and he was lighting it to make horse-radish tea. Mr. Quin then represented to him the great danger of making his fire with loose papers, particularly as there were so many scattered about the room, some of which had actually taken fire. Mr. Quin therefore begged he would permit the porters to collect them together, and to put them away, and to do any thing he wanted; upon which he said No! No! and in the most peremptory manner ordered them to leave his chambers, saying, they were only servants to the society, and had no business in his chambers. Mr. Quin observed, that consistently with his duty as steward of the inn, he could not leave his chambers in that dangerous situation. Mr. Ritson then appearing much enraged, swore he would make them, for that they came to rob him, and immediately went to his bed-room, and returned with a drawn dagger in his hand; at sight of which, Mr. Quin and the porters immediately left the chambers, Mr. Ritson pursuing them along the passage, and they in their hurry shut the outer door, leaving me in the room. On his return, I disarmed him and begged him to sit down while I explained every thing. He was then very complaisant, and said he did not mean to offend me, but swore vengeance against those who had left the room. He insisted on my going into his best apartment, which I did, and found his books and papers scattered on the floor, as they were in the other chamber. He asked me to drink with him, which I refused. He paid me some compliments as a neighbour, and said he would give me a history of his life. He told me he had a great passion for books, of which he possessed

the finest collection in England. That he had written upon many subjects, and had confuted many who had written upon law and theology. He said he was then writing a pamphlet, proving Jesus Christ an impostor, but that something had lately discomposed him, and he was therefore resolved to destroy many of his MSS. for which purpose he was then sorting his papers. I heard him patiently for an hour and a half, when I advised him to go to bed, which he said he would do, and I left him seemingly composed. About an hour after he became very violent and outrageous, throwing his furniture about his chambers, and breaking his windows. I then went to him again, and endeavoured to pacify him, but without effect. He had a dagger in one hand and a knife in the other, though I had taken the other dagger from him, and carried it to my own chambers. He raved for a considerable time, till being quite exhausted, he went to sleep. A person was then sent for from Hoxton to take care of him, who remained with him five days, and said, that his derangement was incurable. I visited him every day, when he appeared very glad to see me, and said, "Here comes my friend, who will set me at liberty;" but violently abused his keeper, and said, *the devil would torment him* for his cruelty in keeping him so confined. It was thought proper by his friends to remove him to a mad-house, where I understand he died in a few days. I have since learned, that his malady was a family disorder, and that his sister died mad.

The song of 'Ther's nae Luck about the House,' is proved to be Mickie's, and not Jean Adam's. Vol. ii. p. 190, l. 3, the word *scene* should surely be *sense*.

We are quite convinced of our incapacity fully to relish the Scottish dialect, for we are of opinion, that Burns has spoiled Sir Robert Ayton's beautiful old English song of

'I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,' &c.

By giving it the Scots dress of

'I do confess thou art so fair
I wad been o'er *the lugs* in love,' &c.

he thinks he has '*improved the simplicity of it.*'

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*The Duty of Christians to partake of the Afflictions of the Gospel, considered and enforced, in a Discourse delivered at Portsmouth, on Wednesday, June 26, 1811, before a Society of Unitarian Christians, established in the South of England for promoting the genuine Knowledge of the Scriptures, and the Practice of Virtue, by the distribution of Books. By Thomas Rees. London, Johnson, 1811, 12mo.*

Mr. REES has selected II. Tim. 1, 8, for the text of this discourse. He specifies the modes and degrees of persecution, which Christians, who are not inclined to take their creed on trust, but to think for themselves, have yet to encounter. This persecution, according to Mr. Rees,

‘embraces all human laws which take cognizance of religious opinion, which pretend to an authority to create distinctions between the members of a civil community because of the tenets they may severally hold, and give rise to invidious inequalities between men whose attainments and qualifications, both as to knowledge and virtue, entitle them to rank upon a par as subjects of a political state. It comprehends, moreover, all public opinions and prejudices whose tendency is to interfere with the province of conscience, and to interrupt that freedom of inquiry, and that liberty of communicating their thoughts, which are the natural birth-right, and may be classed among the most important privileges, of rational beings.’

But, ‘another affliction,’ says Mr. Rees, ‘endured by the gospel, is the corruption of its doctrines.’ At the head of what he supposes to be doctrinal corruptions, the preacher places that of the ‘Trinity,’ and next in order, come those of the ‘Atonement,’ of ‘Original Sin,’ of ‘Election and Reprobation.’ Mr. Rees makes some animated strictures on the pernicious influence of these doctrines on the sentiments and conduct. On subjects on which so much has been written, no novelty of remark was to be expected.

Mr. Rees mentions what he calls a third evil, by which ‘Christianity has been afflicted;’ and that is ‘the indifference of those who call themselves its friends.’ Mr. Rees seems willing to ascribe indifference ‘in most cases,’ to ‘inconsideration.’ But we believe, that much of what is called the indifference of the present times, as far as it respects an indifference to points of dark and uncertain theological speculation, is not so much the result of levity as of reflection, not so much the

effect of ignorance or of skepticism, as of knowledge blended with benevolence. A large part of the community is become sufficiently enlightened not to heed the minutiae of polemical disputation. Zeal is good in a good cause; but even in a good cause zeal may become vitious, if it be not confined within the limits of moderation. When those limits are passed, zeal is apt to be infuriated into bigotry, and bigotry is always prone to persecution.

A proselyting spirit is not always accompanied with the love either of virtue or of truth. It is more often malevolent in its origin, corrupt in its proceedings, and mischievous in its influence. A proselyting spirit, however, though it may be the propensity of individuals, is not the general character of the age. This spirit is, in some measure, absorbed by more just and more comprehensive notions of religion than were formerly entertained. Men engaged in more rational pursuits, have ceased to think it worth while to contend whether a hair of theological doctrine should be 'divided by West or North West point.' This may be called indifference; but as far as it is an indifference to petty strifes and puerile logomachies, it is wisdom rather than foolishness, and charity rather than intolerance. The religious horizon is most likely to be serene and unperturbed where indifference is sufficiently prevalent to prevent the tumultuous ferment of hot-headed zeal, and narrow-minded bigotry.

ART. 12.—*On the Divisions among Christians, a Charge, delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Bedford, by the Rev. S. Vince, A. M. Archdeacon of Bedford, at his primary visitation, held, April, 1810. To which are added, Cautions against being misled by the Unitarian Interpretations of Scripture.* London, Lunn; 1811, 8vo.

WE perused with pleasure Mr. Vince's confutation of Atheism, and we commend him for endeavouring on the accession of his new dignity, to make his archidiaconal functions subservient to the edification of his clergy, and for attempting to provide them with an antidote to what he, very conscientiously, deems unscriptural errors, but which others equally conscientiously believe to be scriptural truths of no small magnitude and importance. In the commencement of his charge, the archdeacon laments that such a diversity of opinion should prevail in the Christian world. Now we are not inclined to deem this so much a subject of complaint as the archdeacon seems to feel it to be. For, if all men entertained one and the same opinion respecting the Christian doctrines, what stimulus could be devised to exercise the intellectual faculties of the clergy? Notwithstanding the hosts of heretics which are dispersed over Christendom, many of our divines seem to luxuriate in somnolency and ease; but what would be the case, if not a heretic were to appear once in an age to sharpen the edge of clerical wit, and awaken at

least some of the brotherhood from their deep and dread repose? No opportunity would be furnished for our prelates to discourse on the prevalence of schism, the peril of the establishment or the busy activity of sectaries; and even Mr. Archdeacon Vince need not have composed this charge with the subjoined cautions, in order to guard his brethren against the seductions of the Unitarian creed.

P. 8, Mr. Vince says, 'Revelation was intended to teach us our duties.' In this we entirely agree; but then we would ask the learned archdeacon whether this knowledge can have any necessary connection with a belief of that which we do not understand? What then becomes of the mysteries, which are necessarily unintelligible, or which are mysteries no longer than while they are not understood, but on a belief in which the author very strenuously insists? We do not say, that there are no obscurities in what is called natural religion, but this we do say, that there can be no real, no impenetrable obscurities in revealed. A *revelation* and a *mystery*, as we have often said, are incompatible terms, and we might, with as much truth, say, that black is white, as that a mystery is a revelation. Revealed Religion has nothing to do with mysteries, nor is there a single mystery in the Christian scheme, when rightly understood. The gospel itself is a plain and simple enunciation of the divine will; but it has been rendered intricate and complex by the fraudulent subtlety of man. A system of the most detestable selfishness and ambition has been formed out of a pure and benevolent code, which was originally ushered into the world with the cheering sounds of 'peace on earth and good will towards men.' But this peace has been made to signify perpetual war, and this good will to denote intolerance and persecution. The fault is not in the gospel but in the interpreters.

In a note to the appendix, p. 25—28, Mr. Vince has endeavoured to reconcile the foreknowledge of God with the free will of man, in which he appears to have dilated what we said on that subject in our number for December, 1809, p. 341, &c. We believe, that we suggested the only possible mode of solving that difficult question.

ART. 13.—*Thoughts on the Emancipation of Roman Catholics.* By Mr. James Crowley, formerly a Student in the College of Maynooth. London, Hatchard, 1811, 8vo.

THIS pamphlet, instead of being entitled 'Thoughts on the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics,' ought rather to have been called 'An Attempt to disprove some of the leading Tenets of the Roman Catholic Church.' Mr. James Crowley has lately become a convert to Protestantism; and, like most converts, he appears anxious to prove his sincerity by exposing the errors of the faith which he has relinquished, and the superior excellence of that which he has embraced. We have not discovered

any striking evidence of learning or penetration in this performance. Some of the remarks which the author makes to prove that the clergy of the church of Rome are not 'true followers of the blessed apostles;' are, we fear, applicable to the ministers of other communions, as well as those of the Holy See.

'The apostles, in imitation of our Lord, were remarkably humble: the clergy of the church of Rome, falsely professing themselves to be their followers, were (are?) notoriously proud, imperious and arrogant,' &c. &c.

ART. 14.—*The Connection between the Simplicity of the Gospel and the leading Principles of the Protestant Cause: a Sermon preached July 10, 1811, at St. George's Meeting-house, in Exeter, before the Society of Unitarian Christians, established in the West of England, for promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Practice of Virtue, by the Distribution of Books. By John Kentish. London: Johnson, 1811.*

Mr. KENTISH is an able defender of the views and sentiments of Unitarian Christians. The essential principle of Protestantism is, in questions of religious belief, to allow no authority but that of the scriptures. But most of the churches, which, at the era of the reformation, were professedly founded on this principle, have since relinquished it, and have invested certain interpretations of scripture with an authority which belongs only to the scriptures. Creeds and articles have been substituted for Christ and the evangelists. But

'if,' says Mr. Kentish, 'we resist the plea of ecclesiastical authority as maintained by the reputed successors of the apostle Peter, let us be just and impartial, nor consider it as the right of any church whatever. Who are the best and ablest and most correctly informed of our fellow mortals when the inquiry concerns the will of Christ? Are they our masters? Have we been baptized into their names?'

The principles of the reformation must not be identified with the conduct of the reformers. The former are worthy of unqualified praise; but the latter was in many instances very reprehensible, and in nothing more than in introducing the practice of Popish intolerance into the terms of Protestant communion. True Protestantism, as opposed to the spurious and counterfeit, is as knowledge opposed to ignorance, plain and definite terms to terms intricate and equivocal, clear ideas to the obscurities of mystery, and the most comprehensive charity to a spirit of magisterial dogmatism and sectarian animosity. Such are some of the principal marks, by which the true church of Christ may be distinguished from the false.

ART. 15.—*A Sermon occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, who was drowned at Liverpool, August the 5th, 1811, aged twenty Years; preached at Union-street Meeting, Brighton, August 16. By John Styles. London: Williams, 1811. 1s. 6d.*

ALLOWING for the exaggerations of friendship, Mr. Spencer appears to have been a young man of very promising talents; and the sermon which Mr. Styles has preached on his untimely death, is very creditable to his sensibility.

POLITICS.

ART. 16.—*The Substance of a Speech delivered by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, in a Committee of the House of Commons, May 8, 1811; on the Report of the Bullion Committee. Second Edition. London: Stockdale, Pall Mall, 1811, 2s.*

ART. 17.—*The Substance of a Speech delivered by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, in the House of Commons, July 15, 1811; on the second Reading of Earl Stanhope's Bill. London: Stockdale, 1811, 2s.*

ART. 18.—*The Speech of Mr. Johnstone, on the third Reading of the Bill for preventing the Gold Coin of the Realm from being paid or accepted for a greater Value than the current Value of such Coin; commonly called Lord Stanhope's Bill. London: Booker, 1811.*

LORD CASTLEREAGH, p. 16 (art. 16) ascribes the act of restriction on the cash-payments of the Bank in 1797, principally to the run upon the Bank, occasioned by internal alarm, when it is certain that it was entirely and solely owing to the unprecedented advances of the Bank to government. See the last number of our journal, p. 379. Lord Castlereagh says, p. 17, (art. 16),

‘It is obvious that the law, which makes the standard coin the only legal tender, on the part of the Bank of England in discharge of their notes, proceeded upon the supposition of a natural state of things.’

We do not precisely know what the noble lord means here by ‘a natural state of things;’ but of this we have indubitable evidence that the ‘state of things,’ whether natural, or unnatural, which preceded the failure of the Bank, was exclusively caused by the subservience of the Bank to the extravagance of the minister. If then the Bank brought this ‘unnatural state of things’ upon themselves, ought they not to be answerable for the consequences? If a private banker involves himself in distress and embarrassment by an excessive issue of paper, or by the improvident prodigality, or criminal facilities of his accommodations to particular individuals, does the government make an act of parliament to prevent him from paying his debts? But can any good substantial reason be assigned why this favour should have been shown to the Bank of England? The obliga-

tions of justice are paramount to any act of parliament; and though the parliament passed an act to prevent the Bank from paying their debts, the Bank, as a company of honest men, would have honoured that act more by the breach than the observance. 'Parliament,' says Lord Castlereagh, 'is competent in this as in all other instances, to provide for the public interest.' This is certainly true; but in the case which we are considering, was not the public interest sacrificed to the private emolument of a mercantile company? We do not question the physical potency of parliament to do any thing, even to repeal the ten commandments; but we do question its moral competency to do any thing, which is essentially unjust. What is essentially unjust is even beyond the sphere of parliamentary permission. If the Pope himself were to tell an *honest* Catholic that he ought not to pay his debts, the conscience of the Catholic would convince him that he ought not to obey the Pope. In the same manner, the conscience of the Bank, if any conscience they have, should tell them, that they ought to pay their debts in spite even of parliamentary prohibition. Lord Castlereagh, p. 18, calls 'the Restriction bill no breach of public faith.' If it were not a breach, we ask whether it were an observance? Or does the observance of a trust consist in the violation? The noble lord calls this same far-famed Restriction a 'conservative remedy.' Conservative of what? Not surely of the probity of the Bank, nor of the property of its creditors. Not of public faith, nor of private confidence. The Restriction always appeared to us a departure from a system, which had integrity and truth for its basis, for one which has no stay but iniquity, falsehood, and delusion. Lord C. says that 'the supposition that their issues (those of the Bank) are excessive, rests upon no proof.' What proof would the noble lord have? We know of none stronger than the demonstrative. Bank notes, which formerly represented gold, and were, at any time, convertible into gold, can now no longer be exchanged for that metal, except at a discount of near twenty per cent. Now this difference between the value of the two currencies, fixes precisely the degree of depreciation which the paper currency has undergone, and consequently demonstrates the degree of excess in the issue. The depreciation furnishes the true criterion of the excess. Lord C. with other partizans of the Restriction, says that 'Bank paper has preserved its full standard of value with all other commodities, bullion excepted.' This is a fallacy; for bullion is the universal standard of value, and when paper money, from the excess of its issue, bears a less relative value to bullion than it did before, it must bear a less relative value to other commodities than it did before. The price of the quartern loaf is about 20 *per cent.* higher than it would be if we were not deluged with a paper-circulation. In proportion as Bank-notes fall in value, all commodities must

proportionably rise in price. Or as Mr. Johnstone truly remarks in his excellent speech, p. 30,

‘that as the value of all articles depends upon their relative plenty or scarcity, whenever the currency of any community is increased, whether consisting of the precious metals or of paper, it must represent a smaller quantity of all other articles.’

Mr. Johnstone very properly remarks, that

‘Too close a connection, too liberal an advance to government, has uniformly first discredited, and ultimately ruined every bank. Governments in their dealings with banks, resemble a class of customers not unusual, who, in order to pay one bill, demand permission to discount another.’

And he very emphatically asks whether the Bank is ‘now an independent body, in the same degree as in former years?’ This is a very important consideration; for the credit of the Bank must sink in proportion as it degenerates into the mere servile tool of the minister of the day. This, we fear, is the character which it has been gradually assuming, since its obsequious compliances with the demands of Mr. Pitt which led to the catastrophe of its failure in 1797. Whether the Bank have ever been independent since that period, it does not require much sagacity to determine. Mr. Johnstone ably defends the noble stand which Lord King has made, notwithstanding the obloquy with which he has been assailed, to counteract the increasing evil of a depreciated currency. When Hambden resisted the payment of ship-money, he was stigmatized by the courtiers of that day as deficient both in loyalty and in patriotism. When my Lord King determined to try whether the Bank could lawfully force him to take the value of sixteen shillings instead of a pound, he instantly became an object of the most malevolent misrepresentation and abuse. Ship-money was certainly an arbitrary imposition. And perhaps it will at last be found that to compel a man to take sixteen shillings in payment for a pound, is also an arbitrary imposition.

POETRY.

ART. 19.—*The modern Minerva; or, the Bat's Seminary for young Ladies, a Satire on Female Education, by Queen Mab.* London, Macdonald, 1810.

THIS satire is written in the style of the ‘Peacock at Home,’ and other amusing books of the same kind for the nursery; though from the quarto size we imagine that the author intends it for the perusal of grown children, as it is an inconvenient shape for little boys and girls. The bat opens a seminary for

juvenile fowls, and apprizes their parents and guardians that it is worthy attention for its 'peculiar advantages.' The author's ideas of modern schools, or, more properly speaking, seminaries for young ladies, are expressed in the following lines:

"Dancing, drawing, and music," were taught, terms as usual,
And not even "needle-work" met a refusal;
Not indeed, such coarse sorts as a sempstress supplies,
With linen or samplers to pore out the eyes,
But "fancy-work" gew-gaws, whose texture is such
As ladies may casually venture to touch;
So the French paroquet should new fangle their talk,
And the ape, as drill-serjeant, instruct them to walk;
The squirrel the dancing department pursue,
With capers and skips, as surprising as new.

In such lines does the author attempt to hold up to ridicule or contempt the present system of school-keeping. How well qualified the author may be to turn counsellor on this important subject, we leave those to judge who will take the trouble of reading the '*Modern Minerva*,' though we will not presume to say it will indemnify them for the time which is so employed.

ART. 20.—*The Figured Mantle and the Bridal Day, legendary Tales, with other Poems. By a Sussex Clergyman. London, Longman, 1811, price 5s. 6d.*

THE other poems thus specified in the title-page are Flora's drawing-room and an Elegy, or as the author calls it, an *Elogy* on the death of the Right Hon. William Pitt. It is somewhat laughable after reading lines fit only for the amusement of children under seven years of age about jasmines, daisies, and bachelor's buttons, to find the next page open with the following dolorous specimen of the gentleman's poetic genius:

'Hark! the bell's deep and slow-repeating sound,
Summons Reflection from her care-worn cell;
Gives, while mute horror sheds her influence round,
The awful tidings of our patriot's knell.'

And still more absurd the following couplet:

'Yet, other labours could thy powers embrace,
Thy talents various, as thy mind was great;
Whether the mazes of finance to trace,
And fix the tott'ring credit of the state.'

We should have thought this praise on his expertness in establishing the *credit of the state* somewhat mal-a-propos, at the present moment, but our Sussex clergyman appears to understand times and seasons better than we do. We should also

have thought that a clergyman might have employed the leisure moments from back gammon with the squire of his parish in something more consistent than poetizing Mr. Pitt side by side with bad rhymes on a daffodill, a catch fly, or a flos Adonis. Nor do we think that *the great statesman*, had he been alive, would have rewarded our author by a snug benefice for placing him in such harmless company.

ART. 21.—*Original Poetry; consisting of fugitive Pieces, by a Lady lately deceased, and miscellaneous Poems. By several Authors.* London, Crosby, 1811, price 5s.

WE are told in the preface that the productions of the deceased lady are well calculated to 'pourtray the loveliness of virtue and the deformity of vice;' and that the whole is rendered subservient to the promotion of fervent piety and true devotion. They are on the following subjects: Friendship, Happiness, Solitude, Melancholy, the genius of Watts, with three Psalms paraphrased, a fragment (of we scarcely know what), Reflections on the close of a year, and commencement of a new one. In each of these we have found, what the preface promised us, virtue and vice pourtrayed, though not in lines above mediocrity. They are all of them of rather a gloomy cast, written in all probability to fill up a leisure hour, and not intended to meet the public eye. Indeed they are so few, that, without the aid of the miscellaneous addition, they would not have made a book even in this age of book-making. The best of these little pieces is that on Solitude; and amongst the miscellaneous, the Picture of rural Life has the most merit. The appendix consists of five letters on the subject of happiness, all very good, very holy, and very melancholy, full of faith, and full of hope of meeting with pardon, with love, and with peace through a crucified Redeemer.

ART. 22.—*Poems on moral and religious Subjects, to which are prefixed, introductory Remarks on a Course of female Education. By A. Flowerdew. Third Edition; containing several additional Poems.* London, Sherwood, &c. 5s.

THIS little volume exhibits some pleasing specimens of the good sense and piety of the amiable writer. The efficacy of Hope is thus feelingly expressed:

'Yes; gentle HOPE! sweet cheering power,

Thou never prov'st unkind,

At thy approach the fiend despair,

Swift flies the tortur'd mind.

'Thy hand alone supports my soul

Through every gloomy way;

Still pointing to the gentle calm
That ends the stormy day.

'What though affliction's storm seems long,
Yet with this life 'twill cease;

Time soon will bring me to the tomb,
Where I shall rest in peace.

'Beyond the grave that soon must close
Around my mould'ring clay;

My kind conductress leads me on,
To realms of endless day.

'There all his dark mysterious ways,
My Father will reveal;

There shall I know 'tis *Wisdom's* self
Prescribes whate'er I feel.'

The *introductory remarks* on a course of FEMALE EDUCATION, are practical and judicious. From the end of the volume we learn that Mrs. F. conducts a school for twelve young ladies at St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk. We wish her success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 23.—*Dix's Juvenile Atlas, containing forty-four Maps, with plain Directions for copying them. Designed for junior Classes.* London, Darton, 4to. 10s. 6d. and full coloured, 14s.

THE practice of copying maps is of great service to perpetuate the figures, magnitudes, and positions of countries, the courses of rivers, the distances of places, &c. in the memory. The present work of Mr. Dix will answer the purpose of teaching, in a very effectual manner, the first outlines of geography; but the maps are very deficient in the names of places, which might have been rendered more numerous with advantage to the learner; and without too much crowding the surface of the plates.

ART. 24.—*An Account of the Ravages committed in Ceylon by Small-pox, previously to the Introduction of Vaccination; with a Statement of the Circumstances attending the Introduction, Progress, and Success of Vaccine Inoculation in that Island.* By Thomas Christie, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh; and lately Medical Superintendent-general in Ceylon. London, Murray, 1811, 8vo.

WE shall notice, as briefly as we can, the principal facts in the present publication. As soon as the Hon. Frederick North became governor of Ceylon, he humanely ordered hospitals to be established for the reception of those, who were afflicted with the small-pox, as well as with a view of extending the practice

of inoculation. He at the same time made several wise and cautionary regulations for diminishing the horrors of that infectious malady, by which the inhabitants of Columbo are said to have been generally visited 'during the prevalence of the south-west monsoon.' This constantly recurring plague made great ravages in the island, often depopulating whole villages, and spreading horror and despair wherever it appeared. In 1800 Mr. Christie, the author of this pamphlet, was placed at the head of the small-pox hospitals in Ceylon. He details the plan of these establishments, by which the variolous malady was repressed, and the sufferings of the infected alleviated. From the 1st of October, 1800, to the 30th of September, 1802, the number of persons with natural small-pox in the hospitals and villages in Ceylon amounted to 2110, of whom 473 fell victims to the disease. The number of inoculated persons was 4158, and of these 108 died. In August, 1802, the vaccine virus, or, as we should rather call it, the variolous *antidote*, was introduced into Ceylon. By the wise regulations of the government, and the benevolent activity of the medical gentlemen, it was rapidly diffused over the island. By a very judicious plan of proceeding, all farther inoculations for that disease were prohibited; and the previous establishments for that disease abandoned as unnecessary, whilst the most efficacious means were employed for spreading the blessing of vaccination. In little more than three months after the introduction of the cow-pox into Ceylon, upwards of ten thousand persons had been vaccinated without 'any sinister event, or dangerous symptom' supervening, in consequence of the inoculation. Various trials were made to ascertain the efficacy of the vaccine antidote; and that efficacy was established to the entire satisfaction of every person capable of forming an opinion on the subject. As a proof of its preservative virtue, the small-pox, which for eight preceding years had been constantly prevalent, in a greater or less degree, in the Pettah, or Black Town of Columbo, was in 1803 banished from the neighbourhood of that settlement. In May, 1805, the small-pox 'prevailed in the Candian country;' but it did not infest the British territory, though it increased the number of applicants for vaccination. After this some few cases of small-pox occasionally occurred at Columbo, but no person caught it who had been vaccinated. In 1806 no less than 26,207 persons were vaccinated throughout the different districts in Ceylon; and the aggregate of vaccinations since the year 1802, amounted to 103,335. We are happy to state that vaccination has now been so generally diffused throughout the island, that the recurrence of the variolous plague need no longer be an object of alarm.

ART. 25.—*The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith, with Remarks, attempting to ascertain, chiefly from local Observation, the actual Scene of the Deserted Village; and illustrative Engravings by Mr. Alkin, from Drawings taken upon the Spot. By the Rev. R. H. Newell, B. D.* London, Suttaby, 1811.

WE are induced to notice this splendid edition of Goldsmith's poetical works chiefly by the beauty of the engravings, and the interest which we felt in perusing Mr. Newell's topographical remarks. The engravings are six in number, besides an exquisite vignette, which is placed under the inscription of the sketches to Mr. William Payne. Mr. Newell has endeavoured, and we think successfully, to identify the scenery of the Deserted Village, with that of Lishoy, a village in the county of Westmeath, in Ireland. This village was the haunt of Goldsmith's early years, and it appears to have made an impression on his mind which was never afterwards effaced. The traces of its imagery were associated with many recollections of youthful delight, too sweet and too endearing to be easily forgotten.

'If,' says Goldsmith in a letter to his brother-in-law, Daniel Hodson, Esq. of Lishoy, 'I climb up Hampstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there take in to me the most pleasing horizon in nature.' 'The inhabitants of Lishoy,' says Mr. Newell, 'point out remains of the principal objects in the poem, and all of them, in situation exactly corresponding with the description here given.'

The lovers of Goldsmith will, we are convinced, be thankful to Mr. Newell for the pains which he has taken to illustrate the scenery, &c. of his Deserted Village.

ART. 26.—*A serious Address to the Public on the Practice of Vaccination, in which the late Failure of that Operation in the Family of Earl Grosvenor is particularly adverted to. Sold for the Benefit of the Portuguese Sufferers.* London, Murray, 1811, 8vo.

THIS address is well worthy the attention of those, whose apprehensions of the general insecurity of vaccination have been excited by the particular case of failure in the Grosvenor family. The vivid sensation of alarm, which was occasioned by that case, is a proof that those instances in which the vaccine inoculation fails to prevent the infection of small-pox, must be considered as extraordinary anomalies, from which no conclusion can be drawn which can at all affect the general reasoning on the subject, or invalidate the inference which is forced upon us by the multiplicity of cases in which the vaccine inoculation has completely counteracted the force of the variolous contagion. With all the isolated instances of the insecurity of

vaccination which the most zealous Anti-vaccinists can produce, the superior advantages of the vaccine to the varolous inoculation are susceptible of demonstrative proof, as far as such proof can be founded on arithmetical calculation. Vaccination has now been tried in some millions of cases in different parts and climates of the world, and well attested instances of its occasional failure in certain peculiarities of constitution are so few as scarcely to deserve consideration in that enlarged and comprehensive view of the subject which philosophy suggests and humanity approves.

ART. 27.—*A Practical Essay on the Art of Flower Painting, comprehending Instructions in the Drawing, Chiaro-Scuro, Choice, Composition, Colouring, and Execution or Finishing of Flowers, together with general Directions and Accounts of the Lives and Works of eminent Flower Painters. By John Cart Burgess, Professor and Teacher of Drawing and Painting, and an Exhibiter at the Royal Academy of Arts, London. London, Eber, 1811, price 8s.*

Mr. BURGESS's Instructions on Flower Painting are laid down in a plain and judicious manner, so that by a little attention the learner may derive as much advantage from it as a work of this kind can confer. Mr. Burgess points out the most material part in drawing, which in flower painting particularly, cannot be too attentively studied, namely, the *outline*, on the nicety of which the accuracy and beauty of the painting so much depend. Nor is the study of the Chiaro-Scuro an object of inferior importance, and this we very seldom see chastely executed. The art of painting flowers consists in the knowledge and practice of the following component parts. The Outline, the Chiaro-Scuro, the Choice of Subjects, the Grouping, the Colouring, and the Finishing. Young students, without staying minutely to study the Outline, are usually impatient to advance too rapidly, and thus neglect the attainment of those rudiments of the art, which are ^{as} essential for the painter perfectly to understand, as it is to learn the rudiments of a language before you can write it well. Our Misses and Masters are apt to think themselves perfectly *au fait* at flower painting, provided they can daub over a rose or a wreath of non-descripts; here they stop, and do not attempt any thing further, whereas flower-painting requires much studious toil, much nicety and exactness, and very delicate colouring. A correct and free outline ought never to be dispensed with, and the scholar should for some length of time be confined to the copying of the *outlines* of flowers only, if he wish to attain any degree of excellence. In order to acquire freedom and boldness, beginners should sketch from large objects, and they should never forget, that there is as much spirit in a good outline, as there is in the colouring and finishing of the piece. Mr. Burgess very properly lays great stress upon this

branch of the art, and very sensibly enforces the necessity of observing it. The next part of importance is the Chiaro-Scuro, and this can be attained only by an unremitting attention to natural objects. In this work, the author furnishes very good instructions for throwing on the lights and shades, so as to produce a masterly combination of the outline, for outline will have no advantage, if unaccompanied with a 'judicious display of light and shade.' His observations on the choice of subjects he divides into the simple, the pleasing, the beautiful, the elegant, and the grand; but on this subject he does not point out any thing very striking or new, any more than on the Grouping or Composition. In the latter much depends on the observation of nature and in placing the flowers so that their separate colours and forms set off each other, whilst they are so arranged as to have an easy and graceful appearance. The student will derive much benefit from attending to what Mr. Burgess remarks on colouring. Much depends on well mixing the colours. Mr. B. dissuades us from mixing the colours with spirits, as this method gives only a temporary brilliancy. His directions on colours, and their use, are very plain and sensible. The camel's-hair pencils, when well pointed, may certainly answer every purpose for flower painting; but we must own, that we give the preference to the pencils of sables' hair, if they are perfectly secured in the quill. This little treatise will be useful to the learner, and it might have been still more so, if Mr. Burgess had omitted the trifling biographical notices of several painters at the end. This would have lessened the price of the work, or the same quantity of letter-press might have been devoted to matter more conducive to proficiency in the elegant art of flower painting.

ΣΟΦΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ἐπὶ ΚΟΛΩΝΩ. *Sophoclis Œdipus Coloneis, cum notis, ex editionibus Rich. F. P. Brunck, &c. in usum Scholæ Harroviensis. Mackinlay, Londini, 1810, small 8vo.*

WE have somewhere mentioned the Œdipus Tyrannus, which preceded this neat little single play, and cursorily commended the form in which it appeared, adding, however, a remark or two, which we thought might benefit such an edition of Sophocles's plays, of which these are the two first parts. The notes are past criticism in the present day: they are collated from the two editions printed at Strasbourg in 1786 and 1788.

The typographical correctness and execution of the book, its moderate size, its reasonable price, and its invaluable notes, will recommend the present impression very speedily, if other large seminaries do not, through a jealousy of the Establishment for which it is printed, shut their eyes to its excellencies.

*Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published
in September, 1811.*

A VINDICATION of the Reign of George the Third, including a Review of Politics, from his Accession to the present day, 3s. 6d.

A Letter upon the mischievous Influence of the Spanish Inquisition, as it actually exists, &c. Translated from El Espanol, 8vo. 2s.

Bovyer, R. G. L. L. B.—Comparative View of the two Systems of Education for the infant Poor. 1s.

Dodson John, LL. D.—A Report of the Judgment of Sir William Scott, in the Case of Dalrymple, &c. on the Subject of private Marriages in Scotland, 8vo. 8s. 6d.

De Luc, J. N. Esq. F. R. S. Geological Travels in England, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s.

Dulaun.—Catalogue des livres Espagnols et Portugaise, 1s.

Hooker William Jackson.—A Journal of a Tour in Ireland, 8vo.

Jameson Thomas, M. D.—Essays on the Changes of the Human Body at its different Ages, &c. &c. 8vo. 9s.

Kentish John.—A Sermon on the Connection between the Simplicity of the Gospel, and the leading Principles of the Protestant Cause, 1s.

Lewis, M. G.—One o'Clock; or, the Knight and the Wood Dæmon. 2s. 6d.

Martin James—Translations from

ancient Irish Manuscripts and other Poems. 7s.

Madame de Genlis.—Histoire des femmes Françaises les plus celebres. 2 vols. 10s.

M'Carlon Andronicus, M. D.—The Christian Alphabet. 8s.

Naldi, Guisippe.—The Alien, or an Answer to Mr. Greville's Statement, &c. 3s.

Phillips, Richard.—An Experimental Examination of the Pharmacopœia Londinensis.

Plaintive Paul, Esq. Life and Adventures of, 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Projector (The) a periodical Paper; 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 7s.

Ring John, Surgeon.—A Treatise on the Gout. 8vo. 6s.

Reece Richard, M. D.—A practical Treatise on the different Species of pulmonary Consumption, &c. 5s.

Sunbelle, Mrs. late Wells.—Memoirs of her Life, written by herself. 3 vols. 12mo. 11. 1s.

The Cap fitted, or the Sequel of a Vision by one of the Sisterhood. 2s.

The London Catalogue of Books, with their Sizes and Prices to August, 1811.

Thelwall, J. Esq.—The Vestibule of Eloquence, 10s. 6d.

Vince, Rev. S. Archdeacon of Bedford.—A Charge on the Divisions of Christians. 8vo. 2s.

This Day is published, price 2s. 6d.

THE
APPENDIX
TO THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

VOL. XXIII.

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

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Vol. XXIV.

OCTOBER, 1811.

No. II.

ART. I.—*Exploratory Travels through the Western Territories of North America; comprising a Voyage from St. Louis on the Mississippi, to the Source of that River, and a journey through the interior of Louisiana, and the North-Eastern Provinces of New Spain. Performed in the Years 1805, 1806, 1807, by Order of the Government of the United States. By Zebulon Montgomery Pike, Major 6th Regiment United States Infantry. London, Longman, 1811, 4to.*

IN the course of last year an authorized copy of the manuscript of these travels was 'brought to this country, and placed in the hands of the present editor,' Mr. Thomas Rees, who appears to have made no alterations of any moment in the work, except in the arrangement and disposition of part of the materials. The following are the instructions which Major (then Lieutenant) Pike received from General Wilkinson previously to the commencement of his travels:

'You will please to take the course of the river (Mississippi) and calculate distances by time, noting rivers, creeks, highlands, prairies, islands, rapids, shoals, mines, quarries, timber, water, soil, Indian villages and settlements, in a diary to comprehend reflections on the winds and weather. It is interesting to government to be informed of the population and residence of the several Indian nations, of the quantity and species of skins and furs they barter per annum, and their relative price to goods; of the tracts of country on which they generally make their hunts, and the people with whom they trade. You will be

pleased to examine strictly for an intermediate point between this place and the *Prairie des Chiens*, suitable for a military post, and also on the *Ouisconsin*, near its mouth, for a similar establishment, and will obtain the consent of the Indians for their erection, informing them that they are intended to increase their trade, and ameliorate their condition. You will please to proceed to ascend the main branch of the river until you reach the source of it, or the season may forbid your further progress without endangering your return before the waters are frozen up. You will endeavour to ascertain the latitude of the most remarkable places in your route, with the extent of the navigation, and the direction of the different rivers which fall into the *Mississippi*; and you will not fail to procure specimens of whatever you may find curious in the mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdom.' * * *

On the 9th of August, 1805, Major Pike set out agreeably to his instructions. His company consisted of one serjeant, two corporals, and seventeen privates. They proceeded from *St. Louis* 'in a keel boat about seventy feet long, provisioned for four months' It would be very tedious and uninteresting to follow our traveller in the dry details of his journal, and minutely to relate how far he proceeded by day, and where he slept at night, with a dry geographical enumeration of places and distances. Our object therefore shall be to select and blend together the prominent features of the route and of the adventures of the author.

From *St. Louis* to the mouth of the *Missouri* 'the current is rapid, and the navigation, at low water, obstructed by sand-bars.' The current of the *Mississippi* is gentle till we arrive at the mouth of the *Illinois*, where, owing to the sand-banks and islands it becomes violently agitated. About five miles above *Buffalo river* the *Mississippi* is expanded 'nearly two miles in width.' From the *Illinois* to *Salt river*, the eastern shore of the *Mississippi* 'is either immediately bordered by beautiful cedar-cliffs, or the ridges may be seen at a distance.' The width of the river is about three-fourths of a mile at the distance of two hundred and thirty-two miles from the *Missouri*, where its waters are joined by those of the *riviere des Moines* from the north-west.

'From the first *Reynard* village to the lead mines, the *Mississippi* evidently becomes narrower, but the navigation is thereby rendered much less difficult. The shores consist, in general, of prairie, which, if not immediately bordering on the river, can be seen through the thin skirts of forest that in some places

line the banks: the timber is generally maple, birch, and oak, and the soil very excellent. In this place we have seen only a few turkies and deer, the latter of which are pretty numerous from the river des Moines.'

On the 6th of September, Major Pike marked out a position for a fort on the Ouisconsin, about three miles distant from its mouth, where it is nearly half a mile wide. The Ouisconsin enters the Mississippi in latitude 43° 44' 8".

'This river is the grand source of communication between the lakes and the Mississippi, and is the route by which all the traders of Michillimackinac convey their goods, for the trade of the Mississippi, from St. Louis to the river de Corbeau, and the confluent streams which are in those boundaries.'

The village of the Prairie des Chiens, is situated on the eastern bank of the Ouisconsin, about one league from its mouth. In the autumn there is a concourse of traders at this place from the Michillimackinac and other parts.

'They again meet here in the spring on their return from their wintering grounds, accompanied by three hundred or four hundred Indians, when they hold a fair, the one to dispose of the remainder of their goods, and the others their reserved peltries.'

As the use of spirituous liquors is not restricted amongst this heterogeneous mass, great disorders must be expected to arise, but they are said to be less common than formerly.

A few gentlemen reside at Prairie des Chiens, who are said not to be deficient in that hospitality which characterizes the inhabitants of the frontier. The connections between the traders and the Indian women are become so general, that 'almost one half the inhabitants under twenty years of age, have the blood of the Aborigines in their veins.'

At Prairie des Chiens Major Pike procured two interpreters, one named Pierre Rosseau, who was to perform the whole voyage, the other, Joseph Reinville, who was to accompany him as high as the falls of St. Anthony. On the eighth of September our traveller recommenced his voyage, and the next day encamped on an island on the eastern side of the Mississippi, about five miles below the river Jowa. 'The Jowa river,' says the author, 'is about one hundred miles wide at its mouth.' Here is some

blunder; for according to the map it does not appear above half a mile wide.

Whilst Major Pike was encamped near the Jowa, Le Feuille, a chief of the Sioux Indians, sent him word by an embassy of six young men, 'that he had waited three days with meat, &c. but that last night he had begun to drink, and that on the next day he would receive me with his people sober.' On the arrival of Major Pike and his retinue, opposite the lodges of the Sioux, they were saluted with 'what might be termed three rounds' with ball. This salute, though intended as a compliment, would not have been very acceptable to some persons, as the Indians do not appear to have been so sober as might have been wished, and some of them were ambitious of trying how near they could fire to the boat. Major Pike found a 'clean mat and pillow provided for him at the chief's lodge;' and 'on a pair of small crutches' a pipe placed before him, which he was to shew to all the bands of the Sioux higher up the Mississippi, instead of a letter of recommendation. Major Pike explained to the chief the different objects he had in view in his voyage up the Mississippi, and the intentions of the American government with respect to the Indians since the purchase of Louisiana from the Spaniards. Major Pike told the chief that he 'accepted his pipe with pleasure, as the gift of a great man and a brother.'

After a grateful dinner of wild rye and venison, Major Pike was present at a curious dance, in which

'Men and women danced indiscriminately. They were all dressed in the gayest manner; each had in their hand a small skin of some description; they frequently ran up, pointed their skin, and gave a puff with their breath; when the person blown at, whether man or woman, would fall, and appear to be almost lifeless, or in great agony, but would recover slowly, rise, and join in the dance. This they called their great medicine, or, as I understood the word, the dance of religion; the Indians believing that they actually puffed something into each other's bodies, which occasioned the falling, &c. Every person is not admitted to take a part; they who wish to join them must first make valuable presents to the society, to the amount of forty or fifty dollars, and give a feast, they are then admitted with great ceremony. Mr. Frazer, who had accompanied the author from Prairie des Chiens, informed me that he was once in the lodge with some young men who did not belong to the club, when one of their dancers coming in, they immediately threw their blankets over him, and forced him out of the lodge. Mr. F. laughed at them, and the young Indians called him a fool, and

said, "he did not know what the dancer might blow into his body."

On the 16th of September our traveller, at the entrance of Lake Pepin,* passed the Chippeway river, which appears a deep and majestic stream. It is half a mile wide at its junction with the Mississippi. It has a communication with the Montreal river, and thence with Lake Superior. The shores of the Mississippi from Prairie des Chiens to the Chippeway

'are more than three quarters prairie on both sides, or more properly speaking bald hills, which instead of running parallel with the river, form a continual succession of high perpendicular cliffs and low vallies; they appear to head the river, and to traverse the country in an angular direction. These hills and vallies exhibit some of the most romantic and sublime views I ever saw; but this irregular scenery is sometimes interrupted by a wide extended plain, which brings to mind the verdant lawn of civilized regions, and would almost induce the traveller to imagine himself in the centre of a highly cultivated plantation. The timber of this division is generally birch, elm, and cotton wood, all the cliffs being bordered by cedars.'

The Mississippi, from the head of Lake Pepin for about twelve miles to the Cannon river, branches into many channels, and forms numerous islands. It afterwards becomes narrower and less obstructed by islands, till it is joined by the river St. Croix on the east. Lake St. Croix which communicates with Lake Superior by the Burnt river, with 'a portage of half a mile only,' forms according to our author, 'the most preferable communication that can be had with the north-west, from this part' of the United States.

On the 23d of September, Major Pike obtained from a council of Indian chiefs a grant of land at the falls of St. Anthony, and at St. Croix.

'It was somewhat difficult to get them to sign a grant, as they conceived their word of honour should be taken without any mark.' From the 'river St. Peter's to the falls of St. Anthony, the Mississippi is contracted between high hills, and is one continued rapid or fall, the bottom being covered with rocks, which (in low water) are some feet above the surface, leaving narrow channels between them.'

* By observation, Major P. states the head of Lake Pepin to be in latitude 44° 58' 8".

We shall not minutely trace the route of Major Pike from the falls of St. Anthony to the source of the Mississippi. He proceeded up the stream; and he and his companions had frequently to wade, and sometimes nearly all day, to force the boats over rocks and shoals, and draw them through the precipitous current. Sometimes the rocks had not a foot of water on them, and at other times the next step would be 'in the water over their heads.' Major Pike had his boats unloaded and their cargoes secured at the distance of about two hundred and thirty-three miles and a half above the falls of St. Anthony. Here he built a fort to protect his property from the attacks of the Indians, and left some of his party at the spot whilst he proceeded to fulfil the farther object of his voyage. For this purpose he constructed two canoes; and afterwards made sledges when the river became covered with ice.

On Red Cedar Lake, which is situated about six miles from the eastern bank of the Mississippi, Major Pike found a small establishment belonging to the north-west company, under the superintendence of Mr. Grant. The author says that the provision on which this factory is chiefly dependent, consists of wild oats which they purchase of the Indians 'at the rate of about one dollar and a half per bushel.'

On the 1st of February, 1806, our traveller arrived at Leech Lake, which 'is the main source of the Mississippi.' On this lake Major Pike found another establishment belonging to the north-west company under the care of Mr. Hugh M'Gillis, who received our author with cordial hospitality. In traversing the lake some of Major Pike's men had their ears, some their noses, and some their chins frozen. On the 9th of February, says the author,

'Mr. M'Gillis and myself paid a visit to Mr. Anderson, who resided at the west end of the lake; found him eligibly situated as to trade, but his houses bad. I rode in a cariole for one person, constructed in the following manner; boards planed smooth, turned up in front about two feet, coming to a point; and about two and a half feet wide behind, on which is fixed a box, covered with dressed skins painted; this box is open at the top, but covered in front about two thirds of the length; the horse is fastened between the shafts, the rider wraps himself up in a buffalo robe, sits flat down, having a cushion to lean his back against; thus accoutred, with a fur cap, &c. he may bid defiance to the wind and the weather.'

Major Pike mentions another occasion on which he was drawn at 'least ten miles, in a sledge, by two small dogs, which were loaded with two hundred pounds weight, and went so fast, as to render it difficult for the men with snow shoes to keep up with them.' On the 13th of February, Major Pike embraced a favourable opportunity for taking the latitude, which he found to be $47^{\circ} 42' 40''$ N. In 1798, Mr. Thompson determined the source of the Mississippi to be in $47^{\circ} 38'$.

Major Pike exerted himself with very commendable pains and considerable success to establish peace between the several tribes of Indians, particularly those of the Sioux and the Chippeways. The author held a council with the chiefs and warriors at Leech, and at Red Lake, Major Pike, amongst other things, proposed, that some of them should attend him on his return to St. Louis. After some hesitation,

'the Buck and Beau, two of the most celebrated young warriors, rose and offered themselves to me for the embassy; they were accepted, and adopted as my children, and I was installed their father. Their example animated others, and it would have been no difficult matter to have taken a company; two, however, were sufficient. I determined, that it should be my care never to make them regret the noble confidence placed in me, for I would have protected their lives with my own. The Beau is brother to the Flat Mouth. I gave my new soldiers a dance and a dram; they attempted to get more liquor, but a firm and peremptory denial convinced them I was not to be trifled with.'

On his way back to the fort, where he had unloaded his boats, Major Pike had the mortification to learn, that the serjeant, whom he had left in command at that place, had used 'all the fine hams and saddles of venison,' which he had reserved as presents for his friends, had broken open his trunk, sold some articles out of it, and had traded with the Indians, giving them spirits, &c.

'Thus after I had used in going up the river with my party, the strictest economy, living upon two pounds of frozen venison a day, in order that we might have provision to carry us down (the Mississippi) in the spring;—this fellow had been squandering away the flour, pork, and liquor, during the winter, while we were starving with hunger and cold.'

Major Pike punished his serjeant by reduction.

On the 18th of March, Major Pike, who was now on his return to the fort, met an Indian,

‘whose track,’ says he, ‘we pursued through almost impenetrable woods, for about two miles and a half to the camp. Here there was one of the finest sugar camps I almost ever saw, the whole of the timber being sugar maples. We were conducted to the chief’s lodge, who received us in the patriarchal style. He pulled off my leggins and mockinsons, put me in the best place in his lodge, and offered me dry clothes. He then presented us with syrups of the maple to drink, and asked whether I preferred eating beaver, swan, elk, or deer? Upon my giving the preference to the first, a large kettle was filled with it by his wife, of which soup was made. This being thickened with flour, we had what I then thought a delicious repast. After we had refreshed ourselves, he asked whether we would visit his people at the other lodges? Having complied, we were presented in each with something to eat, by some with a bowl of sugar, by others beaver’s tails, and other esteemed delicacies. After making this tour, we returned to the chief’s lodge, and found a birth provided for each of us, of good soft bear skins nicely spread, and on mine there was a large feather pillow. I must not here omit to mention an anecdote, which serves to characterise more particularly the manners of these people. This in the eyes of the contracted moralist would deform my hospitable host into a monster of libertinism; but by a liberal mind would be considered as arising from the hearty generosity of the wild savage. In the course of the day, observing a ring on one of my fingers, he inquired if it was gold? He was told it was the gift of one with whom I should be happy to be at that time. He seemed to think seriously, and at night told my interpreter, “that perhaps his father (as they called me), felt much grieved for the want of a woman; if so, he could furnish him with one.” He was answered, that with us each man had but one wife, and that I considered it strictly my duty to remain faithful to her. This he thought strange (he himself having three), and replied, “that he knew some Americans at his nation who had half a dozen wives during the winter.” The interpreter observed, that they were men without character; but that all of our great men had each but one wife. The chief acquiesced, but said he liked better to have as many as he pleased.’

On the 6th of April, Major Pike had his boats loaded and the next day embarked again on the Mississippi and pursued his voyage down the stream. About ten miles above Salt River, our traveller stopped at some islands,

‘where there were pigeon roosts, and in about fifteen minutes my men knocked on the head and brought on board about three hundred. I had frequently heard of the fecundity of this bird, but never gave credit to what I then thought to approach the marvellous; but really the most fervid imagination cannot conceive their numbers. Their noise in the wood was like the con-

tinued roaring of the wind, and the ground may be said to have been absolutely covered with their excrement. The young ones which we killed were nearly as large as the old; they could fly about ten steps, and were one mass of fat; their craws were filled with acorns and the wild pea. They were still reposing on their nests, which were merely small bunches of sticks joined, with which all the small trees were covered.'

On the 30th of April, Major Pike and his party arrived at the port of St. Louis, 'after an absence of eight months and twenty-two days.'

We are now to accompany our patient and sensible traveller into the interior of Louisiana in the years 1806 and 1807.

'On Tuesday,' says he, 'the 15th of July, 1806, we sailed from the landing at Belle Fontaine,' (four miles from the mouth of the Missouri), 'about three o'clock, p. m. in two boats. Our party consisted of two lieutenants, one surgeon, one serjeant, two corporals, sixteen privates, and one interpreter. We had also under our charge chiefs of the Osage and Paunee nations, who, with a number of women and children, had been to Washington. These Indians had been redeemed from captivity among the Potowatomies, and were now to be restored to their friends at the Osage towns. The whole number of Indians amounted to fifty-one.'

Six miles below St. Charles, on the south, is a 'coal hill,' which the author says, 'would probably afford sufficient fuel for all the population of Louisiana.' On the 25th of July, our traveller arrived at the Gasconade River, which is two hundred yards wide at its junction with the Missouri, and at certain seasons is navigable for a hundred miles.

'Every morning,' says the author, 'we were awakened by the mourning of the savages, who commenced crying about daylight, and continued their lamentations for the space of an hour. I made inquiry of my interpreter with respect to this practice, and was informed, that it was a custom not only with those who had recently lost their relatives, but also others, who recalled to mind the loss of some friend, dead long since, who joined the other mourners purely from sympathy. They appeared extremely affected, tears ran down their cheeks, and they sobbed bitterly; but in a moment they dry their cheeks and cease their cries. Their songs of grief generally ran thus: "My dear father exists no longer, have pity on me, oh great spirit! you see I cry for ever; dry my tears and give me comfort." The warrior's songs are to the following effect: "Our enemies have slain my father (or mother), he is lost to me and his family; I

pray to you, oh master of life! to preserve me until I revenge his death, and then do with me as thou plearest."

On the 26th of July, Major Pike and his party reached the Osage River. 'From the Gasconade to the mouth of the Osage River, the southern shore of the Missouri is hilly, but well timbered.' In his journal for the 15th of August, Major Pike remarks.

'To-day I passed over a remarkably large rattle-snake as he lay coiled up, and trod so near as to touch it with my foot, it drawing itself up to make room for my heel. Dr. Robinson, who followed me, was on the point of treading on it, but by a spring avoided it. I then turned round and touched it with my ramrod, but it shewed no disposition to bite, and appeared quite peaceable: the gratitude which I felt towards it for not having bitten me, induced me to save its life.'

The banks of the Osage River from its junction with the Mississippi to the Gravel River, are said to be covered with timber, and to consist of a very rich soil. On the 12th of August, Major Pike discovered, that a fur cap belonging to one of his men had been purloined by one of the Indian chiefs in his company, which he obliged him to surrender up to the lawful owner. This incident occasions Major Pike to make a remark, which we think highly deserving of attention, that he had learned by experience from his intercourse with Indians, 'that if you have justice on your side and do not enforce it, they universally despise you.'

On the restoration of the Indians, who had been captives among the Potowatomies, to their friends and relatives in the Osage towns, a scene of tenderness ensued, which perhaps would not have been equalled on a similar occasion by persons in more polished society. The kind sentiments of nature exerted their influence, without any affectation of exaggerated sensibility on one side, or any forced concealment of it on the other. Wives threw themselves into the arms of their husbands, parents embraced their children, and children their parents, &c. whilst all returned 'thanks to the GOOD GOD for having brought them once more together.'

'The country round the Osage villages is one of the most beautiful that the eye ever beheld. The three branches of the river, viz. the large eastern fork, the middle one (up which you ascend), and the northern, all winding round and past the villages, giving the advantages of wood and water, and at the same time the extensive prairie, crowned with rich and luxuriant

grass and flowers, gently diversified by rising swells and sloping lawns, presenting to the warm imagination the future seats of husbandry, the numerous herds of domestic animals, which are no doubt destined to crown with joy these happy plains.'

Major Pike describes the government of the Osage as a sort of oligarchical republic, in which all public measures are proposed by the chiefs and decided by the people. The chiefs never undertake any affair of importance without assembling the warriors in council, whence the business is discussed and determined by the majority. The bulk of the Osage nation is composed of warriors and hunters. The rest are divided into two classes,

'cooks and doctors, the latter of whom likewise exercise the functions of priests or magicians, and have great influence on the councils of the nation, by their pretended divinations, interpretations of dreams, and magical performances, an illustration of which will be better given by the following incident, which took place during my stay. Having had all the doctors, or magicians, assembled in the lodge of Ca-ha-ga-tonga (or Cheveu Blanc), and about five hundred spectators, they had two rows of fires prepared around the spot where the sacred band was stationed. They commenced the tragic comedy by putting a large butcher's knife down their throats, the blood appearing to run during the operation very naturally. The scene was continued by putting sticks through their noses, swallowing bones, and taking them out of the nostrils, &c.: at length one fellow demanded of me what I would give if he would run a stick through his tongue, and let another person cut off the piece? I replied a shirt; he then apparently performed his promise seemingly with great pain, forcing a stick through his tongue, and then giving a knife to a bye-stander, who appeared to cut off the piece, which he held to the light for the satisfaction of the audience, then joined it to his tongue, and by a magical charm healed the wound immediately. On demanding of me what I thought of the performance? replied, I would give him twenty shirts if he would let me cut off the piece of his tongue. This disconcerted him a great deal, and I was sorry I made the observation. The cooks are either for the general use, or attached particularly to the families of some great men.'

The Osage are described as much given to hospitality, and it would be a great insult for a stranger not to comply with their invitations to a feast. 'In one instance,' says the author, 'I was obliged to taste of fifteen different entertainments in the same afternoon.' The cooks are heard crying, 'Come and eat, such a one gives a feast, come and eat of his bounty.' Their dishes were generally 'boiled

sweet corn in buffalo grease, or boiled meat and pumpkins.' The Osage Indians are said to raise large quantities of corn, beans, and pumpkins; but the agricultural labours are performed by the women. Though these Indians are highly favoured by the United States, Major Pike says, p. 186, that he believes them to be 'a faithless set of poltroons, incapable of a great and generous action.' His experience amongst them appears to have justified this remark.

The Pawnees, a numerous nation of Indians, who live on the rivers Plate and Kanzas, are said not to be so brave nor honest as the more northern Indians, nor so cleanly as the Osage. They are not inferior to the Osage in agricultural skill, but they are more rich in horses, of which they breed great numbers. They are much addicted to gaming, which seems the favourite vice of savage, as well as civilized society. The Pawnees are said to be more friendly to the Spaniards than the Americans, though most of their articles of prime necessity are derived from the latter. Not more than half of them are said to have a blanket, and many of them are perfect *sansculottes*.

As our author advanced up the Arkansaw River, the hills increased, the river became narrower, and its course more sinuous. On the 15th of November, our author says,

'I thought I could distinguish a mountain to our right, which appeared like a small blue cloud, viewed it with the spy glass, and was still more confirmed in my conjecture, yet only communicated it to Dr. Robinson, who was in front with me, but in half an hour it appeared in full view before us. When our small party arrived on the hill, they with one accord gave three cheers to the Mexican mountains. Their appearance can easily be imagined by those who have crossed the Alleghany, but their sides were white as if covered with snow or a white stone. These proved to be a spur of the grand western chain of mountains, which divide the waters of the Pacific from those of the Atlantic ocean, and divided the waters which empty into the bay of the Holy Spirit from those of the Mississippi, as the Alleghany do those that discharge themselves into the latter river and the Atlantic.'

On the 25th of November, our author arrived with part of his company at the foot of the mountains mentioned above. He commenced his ascent on the following day. He found the way very difficult, and was sometimes obliged to climb up 'almost perpendicular' rocks. When he reached the summit of the chain, 'the thermometer

which stood at 9° above O at the foot of the mountain, fell to 4° below.'

' From the entrance of the Arkansaw into the mountains to its source, it is alternately bounded by perpendicular precipices, or small narrow prairies, on which the buffalo and elk have found means to arrive, and are almost secure from danger, and from their destroyer, man. In many places the river precipitates itself over rocks, so as to be at one moment visible only in the foaming and boiling waters, at the next disappearing in the chasms of the over-hanging precipices. The Arkansaw River, taking its meanders, is one thousand nine hundred and eighty-one miles from its junction with the Mississippi to the mountains, and from thence to its source one hundred and ninety-two miles, making its total length two thousand one hundred and seventy-three miles, all of which may be navigated with proper boats, constructed for the purpose, except the one hundred and ninety-two miles in the mountains. It receives several small rivers, which are navigable for one hundred miles and upwards. Boats bound up the whole length of the navigation, should embark at its entrance on the first of February, when they would have the fresh quite to the mountains, and meet with no detentions; but if later, they will find the river one thousand five hundred miles up, nearly dry. It has one singularity, which struck me very forcibly at first view, but on reflection I was induced to believe the case to be the same with all rivers whose courses lie through a low, dry, and sandy soil in warm climates. For the extent of four or five hundred miles, before you arrive at the mountains, the bed of the river is extensive, and a perfect sand bar, which at certain seasons is dry, at least the water is standing in ponds, not affording sufficient to procure a running course from one to the other: when you come nearer the mountains, you find the river contracted, with a gravelly bottom, and a deep navigable stream, from which circumstances it is evident, that the sandy soil imbibes all the waters which the sources project from the hills, and renders the river, in dry seasons, less navigable at the distance of five hundred than at two hundred miles from its source. The borders of the Arkansaw may be termed the paradise terrestrial of our territories for the wandering savages. Of all the countries ever visited by the footsteps of civilized man, there never was one probably that produced game in greater abundance, and we know that the manners and morals of the erratic nations are such (the reasons I leave to be given by ontologists), as never to give them a numerous population, and I believe, that there are buffalo, elk, and deer sufficient on the borders of the Arkansaw alone, if used without waste, to feed all the savages of the United States' territory for one century. By the route of the Arkansaw, and the Rio Colorado of California, I am confident in asserting (if my

information be correct), there can be established the best communication on this side the Isthmus of Darien, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; as, admitting the utmost, the land carriage would not be more than two hundred miles, and the route may be made quite as eligible as our public highways over the Alleghany mountains. The Rio Colorado is to the great gulph of California, what the Mississippi is to the gulph of Mexico, and is navigable for ships of considerable burthen, opposite to the upper part of the province of Senora.'

Major Pike and his party suffered great fatigues and privations during the remainder of their journey to trace the Arkansaw to its source. None of his people were properly clothed to endure the inclemency of the weather. They were besides sometimes for two or three days together without food, and the feet of two of the party were so badly frozen, that they were obliged to be left behind till Major Pike could procure them some relief. On the 22d of January, says the author,

'I furnished the two poor fellows, who were to remain, with ammunition, and made use of every argument in my power to encourage them to have fortitude to resist their fate, and gave them assurances of my sending them relief as soon as possible. We parted, but not without tears.'

On the 30th of January, our author arrived at the Rio del Norte, which he mistook at the time for the Red River! On the banks of this river, Major Pike resolved to construct a small fort, which four or five of his party might defend against the incursions of the savages, whilst the rest were dispatched to bring in 'the poor fellows who were left behind at different points.' At this place, his companion, Dr. Robinson, left him to proceed alone to Santa Fé, under a pretext of some mercantile business, but, as Major Pike confesses (p. 250, note), with a view of exploring the country and of ascertaining its trade, force, &c.

The governor of Santa Fé, who had obtained information of Major Pike's movements, and of the position which he had taken on the Rio del Norte, though without any hostile intention, sent a military force of 100 men to bring him and his party to the capital of New Mexico. Major Pike complied with the request of the commanding officer of the Spanish troops to proceed to Santa Fé. As soon as Major Pike found, that he had inadvertently constructed his fort on the Rio del Norte instead of the Red River, he ordered the American flag to be taken down, as he had

no design of trespassing on the Spanish territory. This event, however, furnished our author and his party with an opportunity of passing through the interior provinces of New Spain, of which some brief notices are furnished in his journal. We shall not dwell at any length on these.

He left the station which he occupied on the Rio del Norte on the 27th of February, 1807. The author mentions, that as his party proceeded on their march, they were frequently invited by the women to partake of some refreshment, and that there was an emulation in the proffers of hospitality.

‘My poor lads,’ says the major, with much simplicity, ‘my poor lads, who had been frozen, were conducted home by old men, who would cause their daughters to dress their feet, provide their victuals and drink, and at night give them the best bed in the house.’

This was the hospitality of patriarchal times.

After examining Major Pike's trunk at Santa Fé, the governor informed him, that he must go to Chihuahua, in the province of Biscay, to appear before the commandant-general. At the village of Albuquerque, on the eastern side of the Rio del Norte, our traveller was very sumptuously entertained by Father Ambrosio Guerra. After a dinner, which consisted of various dishes, with excellent wine, and embellished with the attendance of half a dozen beautiful girls, the holy father beckoned his republican guest to follow him into his devotional sanctuary. The room was hung with black and filled with the images of various saints, in the midst of whom Jesus was extended on the cross, with a crown of thorns on his head, but illumined with a glory of gold. When the priest thought that the imagination of his guest, which had been previously set in a ferment by the good cheer at his table, was sufficiently agitated by the scene before him, ‘he put on a black gown and mitre (says Major Pike), kneeled before the cross, took hold of my hand, and endeavoured gently to pull me down beside him.’ When the priest found, that the major would not become a party in the ceremony, ‘he prayed fervently for a few minutes,’ laid his hands on our traveller's shoulders, and, as he conceived, gave him his benediction when he said, ‘You will not be a Christian. Oh! what a pity, oh what a pity!’

Our author saw irrigation practised above and below Albuquerque. The waters of the Rio del Norte were artificially diffused over the plains and fields which border its banks. At the next village to Albuquerque, Major

Pike very unexpectedly met his companion Robinson, from whom he had parted some time before; But who had now lost his beard of eight month's growth, and appeared in blooming health. He gave the major an account of his adventures.

On the 2d of April our traveller and his party arrived at Chihuahua, where his papers were examined by General Salcedo. The following may serve to shew the deplorable state of medical science in this part of the Spanish provinces :

' 4th April visited the hospital (at Chihuahua) where were two fine looking men, who were severely afflicted with the *lues venerea*, and there was not a physician in his majesty's hospital who was able to cure them, but after repeated attempts had given them up to perish.'

At the Presidio Rio Grande, which Major Pike reached on the 1st of June, he tells us that he went one evening to see some dancers on the slack rope,

' who were no wise extraordinary in their performances, except in language, which would almost bring a blush on the cheek of the most abandoned of the female sex in the United States; but here appeared to be the greatest part of the entertainment, as every sally was attended with loud and repeated bursts of laughter from the female part of the audience.'

The above is a lamentable symptom of vitiated manners.

On the 1st of July our author arrived at Natchitoches, an American station on the Red River, where he was affectionately received by all the officers of the post.

' Language,' says the major, ' cannot express the gaiety of my heart, when I once more beheld the standard of my country waved aloft. All hail, cried I, the ever sacred name of country, in which is embraced that of kindred, friends, and every other tie which is dear to the soul of man.'

From the 'geographical, statistical, and general observations on the interior provinces of New Spain,' &c. &c. we select the following. The cold which is experienced in New Mexico, is said to be greater than can be conceived by a resident in the same latitude in the United States. The lofty ridge of mountains which form the western frontier of New Mexico, and which are, in some places, covered with eternal snows, renders the air more keen than could be expected in the temperate zone. 'But the air

is serene, not subject to damps or fogs, as it rains but once a year, and some years not at all.'

The author furnishes some slight notices of the character and manners of savages in New Mexico. He says that they are 'said to be converted to christianity,' and he mentions one of the ceremonials which they still retain of their ancient creed, which shows how little they have profited by their new profession of faith.

'Once a year there is a great festival prepared for three successive days, which they spend in eating, drinking, and dancing; near the scene of amusement is a dark cave, into which not a glimpse of light can penetrate, and in which are prepared places to repose on. To this place persons of both sexes and of all ages (after puberty) and of all descriptions, repair in the night, where there is an indiscriminate commerce of the votaries, as chance, fortune, and events may direct.'

Of the province of New Biscay, which 'lies between 24° and 33° north latitude, and 105° and 111° west longitude,' the author says that 'the air is dry, and the heat very great at the time of year which precedes the rainy season, which commences in June and continues until September.' Whilst Major Pike was in this country, he remarks that

'The atmosphere had become so electrified, that when we halted at night, in taking off our blankets, the electric fluid would almost cover them with sparks; and in Chihuahua we prepared a bottle with gold leaf as a receiver, and collected sufficient fluid from a bear skin to give a considerable shock to a number of persons.'

In his remarks on the state of the military, the author says that corporal punishments are not permitted by the Spanish ordinances. Major Pike never saw any of the provincial troops receive a blow, nor put under confinement for one hour during a period of nearly four months, in which he was 'marching with them and doing duty, as it were,' amongst them. But the author adds, 'how impossible would it be to regulate the turbulent dispositions of the Americans with such treatment?' Are we to infer from this that he considers corporal punishment necessary to restrain the proneness to disobedience in republican troops? Or are corporal punishments more necessary in the armies of those countries, where there is a greater portion of civil liberty, than under a despotic government?

'The travelling food of the dragoons in New Mexico consists of a very excellent species of wheat biscuit, and shaved meat well dried. With a vast quantity of red pepper, of which they make bouilli, and then pour it on their broken biscuit, when it becomes soft and excellent. Farther south they use great quantities of parched corn-meal and sugar, as practised by our hunters, each dragoon having a small bag. They thus live when on command, on an allowance, which our troops would conceive little better than starving, never except at night attempting to eat any thing like a meal, but biting a piece of biscuit, or drinking some parched meal and sugar, with water during the day.'

The influence of the inquisition is said to be greater in the Mexican dominions than in the mother country.

'A few years since they condemned a man to the flames for asserting and maintaining some doctrine which they deemed heretical; and also a Jew, who was impudent enough to take the image of Christ from the cross, and put it under the sill of his door, saying privately, he would make the dogs walk over their god.'

This court seems to be very vigilant in its *paternal keeping* of the press. When our author was at Chihuahua, he says, 'an officer dared not take Pope's Essay on Man to his quarters, but used to come to mine to read it.'

As far as Major Pike's sphere of observation extended, he seems to think that sentiments of a revolutionary kind were generally diffused. Amongst the inferior clergy, who are described as 'liberal and well-informed men,' the author states that he 'scarcely saw one who was not in favour of a change of government.' These persons are likely to be very active supporters of the independence of the colonies, and to have great weight in turning the scale against the mother country. This is upon the whole a valuable work, from the information with which it abounds relative to a part of the world which is so little known. Part of Major Pike's way to the sources of the Arkansaw, and through the wilds of Louisiana, was almost a *terra incognita*; and indeed had probably never been explored by any traveller from the regions of the civilized world.

ART. II.—*Sketch of the political History of India, from the Introduction of Mr. Pitt's Bill, A. D. 1784, to the present Date. By John Malcolm, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Honourable East India Company's Madrass Army, resident at Mysore, and late Envoy to the Court of Persia.* London, Miller, 1811, 8vo. 18s.

COLONEL MALCOLM informs us that he has 'passed twenty-five years in India; during a great part of which time he has filled stations which gave him a near and full view of the political administration of that country.' He says that, from all the partialities of the internal politics of England,

'He must be necessarily exempt. His life has been passed at too vast a distance to be reached by their influence. He cannot therefore write with any view to gratify resentments, or to advance himself, or to exalt or depress any English statesman or parties. He may be prejudiced or mistaken, but he can have no other object, than that of contributing towards a right judgment on the government of India.'

The author first exhibits a brief sketch of the history of the East India Company, and details the principal provisions of Mr. Fox's India bill, as well as of that of Mr. Pitt, on both of which he makes some judicious observations. Marquis Cornwallis was appointed governor general after the political constitution of the company had been new modelled by Mr. Pitt. The principal events which occurred in India under the administration of Marquis Cornwallis were the following: In the end of the year 1789, Tippoo Suldaun made a violent irruption into the territories of the Rajah of Travancore, who was under the protection of the English government. This unprovoked aggression brought on a war, which was terminated on the 23d of February, 1792, in a manner very favourable to the interests of the British and of their allies. Tippoo Suldaun was compelled to cede one half of his territories, and to pay three crores and thirty lacks of rupees as an indemnity for the expences of the war. Lord Cornwallis conducted this contest with great promptitude, vigour, and address, though he has been sometimes blamed for not prosecuting it to the entire annihilation of the power of the great tyrant of the Indian peninsula. But the author thinks that Lord Cornwallis was deterred from this measure by the following reasons:

'The finances of government were in a very embarrassed state. The general sentiment in England was adverse to any war whatever in India. The Court of Directors, had in several of their dispatches, and particularly that under date the 21st September, 1791, which reached his lordship previously to the conclusion of the definitive treaty, earnestly called his attention to the conclusion of an early peace, as alike essential to the the finances and the interests of the company: and they declare, in that dispatch, their readiness to sacrifice some portion of the advantages, which they might justly expect from the success of the war, rather than risk its continuance. To these causes may be added the jealousy which subsisted between the Nizam and the Mahrattas; the difficulty of managing the unwieldy force of the former, and the serious apprehensions which were entertained of the treachery of the latter. These apprehensions were greatly increased at the time when the army was at Seringapatam, by the approach of Madhajee Scindiah towards Poonah, with the rumoured intention of establishing his influence over the Paishwah, and of mixing in the war with no favourable disposition to the interests of the company's government. The accounts, which had arrived in India previously to the conclusion of this peace, of the prospect of an immediate war with Spain, and the probability that such event would involve Great Britain with France, was another strong inducement for Lord Cornwallis to bring the war with Tippoo to a termination; that he might be prepared to repel any attacks of the latter nation, or to direct the efforts of our arms against its settlements in India.'

Lord Cornwallis, though a man of great probity and moderation, was a person of rather a dull and phlegmatic temperament, and he probably thought the final reduction of the capital of Tippoo, an enterprize of more hazard and difficulty than it was afterwards found. He evidently regarded the renewal of hostilities with considerable anxiety; and perhaps he was not only cautious but wise in not hazarding the loss of the advantages which he had gained.

'The conduct of Lord Cornwallis, to Tippoo Sultaun after the peace was honourable and dignified; and the affectionate manner in which he treated the hostage Princes, would probably have made an impression on any other prince. But Tippoo appears to have *received* such marks of kindness more as insults to his wounded pride, than as proofs of friendship; and no part of his subsequent conduct gave cause to *hope*, that he was sincere in his professions of amity, or that the peace which had been concluded, would be permanent.'

Lord Cornwallis, adhering to the neutral and pacific

policy, which he appears to have adopted not more from the instructions of his employers, than from his own personal inclination, made no effort to crush the growing power of Madhajee Scindiah, in the northern provinces of India. Scindiah had obtained possession of the person of the emperor of Dehli, which he made subservient to his projects of aggrandizement. His military power had already assumed a formidable appearance. His army was disciplined by European officers; and his military resources in general were so augmented, that his successor was enabled to maintain a desperate conflict with the English government and its allies.

Lord Cornwallis left Hindoostan in August, 1793. The French settlement of Pondicherry had been taken before his departure, by an army from Fort St. George, under Major-general Sir John Braithwaite. Sir John Shore, whose important services had recommended him to the favour and notice of the Court of Directors, was appointed to succeed the Marquis as governor-general of India. No war occurred during the administration of Sir John Shore; but there was a sort of hostile inquietude manifested amongst the different powers in Hindoostan, which afterwards led to the most important political results. Circumstances were tending to an open rupture between the courts of Poonah and Hydrabad, which it is probable that Sir J. Shore might have prevented, if he had acted, in the first instance, with an energy which would have awed the Paishwah, and encouraged the Nizam, who relied on the aid of the English government, whose interests were at that time in close unison with his own. Tippoo Sultaun soon after the peace of Seringapatam, had assembled an army, with which he menaced to assist the Mahrattas against the Nizam. In this juncture, Sir J. Shore determined not to aid the Nizam, though the refusal *appeared* to be contrary to the express stipulations of a treaty with that prince; and though Sir J. Shore foresaw that our refusal to co-operate with him against his enemies, would probably alienate him entirely from the British interest. Sir J. Shore displayed rather too much of a timid, and calculating, mercantile disposition; and did not take an enlarged and comprehensive view of the true policy of the British government in the present exigency.

* The governor general, says the author, 'appears to have been contented to sacrifice upon this occasion, part of that high

reputation and character, which the conduct of his immediate predecessor had obtained to the British government in India, provided he could, by such sacrifice, secure immediate exemption from the difficulties and dangers to which he thought the state might be exposed by a more spirited and decided course of action.'

The author is willing to extenuate the conduct of Sir John Shore in abandoning the Nizam, but whatever motives may be assigned to his conduct in this particular, it appears to merit the epithets of pusillanimous and weak.

Our empire in India depends in no small degree on the opinion which is entertained of our integrity and good faith, as much as on the dread of our arms. But the conduct of Sir J. Shore tended to destroy the influence of both these sentiments, and the effect was very visible amongst the native powers when the Marquis Wellesley arrived in India. The system which was pursued by Sir John Shore had excited the contempt of the native powers, and a storm had begun to collect which it required all the energy of his successor to disperse.

'The period,' says Colonel Malcolm, 'at which Lord Wellesley reached India (26th April, 1798), was one of a most critical nature for the British interests in that quarter of the globe. The hostile designs of Tippoo Sultaun were ripe for execution. A French party was paramount at the courts both of the Nizam and Scindiah. The court of Poonah was at the mercy of the latter chief, and that of Berar was known to be adverse to the English, on whose progress to power it had long looked with peculiar jealousy. The country of Oude, still agitated by the recent change which had been made in its government, was not likely to be kept in a state of tranquillity by its new ruler Saadut Ally, who continued openly to proclaim his alarms, and to call upon the British government to protect him in the exercise of that power, to which he had, by their interference, been raised.

'The state of the Carnatic was little better. Omdut ul Omrah, who had been only irritated by the ineffectual attempts made to induce him to a modification of Lord Cornwallis's treaty, continued to deliver over his country to the gripe of usurers, in order to anticipate his revenue, and its resources were rapidly declining, at a period when it was obvious they must soon be urgently required to aid in the general defence of the empire.

'To add to these difficulties, the finances were much exhausted by the equipment of large, but necessary armaments, which had been sent to reduce the settlements of the Dutch to the eastward, and the Island of Ceylon, and a considerable part of the

army of the coast of Coromandel was also sent on those expeditions. Lord Wellesley had hardly arrived in Bengal, when the occurrence of an overt act of hostility on the part of Tippoo Sultaun, and the active intrigues of the French party at Hyderabad, demanded all his exertion. But the suddenness with which these circumstances were forced upon his decision, did not lead him to resort to any of those deusive political expedients, by which a momentary and partial exemption from danger is so dearly purchased at the price of future security. His mind embraced the whole scheme, and at the time he deliberated upon the measures, which the emergencies of the moment required him to adopt, he took an extended view of the general condition of the British dominions in India, and having fixed in his mind those principles of policy which appeared to him best calculated to lead to a state of permanent peace and prosperity, he proceeded to combine the introduction of those principles into every branch of his administration, with the adoption of the means requisite for the defeat of immediate danger.

Azeem ul Omrah, the prime minister at Hyderabad, was at this time adverse to the French interest and favourable to that of the English government. The young Paishwah Badjerow was anxiously watching an opportunity to throw off the yoke of Doulut Row Scindiah, the successor of Madhajee, and earnestly solicited the interference of the British government. Lord Wellesley, with equal promptitude and prudence, determined to make use of the means in his power to detach the courts of Hyderabad and Poonah from their connection with the enemies of the British government and to secure their co-operation in his ulterior views.

The Nizam was at last induced to disband the French corps in his service, which amounted to 'about fourteen thousand men, with a large train of artillery.' The Nizam agreed to take into his pay a subsidiary force of six battalions of British troops. The negotiations which were carried on at the same time at Poonah, were not so successful in their results, and the British government was compelled to proceed in its operations against Tippoo Sultaun, without coming to any amicable arrangement of its differences either with the Paishwah or with Scindiah.

After making some ineffectual attempts at a pacific settlement with Tippoo, Lord Wellesley, having made the necessary preparations, ordered the British army under General Harris to advance against that prince. On being joined by the troops of the Nizam, General Harris entered the territories of Mysore on the 3d of March, 1799, without experiencing any opposition till the 27th, when a

partial action took place, in which Tippoo was defeated, and forced to retire within the walls of Seringapatam. This capital was soon afterwards invested by the British troops and their allies. On the 4th of May the fort was taken by assault, and an end put to the dynasty of the house of Hyder. The great object both of Hyder and of Tippoo was the annihilation of the British power in India.

The division which Lord Wellesley made of the dominions of Tippoo, appears to have been directed by a very judicious policy. His restoration of the ancient Hindoo family to the crown of Mysore, of which they had been unjustly deprived, was both humane and wise.

‘Kistna Raji Oudawer, a child of three years of age, the lineal descendant of the ancient family of Mysore, whose power Hyder Ally Khan had usurped in the year 1761, was raised to the throne of his ancestors; and Purneah, a Bramin of great ability and reputation, who had been the chief financial minister of Tippoo, was appointed Dewan, or minister to the young prince.’

On the breaking out of a war between Jeswunt Row Holkar and Scindiah, Lord Wellesley embraced this opportunity to re-establish the British interest at the court of Poonah. Scindiah had experienced a signal defeat before the capital of the Mahrattas, when the Paishwah fled and made overtures to the British government, for aid to re-establish his authority. An alliance was formed on the basis of that which subsisted between the East India company and the Nizam. Holkar, who had obtained possession of Poonah, fled on the approach of the British troops, and the Paishwah was re-seated on the Musnud.

Hostilities now ensued between the British and Doulut Row Scindiah, who was jealous of the influence which the former had acquired in the court of Poonah. In this war the British army were crowned with the most brilliant success.

‘The complete destruction of the regular brigades in the service of Scindiah was one of the most important events of this war. These brigades formed, altogether, a body of nearly forty thousand well disciplined men, with a very large train of artillery, acting entirely under the controul of a French commander, and supported by the revenues of one of the finest provinces in India, under his management, and having every military resource within itself. It was the early extinction of this force which

obliged Scindiah to abandon all thoughts of a farther prosecution of hostilities, and to throw himself completely upon the generosity of the British government.'

A treaty of peace was concluded with Scindiah on the 30th of December, 1803, in which more favourable terms were granted to him than the great defeats which he had sustained, gave him any reason to expect. Jeswunt Row Holkar, the rival of Scindiah, rejoiced at first in the reverses of his fortune, but his complete subjection to the British seems to have excited different sentiments. After making a show of treating with the British, Holkar resolved to try the fortune of war. In this contest the troops of the company were ultimately as successful as in that against Scindiah, but they sustained some intermediate reverses.

'Lord Wellesley left India on the 20th of August, 1805, soon after the Marquis Cornwallis, who had been appointed to succeed him, had reached Fort William.'

'The state of India,' says Colonel Malcolm, 'at the period of Lord Wellesley's arrival, compelled him (as has been shown), to the immediate employment of all the resources of the great empire committed to his charge. The restoration of the alliance with the Nizam, and the complete destruction of the formidable French party at his court, were objects, the necessity as well as policy of which have never been denied. Their accomplishment was necessary, not only to enable us to engage in a war, which we could not avert, with Tippoo Sultaun, but to crush a rising danger of perhaps the most serious magnitude that ever threatened our dominions in India.'

'The most serious alarm had arisen in England respecting the intentions which the French were supposed at this period to cherish against our eastern possessions, and the connection of their efforts in India with their invasion of Egypt was doubted by none. Buonaparte's letter to Tippoo Sultaun was of itself conclusive evidence on this point, and it was evident, that the French had, at the commencement of Lord Wellesley's administration, those means which were of all others the best calculated to give success to the designs which they were known to cherish against the British government. Their influence at the court of Tippoo was decided. His union with them was grounded upon a congenial feeling of hatred to the English name. At the court of Scindiah, who was still more powerful than the Sultaun, the French had more than influence: they had power. They had founded an empire of their own within the dominions of that prince. The whole of Hindoostan from the River Saltege to the borders of the unsettled country of the Vizier of Oude, was in possession of an army of nearly forty

thousand infantry, with an immense train of artillery, and every military resource, commanded by a body of about three hundred European officers, of which not more than forty were British subjects, and these (who were for the most part in subordinate stations), it was the evident object of their French superiors to disgust, that they might make way for others, on whom they could better depend, when that crisis, which they always contemplated, arrived.

The administration of the Marquis Wellesley in India was signalized by events which are equally honourable to his sagacity and decision, and to the courage and conduct of the British army. When Lord W. arrived in India, the peninsula was in that sort of unquiet state which portended an approaching storm. Tippoo was impatiently watching an opportunity to repair his losses, to retrieve the fortune of his arms, and to wreak his vengeance on his English foes. The court of Hyderabad was at the time estranged from the British interest by the imbecile policy of Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth), the court of Poonah was in a state of more direct hostility; and the obstinate conflict which Lord Lake and General Wellesley had to maintain against the separate attacks of Scindiah and Holkar, leads us to infer, that if they had acted with united councils, they would have proved the most formidable enemies which the government of the company ever had to encounter in Hindoostan. The victories which were obtained by the British arms under the superintending genius of Marquis Wellesley, rendered the English absolute masters of the peninsula. The truth is, that circumstances have, for several years, been leading the British government in that part of the world to the alternative either of the extension of their dominion over the whole of Hindoostan, or of being crushed by the combination of the native powers. Whether India be, in an enlarged political view, worth the possession, or whether the sovereignty be not rather a grievance than an advantage to this country, is another question; but if it be both wise and good for Britain to have such an extensive sovereignty in the East, the measures which were so ably planned and so vigorously executed by Lord Wellesley, seem the best which could have been devised for the accomplishment of this mighty object.

It seems a singular phenomenon in the history of mankind, that a company of merchants in one corner of the globe should exercise an uncontrolled dominion over more than fifty millions of people, in a region so remote; but

we do not believe, that this government, extraordinary and anomalous as it may seem, is unfavourable to the happiness of the people over whom it is exercised. It must tend, notwithstanding the obstinate attachment of the Hindoos to their ancient modes, by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, to extend their civilization, to promote their intellectual culture, and to improve them in the arts of social life.

Lord Cornwallis was in a weak state of health when he left England, and his faculties, which were never brilliant, appear to have been considerably impaired. The measures of his administration which preceded his decease, were marked rather by imbecility than vigour, and he showed too strong a desire to depart from the policy of his predecessor. Lord Cornwallis expired at Gazeepore, near Benares, on the 5th of October, 1805. His first administration of the British empire in India deserves great and unqualified applause. His second administration, which promised to be of a very different character from his last, may, perhaps, be forgotten without any injustice to his memory. He was a man of strict probity, and exemplary moderation; but he was revered rather than admired, and respected rather than beloved.

Sir George Barlow, a civil servant of the East India Company, who had been chief secretary to government under Lord Teignmouth and Lord Wellesley, became provisional governor on the death of Lord Cornwallis. Sir G. Barlow pursued the same line of conduct which had been traced out for him by Lord Cornwallis. He appears to have made greater *concessions* both to Scindiah and to Holkar, than sound policy dictated, or than the occasion required. The manner in which he abruptly dissolved the alliance with the Rajah of Jypore, who had lately rendered great services to the British, and had received strong assurances of friendship and protection from Lord Lake, is by no means honourable to his character, and must have made an impression on some of the powers in Hindoostan very unfavourable to the British name. In a conference with one of the agents of the Rajah of Jypore with Lord Lake at Dehli, he remarked, that 'this was the first time since the English government was established in India, that it had been known to make its faith subservient to its convenience.' Sir G. Barlow had adopted a particular system as the rule of his government, and he was too obstinate to relinquish it, when experience proved, that it was not adapted to the new circumstances in which he was placed,

and to the ever varying exigencies of a dominion over states so numerous, so perturbed by jealousies, and so divided in their interests as those of Hindoostan.

The object of Lord Wellesley's government was to render the British so far the paramount power in India, that every other might be awed into peace by its influence, and that the perpetual feuds of petty states, which had long distracted that part of the world, might be finally terminated; but the object of Sir J. Barlow, whilst he held the reins of the supreme government, seems to have been to let the British power gradually decline from its high pre-eminence, and to place its ultimate security in the discord, the jealousies and misrule of the different states. As long as this country is to maintain the territorial sovereignty of the great eastern peninsula, we think, that the policy of Lord Wellesley was, on the whole, much better adapted to the attainment of that end, and much more likely to conduce to the general security and advantage of the native powers themselves than that of any of his successors. Though some of his measures in that part of the world have been reprobated by those who have not made sufficient allowances for the circumstances in which he was placed, and the difficulties with which he had to contend, yet it must be allowed to have been a singular merit in his administration of such vast and such disorderly political elements, that he endeavoured to effect, and succeeded in effecting, a general pacification of India on principles of reciprocal justice and moderation.

The last chapter of this work contains some general reflections on the political, civil, and military government of British India. These manifest the good sense of the writer, and they deserve the most attentive consideration.

ART. III.—*A Letter to Dr. James Gregory of Edinburgh, in consequence of certain printed Papers, intituled, 'The Viper and File,' 'There is Wisdom in Silence,' an old Story, &c. which have lately been distributed by him, and which are evidently intended to propagate and support groundless and malevolent Calumnies against innocent Men. By Andrew Duncan, senior, M. D. and P. and senior Censor of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, Constable, 8vo. 1811.*

IT is now a considerable time since we were surprised, and somewhat shocked at learning (we think from an ad-

vertisement in the newspapers) that Dr. James Gregory, the professor of the practice of physic at the university of Edinburgh, had been suspended from his rights as a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, as having been adjudged guilty of a wilful and deliberate violation of truth. Dr. Gregory we had ever understood to be a man estimable both for his morals and his talents. If somewhat hasty in his judgments and pertinacious in the opinions he has delivered, these foibles we conceived to be counterbalanced by many valuable qualities of the head and heart; by sincerity, openness, kindness, and frankness, a contempt of fraud and imposture, zeal for the progress of truth and science, and a thorough detestation of the artifices and crooked dealings of mercenary and designing men. Such being our opinion of the accused, we felt some desire to be informed of the grounds of so severe a sentence; not without some pangs of disappointment from the notion that we could have been so egregiously deceived in our estimate of human character.

We soon found reason, however, to pause before we fully acquiesced in the justice of this decision. It appeared that in the controversy, which had agitated the medical college at Edinburgh, Dr. Gregory was the first assailant, having thought proper publicly to reprehend certain proceedings of his brethren, and that in terms of no common degree of severity. In these proceedings a considerable part of the royal college itself was implicated; perhaps a majority of a body, the number of which is but small. *Primâ facie*, therefore, this body does not appear in the light of an impartial umpire; they are themselves parties in the cause; and under such circumstances an unprejudiced mind will not regard merely the weight of numbers, nor be decided by a majority of voices; but will look to the facts of the case, and the evidence by which so heavy a censure is pretended to be justified.

But the scene of this medical warfare being at a distance, and the question agitated having no more than a local interest, though our curiosity was at first pretty keen to be acquainted with the facts, it quickly subsided, and we contented ourselves with the imperfect information to be picked up from casual conversation, or the reports of the *medical periodical journals*. From these we must confess that we had received an unfavourable impression of the conduct of the learned and ingenious professor. But (we speak it with a degree of conscious satisfaction in the delicacy of our moral tact, and in our skill in moral physiognomy)

a suspicion still lurked in our breast that in some way or other he had been treated with gross injustice; that it was, in truth, morally impossible that the lips of such a man as Dr. James Gregory could have been polluted by the meanness of a wilful and premeditated falsehood. In this frame of mind we received the volume, which is now before us; sent us, we presume, for the purpose of giving a wider circulation to the attacks on Dr Gregory's moral character. If we are to believe the reports of Dr. Duncan, his colleague and fellow-professor, Dr. G. is not only a wilful and deliberate *liar* (p. 138) but acting from motives *base, interested, and dishonourable* (p. 11) his professions of openness and candour are *hypocritical quackery* (p. 32): finally, he is either represented as an *infamous slanderer*, or as having a *blacker heart than the vile calumniator* (p. 51.) All this certainly shows Dr. Duncan to be very angry, but as we happen to be ourselves very cool, we have thought it our duty to examine with some little care into the facts themselves before hazarding an opinion of the conduct of the agents. To this end we have perused such of the documents as we have been able to procure; and in delivering our sentiments, we shall do it openly, conscientiously, and firmly, as becomes our duty to the public, and to the individuals concerned.

The history of this warfare lies within a narrow compass. It appears that the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, in whom is vested the power of making such acts and regulations as may contribute to promote the knowledge and practice of medicine, and for the good government of the fellows of their college, and all other practising physic within the city of Edinburgh or its limits, in the year 1754, made a bye-law, called by way of pre-eminence, *the enactment*, prohibiting every member of their college, whether fellow or licentiate, from taking upon himself to use the employment of an apothecary, or to have or keep an apothecary's shop, by himself, his partners or his servants. There can be no doubt, we apprehend, that the intent of this law was wholly to separate the physician from the apothecary. The words are as ample as can be devised. But a still stronger proof (if possible) is derived from the practice of those who were bound by it. It appears, in fact, that from the time of the enactment of this law, no physician in Edinburgh has practised pharmacy, either publicly, by keeping a shop, or privately, by supplying his own patients with medicines; though, previously, several of them had kept open shops.

Several members of the college, however, became discontented with the restraint imposed upon them by this law; and in the year 1796, Dr. Thomas Spens moved for its repeal. The motion was debated with much keenness; most, if not all of the elder members opposed the innovation; and among others, Dr. Gregory exerted himself, with the warmth and ardour which are natural to him. Under these circumstances, the mover did not think it proper to put the question to a vote, but let it silently drop by adjourning the consideration of it *sine die*. On this occasion the harmony of the college continued undisturbed, and the discussion was wholly confined within their own walls.

In 1804, Dr. Spens (the original mover of this question) became president of the college, and one of the first acts of his government was to appoint a committee to revise the laws generally, and according to the custom of the college, the members of this committee were nominated by him. The alterations proposed extended to various laws, and among others, this committee resolved to add to the enactment of 1754 a clause, declaring that the restrictions of that act applied solely to such persons as may keep or set up *public* apothecaries' or druggists' shops, for the purpose of selling medicines by retail.

On this occasion Dr. Gregory thought fit to push his opposition much further, and to appeal to the public on the conduct of the persons, whose measures he disapproved, particularly of Dr. Spens and the other members of the committee. His avowed motive for this proceeding was that the measure itself was bad; that the means employed to carry it were still worse; and that seeing a party formed who were fully bent on the accomplishment of their wishes, for his own part he was determined, if the measure were carried by force, that is, by a majority of votes, both to withdraw from the college, and to bring their proceedings before the court of session.

In pursuance of this design he printed and circulated very widely two quarto pamphlets, one entitled, *a Review of the Proceedings of the College*, the other a *censorial Letter*, in which he reprehended in very strong terms the plans pursued by the committee. In these pamphlets he laboured to persuade his readers, and to render it probable by many arguments, (we use in the following paragraph the words of Dr. Duncan :)

'1st. That the president brought forward the proposition of revising the laws of the college, merely as a blind, and solely

with the intention of accomplishing a favourite object in a clandestine manner.

'2d. That the president appointed as a committee for revising the laws a set of men, whom he had previously prevailed upon to join him in his dishonourable project.

'3d. That the president, with his committee, were guilty of fraud, chicanery, and falsification in this business; and that their conduct was highly dishonourable.'

We really will not pretend to say whether Dr. Gregory was or was not duly borne out by the facts, in making these strong assertions. It requires for this end a degree of knowledge of the views, tempers, and characters of the parties concerned, which we do not possess. But we must say, that nothing that we have seen on the other side of the question convinced us that his accusations were ill founded. We could produce some proofs, even from the publication before us, which very much corroborates his charges: we omit them for the sake of brevity; but what has more than any thing confirmed us in our leaning to the doctor's side of the question, is the violent, and we think outrageous, conduct of the college in their subsequent proceedings, which we proceed to narrate.

The transactions we have related, took place in the autumn of 1804. The committee, finding a strong opposition to their proposal, thought fit to withdraw it; and the college, on the 5th of February, 1805, complimented them with a vote of thanks, declaring their opinion, first, that the president, and secondly, that the committee had acted from the purest motives, and *in the most honourable manner*. This vote was undoubtedly, as far as a vote could be, an acquittal of the committee, and a virtual condemnation of Dr. Gregory's publications. In this vote all the members acquiesced, Dr. Gregory alone being absent. This gentleman, however, continued to distribute his publications, as before; he took no manner of notice of the votes which had passed; and (which we request our readers particularly to remark) for a year and nine months, *it did not appear from any overt act whatever, that he either did or did not acquiesce in it, or that he was in any manner acquainted with it.*

In this situation things stood till the month of November, 1806; on one side the proposed attempt of repealing the statute was relinquished, or suspended: on the other, Dr. Gregory continued to act as formerly; but without making any fresh attacks on any of his brethren; and it is probable that the state of hostility might have gradually

subsided, but for a measure on the part of the president of the college, which Dr. Gregory conceived levelled at himself. The president proposed an admonition, on the expediency of observing secrecy out of doors with regard to college business. Dr. Gregory, in commenting on the proposed admonition, made several allusions to his *Review* and *Censorian Letter*; on which Dr. Duncan, senior, observed to him that the college had virtually decided that these publications were false and scandalous libels. Dr. Gregory on this declared ('with great violence,' says Dr. D.) that he had never heard of any exculpation of the conduct of Dr. Spens. When being shown the vote of thanks, with the clause that *the committee had acted in the most honourable manner*, he protested that he had never heard any thing of it, and that he had not thought it possible. A twelvemonth afterwards (in November, 1807) he repeated this declaration in the following written words:

'As to the fact, I must repeat my solemn declaration and oath before God, that I neither knew nor suspected any thing of it, nay, that I could not even have thought it possible, till the moment when Dr. Duncan, senior, told me of it, and shewed me the record of it in your minute-book last November, just one year nine months after the resolution had been passed.'

These assertions gave the members, wounded by the severity of Dr. Gregory's reprehensions, an occasion to turn the tables against him; to accuse him of deliberate falsehood; to censure him, and, if possible, to destroy his moral character. It appeared, in fact, that Dr. Gregory purposely absented himself from the meeting (5 February 1805) expecting that some strong measure was to be taken against him; it appeared that one member had previous to the meeting informed Dr. Gregory, that a vote in favour of the committee was to be moved in the college that day; that another member had after the meeting also informed Dr. Gregory that a resolution of thanks had been given. These facts were acknowledged by Dr. G.; or to speak more correctly, the doctor himself had put the college in possession of them, as soon as he found that his declaration was understood as denying all knowledge of any part of the proceedings whatever.

With regard to evidence there was the testimony only of one gentleman on the subject, who confirmed in every point the statement of Dr. Gregory. His information to Dr. Gregory was in substance as follows:

'The college had ordered the vice-president (Dr. Wright, the informant himself) to render their thanks, first to Dr. Spens, and then to his committee, for the revival of the laws; and that they were convinced that they acted from the purest motives.'

Here I stopt, says Dr. Wright; and being questioned why he withheld the subsequent part of the vote, he gave as a reason, that he did not think Dr. Gregory to be in a proper frame of mind to receive the remainder.

This is literally the whole of the case. Dr. Gregory asserted that the declaration of the purity of the motives, as detached from that of their committee having acted honourably, he took rather to be a delicate censure, than a mark of approbation. His opponents maintained the contrary, and that therefore Dr. Gregory had, by his solemn oath and declaration, deliberately violated the truth.

Now we will not go the same lengths with Dr. Gregory, who maintains that the very worst actions may proceed from the purest motives. This is, we think, contrary to the common reason and common language of mankind. The prime motive of any action whatever, may be said to be to promote the individual happiness of the agent; but such a general motive could not, in the common language of mankind, be called good or bad, pure or impure, without taking into consideration the means of attaining this, to every individual, very desirable end. But, if an action or course of actions be of an ambiguous or disputable nature; and still more, if it have been really the subject of a very keen dispute, we must agree with Dr. Gregory in thinking that a declaration, that a person had acted from the purest motives, passing the means employed *sub silentio*, is an implied but delicate censure of the conduct of such person. As was therefore as well established, as evidence could make it, that this was *bonâ fide* Dr. Gregory's conception of the vote that had passed, we must regard the conduct of his enraged and mortified opponents as an outrage upon truth and decency.

If we may believe Dr. Duncan, this first declaration of Dr. Gregory of his ignorance of the vote in favour of the committee was made with peculiar violence (p. 90, appendix to this publication); that is, in plain English, Dr. G. was in a great passion. On all hands it is allowed to have been wholly unpremeditated. 'I don't understand you,' 'I don't know to what you allude,' were the words used. Dr. Duncan opened the book and shewed him the vote, which produced Dr. Gregory's declaration. Now a state of passion was very little suited to the fabrication

of a falsehood; but it was a state in which a man may very readily be supposed to use strong expressions, without taking care to restrict them to the precise meaning he wished to convey. A man would exclaim naturally enough, *I knew nothing of it, I never before heard of it*, without reflecting whether by the little pronoun *it*, would be understood the whole vote, or the part of which he was really ignorant.

The more solemn declaration in writing of the same ignorance referred expressly to the same clause of the vote which pronounced the conduct of the committee honourable; what had been called the *virtual decision*. Seven times in the course of these pages are the very words *virtual decision* repeated in part of the letter following the paragraph which gave the handle to these proceedings. That this and this only was in the mind of the writer, must be evident to every dispassionate reader. In the following sentence Dr. Gregory explains exactly what he means by this *virtual decision*, of which he had declared himself ignorant for a year and nine months.

‘I must also inquire, whether my brethren, when they pronounced that *virtual decision* against me, by declaring that those persons had acted in the most honourable manner, whose conduct I thought very reprehensible, meant to say that those proceedings were most honourable which I thought just the contrary; or only that their proceedings had not, in point of fact, been what I had asserted?’

How happened it that, when reasoning on the subject, and putting the question in different points of view, not one syllable about the *purity* of the motives should have escaped from his pen? not a syllable even of the thanks, which were voted? One answer and one only can be given to this question; namely, that he never meant to deny his knowledge of these parts of the vote; or in other words, that he scrupulously adhered to the truth.

It is not pretended, that any one either deed or word of Dr. Gregory's done or spoken for the space of a year and nine months was in contradiction to or inconsistent with his words.

It is hardly pretended, that Dr. Gregory had any rational or conceivable motive for violating the truth. It promoted no view, it averted no accusation; it neither supported his own cause, nor injured that of his opponents. Still to give some sort of colour to the charge, a motive must be assigned. Let us give it in the words of his op-

ponents (Narrative of Dr. James Gregory, and published by order of the college, p. 63). These gentlemen say,

‘In his defence he (Dr. Gregory) asserts that if he had known of the resolution, and had remained silent respecting it, it must have been considered, either as an acknowledgment that he was a knave and a liar, or as a proof that he was guilty of base and contemptible pusillanimity, unexampled in the history of the human mind. In order therefore to avert these very disagreeable and degrading constructions, which he conceived might be put on his silence, it seems not unlikely to suppose that he found it necessary to account for that silence by solemnly denying that he had ever heard of the resolution.’

But the truth is that Dr. Gregory acted in the manner directly opposite to what is here supposed. We will take the unexceptionable evidence on this point of Dr. Duncan. Dr. G. he tells us (p. 111. of the volume before us) has

‘continued to distribute them (his pamphlets) after the unanimous vote of the college, which virtually pronounced them a false and scandalous libel.’ And he asks the opinion of counsel (p. 112), ‘what measures ought the college to adopt, with the view of preventing him from distributing any more copies?’

Dr. Gregory then required not the aid of falsehood to support his character. His conduct shewed that though he was silent with regard to the *virtual decision* of his brethren, it neither proceeded from acquiescence nor from pusillanimity; and they have assigned these motives, *well knowing them to be false*. Their own situation was however materially different from his. They had been accused, and very severely reprehended. They had therefore very obvious inducements to blacken and calumniate their accuser.

Observe the consistency of these gentlemen. They represent their accuser as a turbulent individual, who has heaped insult upon insult both upon individual members, and their whole body; and yet they would have us believe, that this same individual was so poor in spirit as humbly to acquiesce in a vote of censure upon himself, and afterwards so mean as to tell a deliberate falsehood, in order to screen himself from the imputation of having so acquiesced.

Of one of Dr. Gregory's accusers we have before us satisfactory evidence, that he did not, at the moment when he condemned the doctor, believe him guilty of the viola-

tion of truth laid to his charge. The evidence we mean is, that of the very sapient and sanctimonious writer of this letter. 'Of this vote, Sir,' (he says, p. 36), '*you either wilfully remained ignorant, or at least pretended to remain ignorant, for many months.*' So then you confess, at last, that your colleague *may* have told the truth, and that too after you had branded him with falsehood by a public vote? Surely a more disgusting specimen of folly and effrontery was never before obtruded upon the public!

If Dr. Gregory, in the animadversions which he thought fit to circulate on the conduct of some members of the college, had really published a false and scandalous libel, why did not those who thought themselves aggrieved have recourse to the natural, open, and legal remedy? To libel chartered bodies, invested by law with powers, rights, and privileges for the public benefit, is no trifling offence, nor would it be tolerated by the courts of judicature. Public censure, fine, and probably imprisonment, would assuredly await the offender. What then has prevented them from appealing to the laws of their country? It will not be pretended to have been any feelings of delicacy or tenderness to the supposed culprit. It is clear, that towards him their malevolence has been limited only by their fears: they have gone just as far as they *dared*.

But to the dispassionate spectator, it must be evident, that the wrath of these gentlemen has carried them beyond the limits of prudence, and not only failed of the intended effect of blackening the pure and unsullied character of Dr. Gregory, but it has recoiled upon themselves, and has very much shewed, that the doctor's reprehensions were neither *too severe* nor *misplaced*. The guilt or innocence of a party accused, appears very much from the manner in which he defends himself. If such an one attempts to prove an *alibi* and fails, suborns witnesses, flies from trial, or so forth, these or other infamous actions must exceedingly tend to his conviction. In the case before us, the accused *avoid a trial*, which it was in their power to procure; but instead of this, they fling all manner of dirt upon their accuser, and pass a vote against probability, against direct evidence, against internal evidence, and in the case of Dr. Duncan at least, against the testimony of his own conscience.

What does this prove but that these gentlemen felt the strong and imperious *necessity* of blackening the character of their accuser in defence of their own, that they felt that if his name were untainted, theirs would be branded

with infamy? that if his scale preponderated, theirs would kick the beam?

As to the letter before us, we must first return our sincere thanks to the writer of it, as having spurred us on to investigate the nature of a charge, with the foundation of which we felt much curiosity and even some anxiety to be acquainted. It has given rise to emotions, to which we do not choose to give a name, though their nature may be readily conceived. But though these emotions partake of the nature of pain, it has not been unblended by the sort of pleasure occasioned by amusement.

The professed object of the writer is to defend himself against a charge of *theft*. A charge of theft! and Dr. Duncan publishes an octavo volume to prove himself not guilty! Miserable man! We have admired too the open, frank confession of the doctor's exordium, that for many years he thought Dr. Gregory an open, candid, and disinterested man, acting from fair and honourable motives, till suddenly he was forced to change his opinion, because *Dr. Gregory attacked Dr. Duncan himself*. Then indeed the film fell from his eyes, and the same man became instantly changed as by the magic wand of an harlequin, into every thing base, interested, and dishonourable. We could not but smile at the pure undiluted folly which prompted this doctor gravely to inquire of his own lawyers whether the opinions he had obtained from them were or were not a severe reprimand and bitter sarcasm on himself, and producing with a foolish air of triumph their answers in his favour. We heaved a sigh of pity, when we have it from his own mouth, that no sooner was it known, that some sheets of an unpublished work had been purloined (as it was thought), from the printing office, than common fame instantly pointed out *himself* as the person who had stolen them. We could not but laugh heartily to see this doctor labouring so earnestly to show that he is the *viper*, whom Dr. Gregory lashed, and the *Pethox* whom he stigmatized, though the satirist seems to have kept his secret within his own breast; and we felt some degree of compassionate sympathy for his situation, when he querulously laments in a tone of mortification and abashment, that notwithstanding Dr. Duncan's oration, and the votes of seven members of the Royal College of Physicians, still he finds such recreant infidels, that 'nothing on earth will convince them, that Dr. Gregory is capable of a wilful and deliberate violation of truth.'

How must Dr. Gregory have chuckled, and shaken his

sides, when *such* a letter was put into his hands! and with what glee must he have returned it to its author with his 'laconic licence,' of approbation (as we are informed), '*Imprimatur quam primum!*'

We are indeed of the number of those who think Dr. Gregory incapable of 'a wilful and deliberate violation of truth.' The charge is so obviously futile and even ridiculous, that we think he has done right in taking no further notice of it. When the malevolent passions are thoroughly roused, reason is silent, and argument so much empty breath. We suspect, that the origin of this hostility to so open and honourable a man lies deeper than the mere squabble which brought it before the world. It is very well known, that this learned professor has no great reverence for the noble art or science (be it which it may), that it is his business to teach, and still less for the manners and morals of the greater number of those who thrive by it. Much of the routine of this craft he considers as mere mummery, invented to impose on the credulity of mankind; and the generality of practitioners only as a higher order of empirics. In a word (to use a coarse phrase), Dr. Gregory is a sworn foe to the *humbug*. That those who live by the *humbug*, and who would sink into insignificance by the destruction of the *humbug*, should be his enemies, is quite in the course of nature. We are heartily glad, that the learned professor is in a situation which enables him to defy calumny, and that he may safely smile upon the impotent malice of his detractors.

Before we conclude our article, we ought to say, in justice to several members of the college, that the calumnious resolution did not pass without a strenuous opposition. Some members absented themselves. Of eleven who were present, seven voted for the resolution, and three against it, regarding the charges as wholly unfounded; one declined voting. But of the seven who formed the majority, four were members whose conduct Dr. Gregory had severely censured, and who were therefore parties in the cause. In justice, they ought to be counted for nothing.

ART. IV.—*Cobbett's complete Collection of State Trials and Proceedings for High Treason, and other Crimes and Misdemeanors, from the earliest Period to the present Time, Vol. I—X.* London, Bagshaw, Brydges-street, Covent-garden, 1811. Price of each Volume, 11. 11s. 6d.

AN uncompleted work is rarely a fit object for regular criticism, and therefore, though we have not been inattentive to the progress of this new edition of the State Trials, we have hitherto forbore from taking, in our critical capacity, that notice of it, which the advanced state to which it has arrived, may now seem to require, and which, indeed, its importance authoritatively demands.

This work is, in its nature, very interesting to every Englishman who feels (and who of us does not feel), an interest in maintaining the liberty and the constitution of his country. Nothing but stupid ignorance or factious partiality in the person, who should superintend the work, could possibly prevent a *Complete Collection* of such trials from the earliest to the present times, from furnishing to the student and even to the proficient in English history, a valuable accession, not merely of technically legal but of most important, political, and constitutional information. 'State trials,' to use the emphatic language of a very powerful writer, 'ought to be universally circulated throughout a country where the prudent assertion of invaluable privileges depends so much upon a perfect acquaintance with the principles on which they rest, and where the common classes of the people are called upon daily to assist in the administration of criminal justice, in cases too where the stability and security of the government on the one hand, and the lives and liberties of the subjects on the other may depend upon an enlightened judgment.'*

Of the cases contained in the ten volumes, which have appeared, of this edition, the number is three hundred and twenty-four, and of these upwards of one hundred and thirty are stated to be new.

At the same time that we give the editor credit for the extensive research and the laborious industry which must have been employed to collect these unpublished documents, we cannot forbear to take notice, that the ample communications which appear to have been imparted to him by persons of high rank and celebrity, and of the most

* Preface to Lord Erskine's Speeches.

opposite political bias, do great honour to the liberality of the present age.

Into the legal part of the execution of the work, we shall not, for the present, enter farther than to say, that it exhibits much recondite information, uncommon accuracy, and exemplary diligence; but we will select two or three specimens of the biographical and historical annotations which, at the same time that they may afford our readers some entertainment, will enable them to form for themselves a judgment of the manner in which the editor has performed this part of his arduous undertaking. In a copious introduction to the trials for the Rye-House Plot, he thus investigates the characters of the two original historians, Grey and Sprat, and the authenticity of the 'Confession,' of the one, and of the 'True Account,' of the other.

'Of this "Confession," Hume (vol. 8, p. 182), note (r) ed. of 1807), says, that it "is the most full and authentic account of all these transactions; but is in the main confirmed by Bishop Sprat, and even Burnet; as well as by the trials and dying confessions of the conspirators." It is observable that these expressions, to say nothing of their vagueness or exaggeration, throw some suspicion on the genuineness of at least Sprat's performance. Hume also imputes to Grey cowardice, both at Axminster, as it seems (I conjecture he had in his mind the affair at Bridport, where, it seems agreed on all hands, that his cowardice was most notorious), and afterwards at Sedgemoor.* And upon the whole, a consideration of the characters of Grey and Sprat, and of the circumstances attending their histories, prevent me from placing any reliance on the testimony of either.

'First as to Grey: Throughout the report of the proceedings against him for debauching his wife's sister, he appears to be a most unprincipled miscreant: we find him guilty of the most odious abuse of confidence, the meanest duplicity, the basest falsehood, and the most ungenerous, most ungrateful, and most unfeeling selfishness; a selfishness in gratification of which he scrupled not to blast with universal and irremediable infamy, the reputation of a young woman who had sacrificed to him the purity of her person and the affections of her family. Upon the accession of King James, we find Grey urging Monmouth to undertake his rash and fatal invasion (though in his "Confession" he represents his "coldness and backwardness to engage the duke or himself in it.") When the invasion was effected,

* 'It appears by Narcissus Luttrell's "Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs," MS. in All Souls' Library, that on May 31, 1682, Lord Grey fought a duel with the Duke of Albemarle.'

we find him obstructing its success by the most pernicious counsels, and finally defeating it by an act of the most flagrant treachery or cowardice.*

‘ We have seen in the preceding page, with what warmth of expression he engaged to devote the whole of his future life to James. Nevertheless, at the Revolution, we find him regularly attending the Convention, in which he was one of the (Henry Lord Clarendon, in his Diary, says thirty-five, but the Journal specifies the names of thirty-six), lords who, on January 31, 1689, entered their protest against the resolution which had been carried, 55 against 41, (see Clarendon's Diary. Ralph, and after him Hume, say the majority was 11), not to agree to the vote of the Commons that the throne was vacant: and on the 4th of February he joined in a second protest on the like occasion. As to his “Confession” itself,† it was written, as his letter tells us, by the ‘command’ of King James, upon whose mercy his life at that time depended. It is not, therefore, very credible, that such a man in such circumstances, writing under such a command, would hesitate to falsify any fact, the falsification of which he conceived might serve him with the king. To the falsehood of the pretences in the Confession, that he rather dissuaded the invasion of Monmouth, Mr. Fox has adverted; and Dalrymple (Mem. part 1, book 2, p. 65), intimates the interested suppression of a very important fact, the connection between Monmouth and Bentinck.

‘ Next, as to Sprat:‡ Upon the death of Oliver Cromwell, he

* ‘ The concurrent testimony of historians seems to render this indisputable, notwithstanding the story of the “ brave captain of the Horse Guards now living, 1718,” reported in a note to 3 Kennett, 432, 2d edition, and the silence of King James in the letter of July 7, 1685, printed in Sir John Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 133, 4to. ed. of his Memoirs.’

† ‘ Sprat, in his second letter to the Earl of Dorset, says, that after the overthrow and execution of Monmouth, James the Second applied to him to write a continuation of his History of the Rye-House Plot, and “to that purpose gave him a sight of multitudes of original letters and papers, together with the confessions of several persons then taken in England and Scotland; who did, indeed, seem all to outvie one another who should reveal most, both of men and things, relating to the old conspiracy as well as to the Duke of Monmouth's and the Earl of Argyle's invasion.” This readiness and copiousness of confession shews how eager those who had fallen into the power of James were to say what would be agreeable to him; but by no means establishes the truth of the matter reported, or even proved to have been so confessed.’

‡ ‘ Of this very worthless man, there is, in the Biographia, a life written much too indulgently. Johnson also, in his Lives of the Poets, has inserted a short account of him. Johnson's tender treatment of him may safely be referred to the joint operation of a good and a bad motive—of reverence for the clergy and of party bigotry. Dr. Symmons, in the first edition of his Life of Milton, rightly reprehended the bishop's refusal to admit into Westminster Abbey an inscription to the memory of the author of Paradise Lost; but in the same passage he spoke of “ the otherwise respectable name

published verses to celebrate the virtues of that lord protector. Of the merits of his hero, Sprat's mind was so full, that the exuberance of his praise overflows from the poetry of his Pindarique into the prose of his Dedication to Wilkins. After the restoration he took orders, and became chaplain to the profligate Duke of Buckingham, and also chaplain in ordinary to the king, from whom he obtained, first a prebend of Westminster, and after that a canonry of Windsor. By the desire of the king, and his brother, the Duke of York, he composed this History of the Rye-House Plot, for which he was speedily rewarded with the deanry of Westminster and bishopric of Rochester. By King James the Second, he was appointed clerk of his closet, and one of his ecclesiastical commissioners. He suffered, or rather we may suppose, directed, King James's "Declaration for Liberty of Conscience," to be read in Westminster Abbey; and he acted under the ecclesiastical commission until the danger of farther compliance with the violent measures of the king,* and, indeed, until the insecurity of the king's power had become very apparent. At the Revolution, he took the oaths to King William.† And after this long course of despicable sycophancy and detestable tergiversation, in his will, dated Nov. 28, 1711, as I meet with it in an historical account of Westminster Abbey, he assures his executors, with the most consummate impudence

of Sprat." The epithet 'respectable' should not be used as an expletive; and I am glad that I do not find it applied to Sprat's name in the second edition of Dr. Symmons's work. More respecting Sprat, see in the cases of Bishop Compton, A. D. 1686; of Dr. Peachell, A. D. 1687; of the Seven Bishops, A. D. 1688, and of Robert Young and Stephen Blackhead, A. D. 1692, in this Collection.

* 'See the Cases of Compton, Bishop of London, A. D. 1686, and of Peachell, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, A. D. 1687, in this Collection.'

† 'He had been employed by King James in drawing up the form of thanksgiving to be used on the 15th of January, 1689, for the alleged pregnancy of the queen. Whether that king also associated him with Sancroft in drawing up, on the Prince of Orange's descent, the form of prayer mentioned in a note to 3 Kennett, 496, I know not. I recollect not to have ever seen that form of prayer. If his assistance were required, I suppose he gave it. In the January following, we find him employed, (see Lords' Journals, Jan. 22d and 28th, 1689-9. 3 Kenn. 541. 2 Ralph, 28), with other bishops to draw up a form of prayer and thanksgiving for having made his Highness the Prince of Orange the glorious instrument of the great deliverance of the kingdom from popery and arbitrary power, and to insert therein a particular prayer for the Prince of Orange.

'Sir John Dalrymple (Mem. part 1, book 5, vol. I, p. 147), tells us, that during the intended French invasion into Scotland in the year 1708, the English fleet, at the mouth of the Frith of Forth, was mistaken at Edinburgh for the French. Upon that occasion, Sir Hugh Dalrymple, lord president of the court of session, who was flying into England himself, advised Sir James Stuart to do so too, putting him in mind that he had had a hand in drawing the Prince of Orange's Manifesto, he answered: "Ay, ay, my dear, that is true, and I must draw this man's too." I do not find that Sprat ever resigned the office of clerk of the closet to King James.'

or the most consummate hypocrisy, (for it cannot be explained by the influence of self-deceit), that "his poor store had been gathered only by ways honest, fair, and honourable, not by any mean or undue methods of heaping riches, which in the several advantages of his conditions in this world his soul had always abhorred;" and he solemnly "praises the Lord, that in an age of so great corruptions, temptations, and prevarications, he had still kept his integrity, and God had made him firm and steady to the faith, doctrine, discipline, and true interest of the Church of England."

'Sprat, (says Warburton to Hurd in a hint for a "Dialogue"), might speak the court sentiments. See "Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his Friends." Letter 74, dated Jan. 31, 1755.

'But in order to discredit Dr. Sprat's History, it is, indeed, altogether needless to recur to presumptions arising from his character or the circumstances under which he wrote. The author himself completely destroys all its pretensions to authenticity. After the Revolution, he thought it, in Johnson's phrase, convenient to extenuate and excuse that performance. In a letter to Archbishop Sancroft, which is inserted in the Appendix to the State Letters of Henry Earl of Clarendon, he says, "May it please your grace; it being probable that as soon as this convention shall be made a parliament, one of the first things they will fall upon will be the ecclesiastical commission; it was thought necessary by some friends of mine that I should draw up something, though not in defence, yet in extenuation of my fault in sitting there. What I have done in haste, I here send your grace, humbly submitting it to your grace's judgment and correction. That part wherein your grace is mentioned, I beseech your grace to change and alter as you shall think fit; and so any of the rest: and the more faults your grace shall find in it, the kinder I shall take it.

"My lord, I think after this to write a second letter to the same noble person, and therein to defend myself as to the other objections against me, as the acting in the commission of London, and above all the writing the account of the Conspiracy in 1683."

'He accordingly published two exculpatory letters to the Earl of Dorset, in the second of which he informed the world, that shortly after the death of King Charles the Second, King James

* "1683. The Rye-House Conspiracy discovered, being the last effort of malice to the king and the Duke of York. An accident of fire at Newmarket prevented it. It was discovered, about the end of Trinity Term, by Keeling. Shaftesbury said they were too few to do the work, and too many to conceal it. So, on the 19th of November, one of the days appointed for a general insurrection, he went with Walcot and Ferguson to Holland; pretending no longer 'to talk the king out of the kingdom,' as he arrogantly

called for the papers [his account of the Rye-House Plot], and having read them and altered divers passages, caused them to be printed by his own authority. He farther tells us, that he lamented the fall of persons of honour upon whom public judgment had passed, "especially," he adds, "my Lord Russel's, after I was fully convinced by discourse with the Reverend Dean of Canterbury (Dr. Tillotson), of that noble gentleman's great probity and constant abhorrence of falsehood: but that," he would have us believe, "was a good while after." In his second letter he carries his profligacy somewhat farther, alleging in excuse for having acted under the ecclesiastical commission, that he should have thought Jefferies and Herbert "would never have ventured their fortunes and reputations, [the reputation of Jefferies!] by exercising a jurisdiction that was illegal." It appears by the *Biographia* (wherein a reference as to this is made to Wood), that to each of these letters an answer said to have been written by one Mr. Charlton was published shortly after the appearance of the letters, but I have not seen these answers.

'To the testimony then of these two histories, I must apply what Mr. Fox says of Ferguson's Narrative, "where it only corroborates accounts given by others it is of little use, and where it differs from them it deserves no credit."

In a note to the case of Sir Henry Vane, the author attempts, we think, successfully to vindicate that extraordinary man from the reproach of cowardice.

'Burnet,' he says, 'upon hearsay, imputes to Vane the want of natural bravery. This imputation it is scarcely fair to admit in opposition to the testimony of Ludlow, and of Vane's public conduct recorded in history. The bishop represents him to be "a very fearful man, who, when he saw his death was designed, composed himself to it with a resolution that surprised all who knew how little of that was natural to him." And this composure, it seems, prompted him to "some very extraordinary acts of resolution, though they cannot be mentioned with decency." ["It is said, the Lady Vane began her reckoning for her son, the Lord Barnard, from the night before Sir Henry lost his head on Tower Hill." Oldmixon.] From adopting the ludicrous parts of Burnet's story, Hume's taste prevented him. But when he was to paint the character of Vane, a contrast between consti-

expressed it; when he escaped by an *ignoramus* jury. Walcot and Ferguson soon returned from Holland, to join with Monmouth, Essex, Lord Gray, Eseric, Russell, A. Sidney, Hampden, Armstrong, Romney, Rumbold, Sheppard, &c. Four thousand men were said to be engaged in this insurrection." Macpherson's *Life of James the First*, written by himself, p. 137. (See Introduction to the *Proceedings against Lord Clarendon*, vol. 6, p. 291, of this Collection.)

tutional cowardice and enthusiastic courage, imparted by the fanaticism of glory and religion, at the approach of death, presented an occasion which he has not neglected at once to heighten the effect of his colouring, and to exhibit an eloquent, though concise display of philosophical reflection. Certainly, through the whole of these proceedings, Vane betrayed no want of courage. Nor was his conduct towards Cromwell that of a timid man; see the proceedings against him, A. D. 1654, *supra* vol. 5, p. 791. See also the accounts given by the historians of his conduct when Cromwell by force ejected the parliament on the 19th of April, 1653. Hume, in his abstract, somewhat overstates parts of Vane's speeches on his trial. Ludlow, who must have known Vane as well as any man did, writes thus: "In the month of July, 1662, I received letters from England, with an account of the trial, sentence, and death of Sir Henry Vane, of which I shall only say, that he behaved himself on all those occasions in such a manner, that he left it doubtful whether his eloquence, soundness of judgment, and presence of mind, his gravity and magnanimity, his constant adherence to the cause of his country, and heroic carriage during the time of his confinement, and at the hour of death; or the malice of his enemies, and their frivolous suggestions at his trial, the breach of the public faith in the usage he found, the incivility of the bench, and the savage rudeness of the sheriff, who commanded the trumpets several times to sound, that he might not be heard by the people, were most remarkable."

In a note to the case of Baillie of Jervisewood, vol. 10, p. 654, are pointed out some instances of confusion, if not contradiction, respecting Sir Patrick Hume in Mr. Rose's work; and in another Scots trial (that of Spreull and Ferguson, vol. 10, p. 725), we were much pleased with the laborious investigations exhibited in the notes, and particularly with the introduction of the proof positive from Sir George M'Kenzie (which had been overlooked by *all former writers on the subject*, even by Mr. Laing), of Monk's treachery to Argyle. As this matter has of late excited more than ordinary interest, in consequence of the discussion of it by Messrs. Laing, Fox, Rose, and Heywood, it is but an act of justice to the editor of these volumes to produce the following extracts respecting it:

"In this place it may be excusable to resume the topic of Burnet's veracity, in proof of which I have just now fallen upon a remarkable testimony. The bishop (see vol. 5, p. 1504), and after him, Mr. Laing (see vol. 5, p. 1371), relate, that the conviction of the Marquis of Argyle was produced by a base perfidious communication by Monk of some letters written to him by Argyle. Mr. Laing (note 1), at the end of the fourth volume

of his history, asserts the truth of this fact, and in refutation of an objection which had been made in the *Biographia* to the statement, he corroborates the reference to Burnet by others, and then adds the testimony in favour of Burnet which I have transcribed into this work. See vol. 8, p. 135. Since the publication of Mr. Laing's history, Mr. Rose has, in his "*Observations on Mr. Fox's Historical Work*," objected to the evidence of Monk's base interposition against Argyle. It is always curious, and I think always useful to shew how the truth will escape the most sagacious minds which are disposed to rely too much on speculative arguments in contradiction to testimony. I therefore insert the whole which Mr. Rose states, and then subjoin a most indisputable proof that Bishop Burnet's representation is not false.

He then recites Mr. Rose's reasonings and evidences, and thus proceeds:

'In direct and complete contradiction to all this, Sir George Mackenzie, who had been one of the procurators for the Marquis of Argyle (see the life of Sir George Mackenzie prefixed to his works) expressly says (*Laws and Customs of Scotland in Matters Criminal*) (Part 2, Tit. 25, S. 3.) "The Marquis of Argyle was convicted of treason upon letters written by him to General Monk; these letters being only subscribed by him and not holograph, and the subscription having been proved per *comparationem literarum*, which were very hard in other cases, seeing '*comparatio literarum*' is but a presumption, and men's hands are oft times, and easily imitated, and one man's writ will differ from itself at several occasions.'

This passage from *Mackenzie's Criminals* is quoted in the last number (vol. xviii. p. 334) of the *Edinburgh Essayists*; for we will not do them the injustice to call them *Reviewers*; but, what is most remarkable is, that these gentlemen, whose candour is so singular, and whose detestation of plagiarism so prodigious, should have so far forgotten themselves as to quote this passage, as if it were an extraordinary discovery of their own, when we can prove that they had it at second hand, and that they were indebted for the communication to the more profound historical scrutiny of Mr. Howel. The *Caledonian Critic*, with that *unassuming modesty*, for which they are so eminently distinguished, say, 'We are happy to be enabled, *out of our own store*,' (N.B. the store of Mr. Howel) 'to set this part of the question finally to rest, by an authority which Mr. Rose himself will probably admit to be decisive.' They then bring forward the passage in question from the *Criminal*s of Sir George Mac-

kenzie, but without making any acknowledgment of their obligations for this information to the learned compiler and annotator of this edition of the State Trials. We do not blame these gentlemen for attempting to dazzle the natives of this island with their *own* superior illumination, but we cannot much commend their ostentatious display of that light, which was clandestinely filched from another man's lamp, as part of '*their own store*.'

From the prospectus to this publication, and indeed from the nature of the subject, we were led to infer that Mr. Cobbett had no immediate share in the conduct of the work, though he is entitled to ample praise for the spirit with which he engaged in such an expensive undertaking. But the compilation of the whole matter, with the notes and illustrations, is the work of Mr. Howel, whose name is prefixed to the title-page of the eleventh volume, which has come to our hands since this article was prepared for the press.

The following is the title-page of the eleventh volume, which is now lying on our table:

'A complete collection of State Trials and Proceedings for High Treason, and other crimes and misdemeanours, from the earliest period to the present. With notes and other illustrations, compiled by T. B. Howel, Esq. F. R. S. F. S. A.'

Before we conclude this article we must stay to remark, that of the thirty cases which are contained in the eleventh volume of this valuable performance, exactly one half are new. The typographical part of the work is very neatly executed, and each volume contains at least as much matter as is usually found in six octavo volumes of the ordinary size. We shall embrace some future opportunity of reverting to this important publication.

ART. V.—*Self Controul, a Novel, 2 Vols.* London, Longman, 1811, price 11. 1s.

ON opening the first volume of *Self Controul*, a dedication to Miss Joanna Baillie presented itself; the perusal of which called for some self-controul on our parts, in order to subdue feelings of disgust similar to those, which are experienced on swallowing a potion of mawkish sweets.

'Madam, you would smile to hear the *insect of a day* pay

the tribute of its praise to the *lasting oak* which aided its first feeble soaring, smile then; for a person whom nature, fortune, and inclination alike have marked for obscurity, one whose very name may never reach your ear,' (what a misfortune for the oak!) 'offers this tribute of respect to the author of *Plays on the Passions*,' &c. &c.

Our readers we trust will give us some merit for combating our disposition to nausea, and suppressing the inclination we felt to throw the book into the fire. But to enable us to get through the reading of it with tolerable quietness, we determined to take a leaf from the authoress's own book; viz. a recipe profusely scattered over the whole work, 'To withstand the tempter,' and to offer up our secret prayers for fortitude in this our 'sorest trial:' and to request a sufficient portion of grace and patience to carry us through the task of reading the two thick volumes now before us.

Before we proceed to give an account of *Self Controul*, we must inform our readers that this humblest of all humble insects, in her dedication to the rugged and stately oak, assigns the following as a reason for publishing the present tale: 'This little tale was begun at first merely for *my own amusement*. It is published that I may reconcile my conscience to the time which it has employed.' What a comical mode of pacifying a conscience for mispending of time! what a very charitable endeavour, to make others waste their precious moments in reading what the authoress owns she has lost time in writing! At any rate, it must be allowed that the authoress is a consummate proficient in the art of household economy, for she is determined to take advantage of the prevailing taste of the times, and make her pot boil by the sale of a book, which together with the help of the Bible, is made up of threads and patches, which have a borrowed hue.

But, to the story itself; which is an unique in the school of methodistical *palavering*. Cælebs in search of a Rib is a fool to this saint in petticoats. He chattered away at no little allowance to be sure; but he had not half the stage effect of the lovely Laura Montreville. But we trust, in our authoress's language, that our religion will triumph over our 'misplaced antipathy,' and bear us through the disgrace we must suffer, if we fail to admire so extraordinary, so faultless a being as this said Laura Montreville, who is the only child of Captain Montreville (a half-pay officer) and Lady Harriet his lawful wife. The fortune of this pair being very scanty, they

settle in the village of Glenalbert, near Perth, where the captain superintends a little farm, and my Lady Harriet his wife, spends her days in *ennui*, and ill humour. The education of Laura becomes the favourite employment of her father. As my Lady Harriet proves to be rather an impatient and *boxing preceptress*, Laura does not improve under *her* auspices. But we are told that, though quite an infant, she is a *very reasoning* and *reasonable* creature, and soon learns to look on her mama with an eye of *pity* and *compassion*; and on her anger as a *disease* that *required concealment*. Few mamas would be desirous of holding such a contemptuous place in a daughter's mind, we think; but there is no accounting for fancy. This is brought forward by the authoress as a wonderful effort on the part of Laura of all that is right, and good, and proper. But Laura is a most wonderful child, and grows up a most wonderful woman, as may well be believed when we tell the reader that she is at a very early age made to read by the parson's wife, of the parish, where they live, the triumphant deaths of the first reformers, and nobly *wishes for persecution, that she may be a martyr*. She also concludes at a very early age,

'That all *mankind* were like herself, engaged in a constant endeavour after excellence; that success in this struggle was at once virtue and happiness, while failure included misery as well as guilt. The habit of self examination early formed, and steadily maintained, made even venial trespass appear the worst of evils; while, in the labours of duty and the pleasures of devotion, she found joys which sometimes rose *to rapture*.'

With a mind thus imbued our readers may pretty well form an idea of what sort of a lady Laura presents herself to us at the age of sixteen. At this age she loses her mama, who used to *snub* her so *cruelly*, and upon whom she looked with such an *eye of pity*. And *at this age*, and *at this time*, be it known to the world that this said wonderful creature fell, or rather absolutely tumbled into love with one Colonel Hargrave, a terrible *Turk* of the *first order*, a true *Bang-up hero*. And she not only tumbles over head and ears in love, but the youth, whom she loves, is represented as her *idol*, and on whom she bestowed such love as was due to the '*Infinite alone*.' She is therefore to be punished for all this!

We are told that this said colonel's person

'Was symmetry itself: his manners had all the fascination, that

vivacity and intelligence, joined to the highest polish can bestow. His love for Laura suited with the impetuosity of his character; and for more than a year he had laboured with assiduity and success to inspire a passion corresponding to his own. Yet it was not Hargrave whom Laura loved; for the being on whom she doated had no resemblance to him but in externals. It was a creature of her own imagination, *pure as her own heart*, yet empassioned as the wildest dreams of fiction; intensely susceptible of pleasure, and keenly alive to pain, yet ever ready to sacrifice the one, and to despise the other. This ideal being, clothed with the fine form, and adorned with the insinuating manners, and animated with the infectious love of Hargrave, what heart of woman could resist? Laura's was completely captivated.'

Hargrave is represented as possessing a fine fortune, and as being heir to a title. He is passionately in love with Laura, but not being much in love with the shackles of matrimony, he thinks that she may be persuaded to take flight with him to some more retired spot than Glenalbert, and '*live with him and be his love!*' And so, in a warm moment he whispers in her ear his unholy wishes and desires, which said unholy wishes and desires are received with all the indignation and contempt they so justly deserve; and so cruelly is Laura disappointed at this development of her lover's character, that she faints away as dead as a *Scotch spalding*.

On her recovery she downs on her marrow bones, like a worthy young creature, and returns thanks for her escape, whilst she derives comfort from her prayers in this her '*sorest trial*.' She resolves to hide the insult she has received, from her father, and never to see Hargrave again. Hargrave who is not yet *quite* a villain, determines almost the next moment after committing the offence, to make the utmost possible reparation. He accordingly sets off the next morning to expiate the trespass he had designed in the heat of passion; but we plain folk may as well go and hide our noses and our old-fashioned notions under the pillow, for Miss Laura thought it was a sin never to be forgotten, though she talked a *deal about forgiving*. But, gentle reader, our Laura is a *very particular Laura*; that is, she has this anti-christian charity in her, that though she says by *word of mouth* she *forgives*, in her heart she *never forgets*.

Hargrave makes honourable proposals to Captain Montreville to marry his daughter. The father is not a little delighted at the splendid establishment presented to his child; but he reckons, poor soul, without his host;

for Miss, who feels *strong resentment* at the *easy security* of forgiveness which this offer implies, firmly tells the colonel he is a *lost mutton*, that he has forfeited her esteem, and that the only thing *she can do* is to *pray for him*.

Hargrave pleads against this hypocritical cant, with all the eloquence of a man who really loves, and who is anxious to repair a transgression for which he feels a proper abhorrence, and begs, as he kneels at her feet, that she will suffer him to prove to her, and to the world, his repentance and his reverence for her virtues, by uniting their fates for ever. He says that her charms and her example would secure his reformation, and render his virtue secure; and to her chilling aspect and cold answers, he asks in an agony, 'Will you drive me for ever from your heart? will you cast me off for ever?'

But at Hargrave's repentance, at Hargrave's distress, Miss Laura turns up her nose. To his offer she returns the following answer, which may certainly be termed a *damp*. 'I fear, Sir, I shall not be suitably grateful for your generosity, while I recollect the alternative you would have preferred.' Hargrave continues to plead at her feet, and endeavours to soften *the offended fair*, but he gets only hard rubs for his submission.

'What,' she says, 'rather than controul your passions, will you stoop to receive as your wife her whom so lately you thought vile enough for the lowest degradation? How shall I call Heaven to witness the prostitution of its own ordinances? How shall I ask the blessing of my Maker on my union with a being at enmity with him?'

She then clasps her hands *à la Siddons*, and exclaims, 'Oh! Hargrave, have pity on yourself—have pity on me; forsake the fatal path on which you have entered, that, though torn from you here, I may yet meet you in a better world.' With due stage effect she then *darts out* of the room and leaves her lover in dumb amazement at a visit from which he had hoped so different a conclusion.

Captain Montreville is, as may be expected, not very well pleased at what appears to him, an unaccountable refusal of a good match, and with the man she loves; but not being able to make any thing of his daughter's reasons for such a refusal, he prepares to set off for London to settle some business on which her future scanty fortune depends. The evening before their departure from Glenalbert, Laura goes 'forth to meditate' in her favourite walk, namely, *the church-yard*, where she soli-

loquizes on the *lengthened shadows* and the tomb-stones in as pretty a way for a miss of sixteen, as heart can wish. She turns her *mind's eye* from what seemed to her a 'world of darkness,' and raised it to scenes of 'everlasting light.' Whilst she is thanking *her Maker* for his miracle of grace in helping her escape from that rantipole fellow, Hargrave, he suddenly jumps over the fence, and insists on being heard in his own defence. After a little bustle of 'I will be heard,' on the part of the gentleman, and an attempt to make the best of her way home, on the side of the lady, Hargrave gains a cold forgiveness, and another promise of '*praying for him.*'

This praying business has little effect to quiet the passions of her lover, who swears in despair that he will lose himself in the haunts of riot and intemperance; and, in a paroxysm of anguish exclaims, 'when I am lost to fame, to health and usefulness, my ruin be on your soul.' Laura is at length brought to this prudent resolve, that if Hargrave's conduct for *two years* will bear the inspection of the '*wise, of the sober minded, and of the pious,*' she will receive him as her *friend*. Hargrave is content with gaining thus much, and they part, without Laura's informing him of her intended journey to England. On the discovery of her departure, Hargrave is driven to seek amusement as he can, and where he can. We are told however that he sets about his reformation by buying *Blair's Sermons* and going to church on a Sunday.

Captain Montreville finds much difficulty in adjusting the business upon which he came to London, and his protracted stay involves them in great embarrassment and distress. But Laura, who is a very good artist, recruits their scanty finances by the sale of a picture. This picture is bought by a Mr. De Courcy, who proves to be the son of an old deceased friend of Montreville. An intimacy ensues, and De Courcy, who is represented as every thing that is amiable, and the exact reverse of that turbulent fellow, Hargrave, soon gains the *friendship* of Laura. Captain Montreville falls ill, and after a deal of dull, common matter of fact stuff, Laura by chance meets with Hargrave, who had been seeking her every where. He is transported with joy at the occurrence; and Laura, who had begun to feel the mortification of a *little mind* at the thought of Hargrave's forgetting her, assumes all that cold pride which makes the prominent feature of this *spiritual* heroine. She decorates her person to the best advantage, that she may appear as lovely as possible, and tries all in her

power to enchain her captive. Yet she repels all his affectionate warmth with chilling hauteur, and reverts to the fault he has committed, and for which she is determined he shall pay by the stipulated two years of probation to which she has consigned him. She even denies him her presence without witnesses, and shrinks from him as she would from the great boa serpent which has lately arrived in Piccadilly.

Hargrave, after some intermediate adventures, again meets with Laura, when he is extremely urgent for a speedy marriage; this request is seconded by Montreville, whose ill state of health leaves little hope of his long surviving. He therefore presses Laura to consent with all the trembling anxiety of a fond parent, who dreads to leave youth and beauty environed by poverty and distress.

But the pangs of indigence, and the bitterness of want, are nothing to our heroine; for she is fed with '*Angels' food.*' To the tender intreaties of her father who now feels himself dying, and to her lover's promises of future good conduct, she turns a deaf ear, calmly telling the latter, that as he is of noble birth, he should set a good example to others and aim at the higher distinction of an '*immortal spirit.*' She bids him strive after virtues that may never meet the eyes of man, and when she is assured of his worthiness, she adds that she may possibly trust herself and her happiness in his keeping.

The father in his last moments thus supplicated his religious child:

'You, my sweet Laura, you who have been the pride of my life, and can soften the bitterness of death, let me but commit you to the care of the man whom I know *you prefer*, and my fears and my wishes shall linger no more in this nether world. I must soon lose the child of my affections! My eyes must watch over thee no more; my ear must soon be closed to the voice of thy complaining. Oh! then, give me the comfort to know that other love will console, that other arms protect thee.'

But Laura answers, 'what peace can I hope to find in a connexion which reason and religion alike condemn.' She tells her suppliant, and dying parent, that the law, which she endeavours to make her guide, is full and explicit. In express terms it leaves her free to marry whom she will, but with this reservation, that she marry '*only in the Lord!*' She adds,

'It cannot be thought that this limitation refers only to a care-

less assent to the truth of the Gospel, shedding no purifying influence on the heart and life, and can I hope for happiness in a wilful defiance of this restriction?

She tells him that her soul sickens at any qualifying language in behalf of the lover on whom she confesses that she dotes; and asks how a father can urge his child to join to pollution,

‘This temple,’ laying her hand emphatically on her breast, ‘which my great master has offered to hallow as his own abode? No, the express command of heaven forbids the sacrilege, for, (she continues) I cannot suppose when MAN was forbidden to degrade himself by a union with vileness, the precept was meant to exclude the sex whose feeblor passions afford less plea for yielding to their power.’

In this *sublime* strain, does Laura combat her father’s rational explanations; and in this manner, does she refuse his *dying requests*. But we are told, she finds all possible comfort in turning to those passages of Scripture, ‘which forbid the *unequal yoke with the unbeliever*.’ On her knees she asks, ‘Holy father, what peace can enter where thy blessing is withheld! May I not dread to share in the awful sentence of those who are joined to their *idols*, and be let alone to wander in the way that leadeth to destruction.’ By this pious conduct she drives Hargrave from her in despair. Her father expires of a broken heart; and Laura finds protection with an aunt. But we shall never have done if we attempt to follow this spiritual lady through all the troubles and trials she encounters.

Hargrave’s unwarrantable attempts after her father’s death to persuade or intimidate her into a marriage, turn to his own discomfiture. Laura, supported by her religion, trips up his heels and comes off triumphant. De Courcy, who lives near her aunt, soon makes an impression on the heart of Laura; for he is a good youth, and reads prayers to the family of an evening. De Courcy, who, from the first sight of Laura had fallen desperately in love with her, comes to an understanding on the subject, and the time is fixed for their nuptials. But Hargrave, worked up to frenzy on finding how matters stand, endeavours to obtain by violence what Laura has refused him by the right of a husband. She is rescued by De Courcy, and Hargrave embarks for America with his regiment. Laura, on the eve of marriage with De Courcy is seized, put on board a vessel, and transported to America; here she is kept a close prisoner by servants, whom Hargrave has placed over her. The morning Hargrave is expected, Laura, though she is so ill, that she seems

not to have an hour to live, walks out with her maid for air, and whilst the servant returns to the house for something to wrap around her shoulders, this same Laura (marvellous to tell) finds means to escape by getting into an open boat. She sets it afloat, glides down the stream, and is miraculously preserved, after tumbling boat and all, down a tremendous cataract. She gets back to her own country and marries de Courcy. Hargrave, on the loss of Laura, who he believes is drowned, shoots himself; and so ends this *spiritual* production of *Self Controul*. The character of Laura is highly unnatural. There never was her like even amongst the *saints*. It would, in our humble opinion, have been much more christianly and becoming, if Laura had forgiven Hargrave, when she found him sincere in his repentance, instead of driving him from her, and, step by step, goading him on to desperation. How much more noble would it have been, if, instead of rummaging the Bible for texts of Scripture to garnish her pious prudery, she had, in the character of a virtuous wife, reclaimed the man whom she loved, and brought him back to the paths of virtue, respectability, and usefulness. To his urgent requests, and his promises of future good conduct, she exclaims, 'nothing shall move her;' she will '*marry in the Lord;*' but she will do him the favour to '*pray for him.*' Her spiritual pride is insufferable, and her language nothing but *Evangelical* cant. Hargrave's character is a poor imitation of Lovelace's, without the wit and spirit of that rake of quality.

We must do the authoress justice in one particular; we find her as perfect a plagiarist in her way as ever set pen to paper: nor is much trouble taken to disguise the thefts. We will just point out a few instances, which will serve to establish our charge. Hargrave's conduct in keeping all lovers from Laura, and getting her aunt to spread a report of her engagement with him, is almost literally the same with that of Sir Robert Floyer's in *Cecilia*. The story of de Courcy's pretended amour, is a close copy of that of young Delville and the beggar girl. Laura's visit to Norwood is managed after the same manner as Cecilia's to Mrs. Delville, when she avoids going with the Harrels to Violet bank, with numerous others, of the like kind. Nor do we think the authoress of *Self Controul* would have lost much on the score of *delicacy*, if she had omitted the horrid story of Jessy Wilson. What sort of a *female mind* can that be, which delights to dwell on such a disgusting subject as the violation of female innocence? As parents, we would not wish our

girls even to suppose that such monstrous characters existed; much less should we wish them to take up a *religious* novel and read of *raps*. Nor are we anxious to accustom young persons to a phraseology, which, in some parts of *Self Controul*, we think more *warm* than there is occasion for. There are, no doubt, many such characters in life as Lady Pelham and Lady Bellamer. But the authoress has painted them too coarsely, and, upon the whole, we could have wished, that if it were the same to the authoress, she had contented herself in that obscurity to which she says, in her dedication, that she was destined, rather than have attempted a work which, in this same dedication, professes so much, and yet in the execution, falls so terribly short of interest or of common probability as *Self Controul*.

ART. VI.—*A Letter upon the mischievous Influence of the Spanish Inquisition, as it actually exists in the Provinces under the Spanish Government. Translated from El Espanol, a periodical Spanish Journal, published in London. London, Johnson, 1811, 1s. 6d.*

THIS letter may be perused with great advantage in this country, in which the opinion has become pretty general, that the Spanish Inquisition exists only in name; and that it has, in fact, become only the shadow of a shade. This, however, is far from being the case. No *auto de fé's* are, indeed, any longer practised, though the laws still exist, by which heresy is ordered to be exterminated by fire. But the author of this letter well remarks, that even if the fanaticism of the Inquisitors had not been moderated by the diffusion of a more charitable spirit throughout Europe, the fanaticism of those who might become the victims, would not be sufficiently firm for the experiment. If they could not disprove their heresy, they would save themselves by abjuring it. The zeal which formerly animated the martyr to face the flames, has died away, and men are no longer ambitious of purchasing the praise of polemical constancy, by a torturing death.

The last person whom the author remembers to have suffered the ceremony of an *auto de fé*, was a poor crazy mystic, who was favoured with visions, but who is said to have been as loose in her conduct as she was ardent in her prayers. This pious lady, who had corrupted not a few of the holy confessors, who were sent to convert her to the true faith, was at last declared an intractable heretic, and

sentenced to undergo the purification of fire. This event happened at Seville about thirty years ago.

'The criminal was conducted, gagged, and mounted on an ass, in the midst of divines, who endeavoured to subdue her obstinacy by new arguments, and vie with the multitude in stunning her with repeated shouts of *viva la fé* (long live the faith.) Her cause was read from the pulpit in the principal church of the Dominicans, intermixed with obscenities expressed in the grossest terms. Nothing now remained but to deliver her up to the secular judge, that she might be punished with death. A retraction previous to this act, might have saved her life, but the unfortunate fanatic persisted in not making it, and was delivered up. The approaching punishment, and depression of spirits, occasioned by the fatigues of the day, made her desist from her obstinacy when it was too late. She was converted to the satisfaction of the monks who were present; but the punishment could not even be deferred. She alone obtained as a favour to be burned after death; and was strangled in the evening amidst the tears of all devout souls, who admired the pious artifice by which this opportunity was taken of sending her to heaven, to prevent her falling again into heresy.'

But though these spectacles of infernal barbarism are no longer seen, yet the influence of the Inquisition, in the degree in which it still exists, seems to be very unfavourable to intellectual improvement and individual happiness. The best books on history, metaphysics, legislation, &c. &c. cannot be studied, or can be studied only by stealth, as the regard of the inquisitorial fathers for the purity of the faith has caused them to be laid under an interdict. The student may, if he please, entangle himself in the subtle network of the schoolmen, or amuse his fancy with the legends of the saints; but if he discover an inclination to peruse the works of Millot, Condillac, Voltaire, Mosheim, Locke, Grotius, &c. &c. he finds, that these books are subjected to a dire anathema, as if they exuded a poisonous distillation.

'I should attempt in vain to enumerate the prohibitions which render a good education impracticable in Spain, except by disregarding or despising them; the expurgatory list being an index of all the excellent books that have ever appeared in the Republic of Letters, including even (till very lately), the Bible:—But:—I see you would urge my own words against me, and will tell me, that at any rate, the best prohibited books were to be found in Spain.—Yes, Sir;—but do you account as nothing the great inconveniences attending this underhand study? the remorse and hesitation of the youth, who for the first time, opens a prohibited book? Either he must at once break through all the principles of religion which support his moral ideas, or

he must suppose, that he has committed an enormous crime, a crime which spiritually separates him from his church. An excommunication ! : : : converts even his religious acts into crimes—he cannot wipe it off without delivering up his books—without accusing the friend through whom he procured them, and betraying the confidence which was placed in him.’

‘It has not been only on one occasion,’ continues the author, ‘that either on a suspicious or unseasonable visit from some officer of the Holy Office, or on some sort of alarm, I have had to remove part of my books, and to call upon my friends to divide the rest of them in their respective houses ; for not only in servants, in one’s very relations, one can have no confidence in these matters.—Some, indeed, will say—and in what does this great danger, so much talked of, consist ? Suppose even it were no more than the inevitable loss of one’s books, is there any man of so much *sang froid*, as not to be enraged at seeing an ignorant minister of the tribunal walk in, and demand, in the most despotic tone, that you should open your library to him, to see him noting down the books you have collected with so much trouble and expence, and carry them to rot in heaps in the halls of the Inquisition, with a thousand others which have shared the same fate. I have seen ten or twelve copies of the large edition of the French Encyclopedia, lying amidst an infinite number of other expensive works, in the Inquisition at Seville. Do you imagine, that those who suffered this loss, considered the punishment as light ? But it is not confined to this ! the name of the guilty person remains suspended in the tribunal ; he is for ever to be looked upon as suspicious ; and besides the humiliation of enduring a severe reprimand, the wretch who has met with this misfortune must be in continual apprehension and dread, lest one of those secret causes should be pending against him which end, perhaps, after six or eight years, in confinement.’

After these and other mischievous effects of the Inquisition, which the author enumerates, who will say that it is not, even in its present reputed imbecile state of existence, an establishment of the most pernicious agency to morals and to literature ? How complete must the domination of the priests over the minds of the Spanish people have been when it has been suffered to remain so long ? Or what must we think of the vigour, or the patriotism, the wisdom, or the humanity of the present government of Spain which has hesitated to decree its abolition ? The truth seems to be, that all the state-craft and priest-craft of the old system are cherished in the new ; and hence the Spanish people have been able to make so little head against the troops of Bonaparte. How disgraceful is it to the Spanish Juntas, and Regencies and Cortes, that they have suffered

the man, whose object is to enslave their country, to anticipate them in suppressing the Inquisition in the provinces subject to his sway, and, indeed, in doing other more popular acts, than they have had either the courage or the patriotism, or even the policy to perform !

ART. VII.—*Nobility, a Poem, in imitation of the Eighth Satire of Juvenal, addressed to a Young Nobleman.*
London, Gale and Curtis, 1811, 4to. pp. 32.

TO offer to the public a free paraphrase of a satire of Juvenal, is a rather bold undertaking. Though the identical satire is untouched by the hand of Johnson, there is nevertheless a challenge of comparison held forth with that moral poet.

A translator may conceive it possible to improve on his predecessors in fidelity, in spirit, in ease, in dignity. Mr. Gifford's labours have not rendered Mr. Hodgson's superfluous, nor vice versa. They have each their separate merits. But a writer of a paraphrase comes forward upon a different principle. His object is to accommodate ancient descriptions to modern manners, and, with the exception of the general requisites of poetry, his success depends upon catching the manner, and preserving the outlines of his original, while he varies the application of the parts. In this point, as in his poetry, the present author has failed. We should not, perhaps, use so strong a word, were it not that to authors of this description, especially where they deal in satire, we cannot allow

‘*Mediocribus esse.*’

The whole utility and power depend on the excellence. It is very much to be regretted, that Johnson did not undertake this task : it was peculiarly adapted to the bent of his mind, and would have afforded Pope much additional reason to prophecy the future greatness of this unknown author.

We are unwillingly compelled to acknowledge with the author, that many of the vices here lashed by the Roman satirist are reflected in the manners of modern nobility. Many a Damasippus delights only in the manners and conversations of his groom—‘*illic Dedecus urbis habes.*’ Effeminacy is not, however, a prevalent failing ; there may be an external appearance of it, but its roots do not strike deep. The clean-booted loungers in Bond-street have been heroes in the peninsula.

The failure in this imitation arises from a style of familiarity in the composition very incompatible with the dignity of censorship, which, although it occasionally descends, is the great characteristic of Juvenal. In the poetry, there are some foreign inversions of language, and the author has not exercised much discretion in ascertaining where ideas and illustrations drawn from the lowest sources will in one tongue be forcible, in another vapid as well as vulgar. The best lines in the Imitation are from the passage

—‘tamen imâ ex plebe Quiritem
Facundum invenies,’ &c. Juv. Sat. 8, l. 49.

We would recommend these to some of our nobility in the hope, that it might lead them to the original, for we are sorry to confess the truth of what Mr. Fox quoted when speaking his panegyric on the late Duke of Bedford.

‘Rarus enim sensus fermè communis in illâ
Fortunâ.’

ART. VIII.—*The Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca, dedicated, by permission, to the King. By William Gell, Esq. M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A, and Member of the Society of Dilettanti.* London: printed for Longman, &c. 4to. pp. 119.

THE love of ingenious hypothesis, which led this traveller in the Troad, to bend and fashion every geographical notice to the *accuracy* of the Iliad, has in the work now before us urged him to attempt even a more difficult proposition, and to assume the *correctness* and *truth* of the Odyssey. We can assure those of our readers, who are also readers of Homer, that a high treat is prepared for them; that they will not only hear that the house of Ulysses is still visible in its foundations, but will see the very ichnography of it delineated by our author from the *Prodromos* to the *Postern*, with the very threshold apparent—in printed characters.

In reviewing this work, we wish it to be believed, that while we dissent from the extravagant notions and the antiquarian zeal so ostentatiously displayed in it; while we are disgusted with learned trifling and inapplicable quotation, our opinion runs highly in favour of Mr. Gell's pursuits. We do not complain that he has done little, but that he has done over much. At the same time that we

can readily enter into the enthusiasm which has prompted his studies and whetted his diligence, we are anxious to give his future labours a more useful direction. The adaptation of local circumstances in the *Odyssey* to the present topography of Ithaca, except perhaps in the grander and indissoluble feature of the mountain, is more a subject of speculative essay at home than of serious disquisition abroad. In short, we wish Mr. Gell's fancies were not so purely poetical; that Strabo and Pausanias were more frequently brought to book, and that the sources of our information on the geographical matters of Greece, were more deeply sought for our instruction. For although 'Homer,' (p. 3), may be 'the most delightful of human compositions,' we can never allow that he is the 'most instructive.'

That Mr. Gell has both leisure and abilities for such an undertaking, we have abundant reason to believe, and that the solidity of his judgment might be executed on it with effect; but we hope, rather than expect it. An early attachment to the muses of Greece, and the trite assumption that Homer is the first of historians, seem to have had a weight in Mr. Gell's analysis of every thing Grecian scarcely credible to the sober inquirer into the dates and genealogy derivable from stones and coins, or the laborious measurer of Stadia and Parasangs. We have stated thus much as introductory matter, and now proceed with alacrity to the minutiae of the book itself.

We believe it has been scarcely assumed heretofore, that the *Odyssey* is ought but an amusing fable. The greater part must necessarily be of that stamp, from the impossibilities which occur in every page; and we do not elicit more truth by having recourse to allegory. For, allowing that we simplify the most prominent incongruities, either according to our own fancy, or the canons of Eustathius or Didymus, still we have no certain criterion by which we may try our decisions. Horace seems to think, that not the fables alone of the *Odyssey* were designed for instruction, but that the characters themselves were intended as patterns to be avoided or imitated. This was the general opinion of antiquity, of those nearer to the age of Homer by two thousand years than our present guides and directors. We are not, indeed, such infidels as to doubt, that a war between Greece and Asia Minor raged in early times, nor have we imbibed all the scepticism of Mr. Bryant, which that great man afterwards retracted. We will grant, that Ulysses *might* have existed, that Ithaca *might* have

been his home, yet, notwithstanding Mr. Gell's ingenious arguments, notwithstanding his local knowledge, we feel disinclined to proceed farther with him in the field of conjecture. The tone of his survey shews us, that he evidently set out from Greece with the determination of making the discoveries which he exultingly brings before us. As belief or disbelief of assertion in matters of taste is perfectly consonant with liberality, we shall urge our objections without fear of offence.

If many ages ago the birth-place of Homer was an undecided point, and equally the vain search of the historian, and the idle declamation of the sophist, it is now surely impossible to settle the dispute. From the apparent affection and topographical feeling with which he speaks of Ithaca, a few have supposed him a native of that island, but by far the majority have fixed his nativity to the east of Greece. Now had Homer been born in any of the spots which his muse led him to celebrate in the course of his poems, we can hardly doubt from the simplicity of the bard but that he would have introduced the fact. If there be the least truth in this observation, it will follow, that of Ithaca (where his hero delays so long and finally rests, which he has in his mind from the 1st to the 24th book of the poem), most affectionate mention would be made; and the scenes of early childhood, minstrelsy, and friendships recorded, had it produced the poet. This at least has been the invariable custom of all poets since, from Virgil to Walter Scott; and it is a feeling founded in nature, and more particularly in the minds of those whose soul is harmony, when they touch on the 'land of their sires,' to identify themselves with the tale which they weave. Mr. Gell does not indeed insist on the opinion that Homer was an Ithacensian; but we perceive he gives it up unwillingly, and our trouble would be much diminished would he always, as in this case, avow, that 'at a distance of near three thousand years, no rashness of conjecture, in a case like this, can be justified.' An early specimen of our author's manner of insinuating an hypothesis may be given from p. 7. To us it appears a matter of serious foolery more adapted to the nursery than the taste of man. It will be remembered, that Ithaca is given up as the birth-place of Homer, still it is necessary he should have seen the scenes he describes. Therefore the safest way is to suppose that he sailed thither, in what capacity we are not told, but from the first sentence, we should presume, as an hydrographer.

‘In the course of the travels of Homer, Ithaca, which, from the singular excellence of its port, must always have been a place of commerce, *would probably* attract his notice; his residence *might be* protracted by the hospitality of some descendant of Ulysses; the mention made of him in the poet's story would awake (n) the recollection of his countrymen, and the intervals of the song *might be* filled with the marvels of his adventures, with the description of his return, and circumstantial relations of the art and valour by which he recovered his dominion. Gratitude towards his family, as well as the peculiar interest of the tale, *might have* induced Homer to construct on this foundation the second prodigy of his genius; the conversation of the islanders *would supply* anecdotes of their hero in abundance; his own geographical knowledge *might* correct or heighten their report of his distant dangers; and his *observation of existing circumstances* in Ithaca *might turn his attention to the dangers of immoderate commercial aggrandisement ! ! !*’

This is a fair pattern of the ‘*mights*’ and the ‘*woulds*’ which pervade the volume. It must have caused a smile in our learned readers, to find old Homer, who has often been called ‘pedlar,’ ‘blind beggar,’ and we know not what nick-names, turn out all on a sudden a ‘political economist,’ and to observe him, after dinner with some great great grandson of Ulysses, soberly ‘turning his attention to the dangers of immoderate commercial aggrandisement !’

The above sample is immediately followed by an elucidation of those expressions of abhorrence of the sea, which in a manner characterize the *Odyssey*, p. 8.

‘The confirmation of the justice of this principle, applied to the island in question, will not be the most displeasing feature in the present survey; and while every day witnesses some new tract of land lost to cultivation, some new countryman, quitting his cottage for the lucrative, though perilous *life of the sea*, the modern inhabitants of Ithaca may have to regret their inattention to the admonitions of Homer.’

There are doubts even as to the identity of the modern with the ancient Ithaca. From inscriptions and from coins, we arrive at the certainty that they were considered the same by the Romans, and we think, that the world in general will coincide with Mr. Gell's decision. These doubts, in great measure, originated from the corruptions of the names of places caused by the ignorant or fantastical geographers of Venice. They have given the name of Val di Compare to this island, though that appellation is wholly unknown there: whereas it is called by the vulgar,

Theaki, and by the more polished residents, Ithaca. We might consider this position worthy of farther examination, did not various other similar corruptions (or differences rather), press upon us, in addition to those cited by our author. Abundant confirmation may be procured from the Isolario of Coronelli.

In addition to Sir G. Wheeler and Le Chevalier, who are cited as having written on the subject of Ithaca, there is a short description of it under its popular name of 'Theaki,' in the *Voyage dans la Moree*, written above a century since, and unnoticed by Mr. Gell, and the later publication of *Les Isles Venetiennes*. Neither of the above mentioned authors are deserving of credit, and it was reserved for Mr. Gell alone to make an actual and thorough survey of the island, which he has done with such accuracy and precision, as well by his description as the plates, as to make us accompany him with satisfaction every where except in his antiquarian clambering over Cyclopiam masonry, and his grovelling amid the pseudo-pigstyes of Ulysses. We have to regret, that his observation for the latitude of Ithaca was made on the day of his departure from the island, with an horizon so ill-defined, that no great dependence can be placed upon it. He adds, however,

'that it is right to state the fact, as, though the latitude by this observation nearly agrees with that in which Ithaca would have been placed by a system of triangles from known stations on the continent of Greece, yet it is so different from the position usually assigned to it in maps, that its accuracy is very questionable. It was impossible to rectify the mistake, as there is no observation for the latitude of Ithaca, or of any place within sight of it, among the records of the Admiralty, a convincing proof that the place has been very little known to our seamen. It was useless to consult D'Anville, who has failed particularly in his representation of the Ionian Isles, while the maps of M. Le Chevalier differ from each other eight geographic miles in the latitude of Samo.'

These remarks, and those which succeed, to which, unfortunately, our want of room will not permit us to do justice, are highly creditable to Mr. Gell's geographical accuracy. The only parts of the island which he did not examine so scrupulously as the rest, are the coast close to Cape Melrisi, and a small part of the northern shore, behind Mount Araconlia. The map is executed with great precision and apparent correctness. The reader of the work will do well to have it constantly before his eyes.

Mr. Raikes and Mr. Dodwell accompanied Mr. Gell on his pleasing survey in a Zantiote boat in the spring of 1806. In less than two days the voyage was accomplished from the coast of Morea; and the delightful spot on which the tourists disembarked, is sweetly described in the text, and reminds us of some of the most delicious verses of consul Wright's *Horæ Ionicae*.

‘As we approached the land, the fresh breeze of the morning was perfumed with their fragrance (a profusion of flowering shrubs) and we distinguished the cistus mixed with the bright yellow bloom of the sphalactos, a species of cytissus, common in the Levant.

‘As two of the party had, on a former occasion, travelled over some parts of the country, we lost no time in inquiry, but proceeded directly towards a beautiful semi-circular precipice, now known by the name of Korax, or Koraka Petra, and situated near the southern extremity of the isle. In this season of the year, the sun has not yet destroyed that verdure which seldom remains after the month of April in the Mediterranean islands, and we sat down to breakfast under a shade of myrtle, mastic, and juniper. Before us lay the pretty island of Parapégada, so called from its vicinity to the beautiful fountain which trickles from the base of the precipices of Korax. The sea was uncommonly clear, and the prospect was diversified by the numerous rocks of the Echinades, beyond which the Acarnanian mountains terminated the scene.’ P. 16.

No sooner, however, do the trio emerge from their pleasant envelope of myrtle and juniper, than they detect a fountain and a rock, which, says Mr. Gell, the poet mentions in the same line.

ἔσθυσαι βάλανον μένοεικεα, καὶ μέλαν ὕδωρ
πινεσθαι.

and he thus translates it, ‘there the swine eat the sweet acorns, and drank the *clear* black water—evidently from the old vulgate Latin,

‘Comedentes glandem *suavem*.’

Barnes corrects it, if indeed it can be called correction, to *gratam*. It would be perhaps difficult now to discover to which of the wells of Bath, king Bladud led his hogs to water in preference to the rest in its neighbourhood; and the great reservoirs on our Grand Junction Canal, though now channelled and filled up by act of parliament, (and as Mr. Gell would term it, p. 5, ‘historical matters of fact’,) though sung perchance by the Drayton of the day, will

want an equally zealous antiquarian three thousand years hence, to rescue them from oblivion, and determine their site.

P. 21 abounds with much of the trifling we have noticed; but were we to remark every instance, we should transcribe and comment on the greater part of this quarto. We will therefore refer the curious reader to the close of the second chapter, for Mr. Gell's opinions about Eumæus, and his 'occupation' (hog-feeding) at which we are told we 'must not be surprised, if we find persons of eminence engaged.'

The value of land is much reduced in Ithaca, as well as the means of its cultivation, by the quantity of sailors employed in Ithacensian navigation. This partial emigration now seems likely to be checked; for the Italian sailors, finding little encouragement or venture in the present state of their country, are plentifully entering into the commercial service of Theaki. Homer as yet, it appears, has done his countrymen, or, if Mr. G. pleases, his hosts, little service, when he sang to them,

‘ου γαρ εγωγε τι φημι κακώτερον αλλο θαλασσης
ανδρα τε συγχευαι, η και μαλα καρτερος ειη.’

Od: ©. 138.

Notwithstanding the general hilarity of the Ithacensians, they are frequently annoyed by certain rude and uninvited visitors. And while the higher ranks in society boast a liberal education, and speak their natural Romaïck, or modern Greek, with two or three other continental languages, free from barbarism; while their hospitality would do honour to more elegant countries; bands of robbers from the continent find protection and countenance among the natives. There are deserters from, and rebels against, the Pacha, Ali, whose authority extends from Albania to the Gulph of Corinth; and thousands of whose irregular troops lately perished in their retreat from the Morea. From the depot of Ithaca they sally forth in barks on schemes of predatory and desultory warfare on the continent; and when the Pacha turns about to pursue them, they retreat to their fortresses on the hills of Stapheano or Neritos. The description given of this unruly gang by Mr. Gell, is interesting—may we add our hope and our full expectation, that an English poet* lately

* Mr. Hobhouse, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

returned from Greece, who resided a considerable time in the court of Ali Pacha at Tripolizza, and who is thoroughly master of Grecian politics, will give his travels to the public? Report already whispers that they are in a state of preparation.

From Bathi (so called from βάθος, depth) our travellers proceeded in a boat to Aito, where are the ruins of a citadel, supposed by the inhabitants to have been the residence of Ulysses. At Dexia Mr. Gell thinks he has discovered the grotto of the Nymphs, though the positive testimony of Strabo, given in the reign of Augustus, is decisively against him. The aged neighbours profess to remember the roof of this cave perfect, though Strabo absolutely denies its existence in his time. It is not enough to say that 'Strabo appears to have been wretchedly misled by his informers on many occasions,' p. 46. It would surely be more easy to invalidate the testimony of the poet, than of Strabo, if such argument were necessary; in the present case it is sufficient to point out that the grotto of Dexia is most probably not the Homeric grotto of the Nymphs. From Mr. Gell's silence we suspect he never perused the Treatise of Porphyry on this subject. We had prepared a comment on the lines of Homer, Od. N. 103,

‘αγχοδι δ’ αὐτῆς, ἀντρον ἐπηράτον, ἡρώεϊδες,
 Ἴρον Νυμφῶων αἱ Νηϊάδες καλεοῦνται,
 ἐν δὲ κρήτῃρες τε καὶ ἀμφιφορῆες ἐασιν
 λαῖνοι ἐνθά δ’ ἐπεὶ τὰ τιθαῖ βωσσοῖσι μελίσσαι.
 ἐν δ’ ἴσοι λίθοι περιμνηκῆες, ἐνθά τε Νυμφαί
 φαρὲ ὑφαίνεσιν ἀλιπορφύρα, θάυμα ἰδεσθῆαι.
 ἐν δ’ ὕδατ’ αἰετοῦντα, δύο δὲ τε οἱ θύραι εἰσιν.’

when we found ourselves anticipated at the close of the volume (above the errata) by a satisfactory explanation of these lines in every respect, with the exception of the ἀλιπορφύρα, which were the incrustations of the green stalactites pendant from the roof, and which, if in any part they touched, or nearly touched the ground, might at their base be called ἴσοι λίθοι περιμνηκῆες. The circumstance of there being bees at present, and the appearance of two θύραι in the cave of Dexia, and that these *curious facts* tend to confirm the author's hypothesis, is truly absurd.

We now arrive at the house of Ulysses. This of course

(in his opinion) is the most interesting part of Mr. Gell's journey; and by far the most wild and strange castle in the air, that Necromancer ever raised. We shall make no apology for the length of the following extract, for in it is the *ne plus ultra* of conjecture, and the fairest criterion of the extravagance of hypothesis. After talking of Cyclopiian walls amongst the ruins of Aito, our author proceeds thus: (we omit much irrelevant matter)

‘The house, or palace of Ulysses had before it a paved, or level platform, and was easily distinguished by its magnificence from those which surrounded it.

‘It was enclosed by a great wall called τοίχος ἑρκησιος, in which were placed well-wrought folding doors. There was, nevertheless, a heap of manure at the gate, occasioned by the number of mules and oxen employed in the service of the palace, a mixture of grandeur and nucleanness which forms the most striking characteristic of the great houses of Greece at the present day. Dogs and pigs were also permitted to wander about the gates, and near them the faithful Argos expired at the return of his master. As the house must have been erected on the declivity, or edge of a hill, the platform in front of it was a terrace, and it is possible that the Θριγκος, which some have translated a hedge, but which is more properly a parapet, enclosed it. That the house was on the upper part of the hill may be argued from the circumstance that, from it the suitors were enabled to see the ship, which they had sent to destroy Telemachus, at the entry of the deep port, furling sails, and preparing to row to the shore.

‘Having passed the double gates, which, in places so situated as to render it practicable, were of size sufficient for the admission of carriages, a portico or peristyle presented itself,

forming round a court termed αυλης, which was hypæthral, and on the sides of which were ranged the apartments of the edifice. The gate was covered in, for the sounding or echoing entrance is often mentioned. It was secured by a lock, and the doors were tied together with a rope. Cattle, destined for slaughter, were tied to the pillars which were ranged to the right and left of it. Perhaps the gateway only was termed πριδρομος, as the name seems to imply a vicinity to the entry.

‘One side of the great court seems to have been occupied by the Thalamos, or sleeping apartments of the men, while those of the women were on the opposite side, and were shut out from the rest of the house by doors which were watched by Euryclea, the nurse of Ulysses; so that the women, though alarmed at the cries of the suitors, were totally ignorant of the cause which occasioned them.

‘The fourth side was the hall or banquetting room, the door of which opened into the court. That part of the peristyle nearest to the hall, was called *προθυρον* or vestibule. In it were seats, on which the suitors sate to enjoy the air, while they observed the athletic exercises in the courts. The great hall was entered from the vestibule passing over a threshold of stone, *which must have been more elevated than the floor of the chamber*; for Ulysses seems to have derived considerable advantage from the threshold during his contest with the suitors. Within the door the threshold was of different construction, for it is said to have been of ash, so that it is not improbable that what is usually translated the threshold, consisted of a few stone steps up to the door from the vestibule, with a landing place capable of containing four persons, whence there was a descent to the floor of the hall. The hall was of considerable magnitude, for it contained a great number of persons at a banquet.

‘In the exterior wall of the house, yet opening into the hall, was a postern, serving as another entrance to the room. It was much higher than the floor, at the end of the hall, and opened into a street, so that from it a person might be heard by the inhabitants of the town. It was termed *οπισθοθυρη*, and was, doubtless, either a door or window. It might be closed by means of a strong wooden door, which was constructed for that purpose. It was very near the great door and threshold of the hall, and if a postern, the same threshold served for both entrances. It follows, that the door of the hall was not in the centre, but near one of the angles of the room.

‘On that side of the hall opposite to the postern, was an opening into a staircase, which led to the Chambers or *Thalamoi* of Ulysses, and, among others, into that where the arms had been deposited. There was another entrance to the *Thalamos* from the court, and by that door Telemachus ascended to the armoury. It is not easy to determine how the floor of the hall was constructed, for if it were paved, it is strange that the head of Agelaus is said to roll in the dust!! *It is highly probable*, that the floor was composed of some species of plaster, for otherwise it would have been difficult for Telemachus to fix the rods or staffs which supported the rings during the contest of the bow, proposed by Penelope to the suitors!!

‘There was some degree of elegance and splendour in the furniture of the hall, *and the tables were cleaned with care*; yet the arms, and consequently the roof, were blackened with smoke. The weapons of Ulysses were either hung upon beams, or placed against pillars, *which appear to have supported the roof*.

‘It is very difficult to determine, whether these pillars were of timber or of stone; it is proper, however, to observe, that the word *κίλυ* is used by Ulysses in speaking of his own bed, where he says, the olive, which he wrought, was thick like a *κίλυ* or

column, a comparison totally inapplicable to a post or pillar of wood.

‘There is no mention of windows in the hall, and indeed the house is often said to be dark. The nuptial bed-chamber of Ulysses and Penelope *does not appear to have been occupied by the latter during the absence of her lord*. Penelope inhabited the upper part of the house (vulgo, the garret), for she ascended to her own rooms from the Thalamos (men’s rooms), which was, *probably*, but little elevated above the ground, *for no mention is made of an ascent to it*, the queen only passing over an oaken threshold.

‘The Thalamos, or rather its roof, was supported by an olive tree, which was left standing in its natural position, but which Ulysses himself had shaped and ornamented with ivory and gold. *It is but natural to conclude*, that the chamber where the bow of Ulysses was preserved, was the principal Thalamos of the house, not only from the circumstance of its being the *repository of his apparel*, but from the manner in which Penelope was affected by the sight of *the articles* it contained.

‘The palace of Ulysses contained also a bath, for bathing is frequently mentioned in the Odyssey, and there was a corn mill near the house, in which twelve women were employed. There was a building, probably within the court of the house, called tholos, of which the use does not appear from the poem. There was a narrow space between this building and the wall of the court, and here the concubines of the suitors were murdered by the order of Ulysses.’

We know not what the ingenious and facetious author of the disquisition on ‘Necessary Places of Retirement,’ might divine of this Tholos: certain it is, that in all this architectural display, one thing needful has been omitted; and, as we are told, there was (p. 68), a tholos in the grove of Esculapius, the god of physic, *might not* the little edifices built close to the waters at Harrowgate or Cheltenham, have taken the hint from tholoi of an early date, and, peradventure, Cyclopan?

This is precisely in our author’s manner of reasoning. We shall not delay our readers with any comment on the house of Ulysses; but we will put it to their common sense, whether, allowing that Homer had been poet laureat to the prince, he could in his poem have written so correctly an architectural strain as Mr. Gell has forced on him? Yet we have even now omitted some of the minutiae. In late ages, in the times of Theodosius, and of Arcadius and Honorius, it is certain, that divine honours were paid to Ulysses in Ithaca. But was there not also a temple dedicated to him at Lacedæmon? The termination of the

Odyssey, wherein it is represented, that they 'all lived very happy afterwards,' is supposed by some critics to be spurious. This conclusion, however, is too warmly insisted on by Mr. Gell, that his hypothesis may not be destroyed. His geographical positions with regard to Chelia, Same, and Dascalio, and the inferences he draws from them, are, no doubt, correct, as indeed we conceive the whole volume to be, except where fancy intrudes. We will trouble our readers with only one farther quotation, which appears in the form of a note, purporting to be Sir Harry Englefield's opinion about Corfu, Homer, and sundry other things. It was evidently introduced by Mr. Gell in the way of burlesque, to lighten the tediousness of a dull journal with a species of wit easily discovered and enjoyed by dilettanti readers. P. 75.

'It has been generally supposed, that Corfu or Coreyra, was the Phœacia of Homer; but Sir Henry Englefield thinks the position of that island inconsistent with the voyage of Ulysses as described in the Odyssey. That gentleman has also observed a number of such remarkable coincidences between the courts of Alcinous and Solomon, that they may be thought curious and interesting. Homer was familiar with the names of Tyre, Sidon, and Egypt, and as he lived about the time of Solomon, it would not have been extraordinary, if he had introduced some account of the magnificence of that prince into his poem. As Solomon was famous for wisdom, so the name of Alcinous signifies strength of knowledge. As the gardens of Solomon were celebrated, so are those of Alcinous (Od. 7, 112.) As the kingdom of Solomon was distinguished by twelve tribes under twelve princes (1st Kings, c. 4), so that of Alcinous (Od. 8, 390), was ruled by an equal number: *as the throne of Solomon was supported by lions of gold* (1st Kings, ch. 10), *so that of Alcinous was placed on dogs of silver and gold* (Od. 7, 91); as the fleets of Solomon were famous, so were those of Alcinous. It is perhaps worthy of remark, that Neptune sate on the mountains of the Solymi, as he returned from Æthiopia to Ægæ, while he raised the tempest which threw Ulysses on the coast of Phœacia; and that the Solymi of Pamphylia are very distant from the route. The suspicious character, also, which Nausicaa attributes to her countrymen, agrees precisely with that which the Greeks and Romans gave of the Jews.'

We might add, that the

* * * * *

'Alcinoïque

In cute curanda plus æquo operata juvenus,

were in all probability the young gentlemen of Solomon's court, undergoing the operation of circumcision! But we

should in vain task ourselves to find any parallel equal to those which Mr. Gell has so admirably exposed.

We must now hasten to a close. A few more pages, though he is occasionally mentioned, conclude the hypothetical speculations about Ulysses, and our author travels northward. An account of the Leucadian Promontory, and a pretty view of it, deserve notice. We have not leisure to wade through the disquisition about Asteris; if we had, we might, indeed, probably be sceptical enough to think, that Homer had no particular spot in his mind.

The Isthmus of Aito, or Eagle's-crag, divides Ithaca into two unequal parts. The southernmost, which consists of the region of Mount Stephano, has already been traversed by our author; and in that, generally, are the materials on which his visionary fancies build. The northern extremity of the island is the region of Mount Neritos, and from the portion of the work which treats of this, most rational delight will be derived. We have only time to attend our traveller to the most prominent features of the country. The views from the heights about the monastery of Kathara are beautiful, if not sublime. The Hegumenos, or superior of the convent, shewed his English guests the greatest hospitality. He is the keenest sportsman in the island, and courses with a peculiar breed of greyhounds, who are skilled in avoiding the many and dangerous precipices of Neritos. Pliny, the naturalist, has, in a manner unusual to himself, been led into a strange error, when he says in *Ithacam illati lepores moriuntur*. Of the same kidney is the vulgar error which denies that noxious animals can live in Ireland. The views at the mouth of the Achelous, and the changeable appearance, every step, of the Echinades, were enviable circumstances in this little tour. The panoramic views are indeed as well described and defined as possible, and the plates give excellent ideas of the whole country. The system of placing little birds over the spots described in the margin is far superior to the figures in the plates of our elder travellers. The birds, however, have one disadvantage, when they do not note an object on the horizon; for they leave us at a loss sometimes to discover the situation of places, or confound two or more in the same parallel, while the obtrusive one or two planted itself in a morass, or perched upon a tower, in the middle of the land, without ceremony.

The bell-tower at Kathara stands at a little distance from the monastery, and, by curious custom, it is saluted

by every vessel which has a cannon on board, when it passes the streight, while the Hegumenos returns the salute by a peal. On the journey to Leuka, the farm of Laertes is described, which of course brings on an architectural description of his house, which, it seems, was an 'oikos,' like a 'modern pyrgo,' and surrounded by a 'klision.'

At the distance of 3800 paces from Leuka, appeared the village of Stauro, where the people were dancing in the open air in celebration of the festival of the Ascension. At a short distance there is a small elevation of a rock, for what cause not now discoverable, even by the indefatigable Mr. Gell, called Homer's school. A sweet plate is dedicated to it: indeed, once for all, we cannot speak too highly of the beauty and apparent accuracy of these embellishments, which, in a peculiar style, combine all the delicacy of landscape with all the fidelity of a map. The Proto-Papas, or head priest of the island, conducted our travellers to Homer's school, and amused them at a spring near it, called Melainudros, with a legendary tale, purporting, that Homer recovered his sight by washing in this spring.

The next station was the monastery of Archangeli. Beyond this, a visit was made to Keramari, where there is a manufacture of pottery; and to Castelli, which appears to be a misnomer. From hence the party returned by Port Frichies, passing through fields of flax and corn spotted with olives, where they hired a boat, and sailed to the port and monastery of Maurona. From this point they descended to the large village of Chione, where 'a ship taking in a cargo of oil, occasioned some appearance of life and bustle on the shore.' From thence they proceeded in their boat 'to Bathi, doubling the cape of Neritus, called St. Elias.'

Here terminates the tour. Our objections to this work, to which, in our review of Mr. Gell's Greece, we shall probably have occasion again to refer, have already been started and discussed. There is too much enthusiasm of discovery, too much of the

— 'immundæ cura fidelis haræ!'

too much pride of conjecture to render it thoroughly interesting. The false taste of a member of the Dilettanti mingles too much with the sober research of a scholar. On the other hand, the style is free from inversion or affectation of any kind, the modern geographical positions are

laid down with great care and attention, and hope is excited even in the wildest surmise, that when Mr. Gell has pruned and chastised his poetical enthusiasm, he will prepare some national work on Grecian Geography and Antiquities, and grasp and embody by his faithful pen all those architectural remains which the sighing and slavish Greek now contemplates as the prey of some future Lord Elgin.

ART. IX.—*Memoirs of the latter Years of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox.* By John Bernard Trotter, Esq. late Private Secretary to Mr. Fox. London, Phillips, 1811, 8vo. 14s.

AS the appearance of this work will probably excite no small portion of curiosity, we determined to lose no time in laying a full and true account of it before our readers. We had ourselves hoped, that it would abound with much real information and many interesting particulars relative to Mr. Fox. But this information and these particulars will be found to bear but a small proportion either to the size or the price of the book; and, if Mr. Trotter had the means of learning the history and sentiments of Mr. Fox, which he professes, he certainly knew not how to make a good use of his opportunities. He has given us no heads whatever of Mr. Fox's conversations on various topics, political and literary, which are cursorily mentioned in this work. Did he want the memory to retrace what he heard, or the ability to report it? Many of the pages absolutely contain nothing but the froth of emptiness or impertinence. In a large part of the performance, Mr. Fox seems thrown into the shade, in order to bring Mr. Trotter himself into the fore-ground. Mr. Trotter has, indeed, spared no pains to render his own dear self a very interesting personage. He sits down before the mirror of his own conceit, and decorates the portrait of his sensations with all the tinsel of that *pretty* diction, which we should rather see confined to the novelists of the Minerva Press. Mr. Trotter is not certainly sparing of his panegyric on Mr. Fox; and for this we give him due praise, as far as it was the effusion of gratitude; but why should he make his eulogy a cover for the most groundless and malign insinuations against some of Mr. Fox's oldest, truest, and dearest friends? Is it, that Mr. Trotter thinks so highly of himself, that these friends are reviled for not thinking so highly of him as he

does of himself? Did Mr. Trotter think himself competent to fill the office of secretary of state after Mr. Fox? Is the sapling a great tree only because it has happened to be placed within the shadow of the oak? Are we to ascribe these memoirs to the operation of two feelings, vanity and resentment? Some persons have been disposed to trace the work to this origin; and others, by adverting to the title-page, have been led to imagine, that a sordid venality had some share in the manufacture.

After this preamble, we proceed to the book itself. The preface, like the rest of the work, is made up of incoherent and desultory observations, in a style of inflation resembling that of a puffing auctioneer. After sifting the preface from the chaff, which is the principal ingredient, all the grains of information which we can obtain from it respecting Mr. Fox, are, that he did not 'abstract himself from his family or ordinary society an hour, or a moment, for any preparation, when great debates were impending.' This may be true for aught we know; but to us it looks like exaggeration. There were many occasions, in which the previous reading of papers, the investigation of documents, &c. &c. were necessary. His dispatches are said to have been 'mentally composed before they were committed to paper, when he wrote or dictated them with great facility.' Mr. Fox is reported by Mr. Trotter to have known 'nothing, or very little, of geometry;' but 'about five or six years before his death, he expressed much regret at his ignorance of mathematics.' In this same preface, Mr. Trotter combats one or two observations of Lord Holland in his preface to Mr. Fox's history. One is respecting a point, about which my Lord Holland must have been much better informed than Mr. Trotter, the hesitating solicitude of Mr. Fox about the diction of his history. Mr. Trotter, on the other hand, says, that Mr. Fox composed his history as he did his dispatches, '*with facility and promptness.*' Now we happen to know, from a confession of Mr. Fox himself to an intimate friend, that when he began to write history, he found it laborious and difficult. He composed *with effort*.

Mr. Trotter talks, p. xx. of 'the circumlocution of Lord Holland.' Mr. T. would have done well to have corrected this error in his own work, before he adverted to it in that of another. Circumlocution is the leading feature of his '*memoirs*;' there is much talking about the subject, without ever coming to the point.

In the preface, as well as in the body of the work, Mr.

Trotter is a personage of no small importance. P. xix, he says, 'Mrs. Fox and myself uniformly joined in recommending retirement,' meaning from public affairs. Now it so happens, that Mr. Fox had actually retired before he knew Mr. Trotter. Mr. Trotter himself says thus much, p. 7. 'When I first had the happiness of knowing Mr. Fox, he had retired, in a great measure, from public life,' &c. &c.

In the second sentence of his 'memoirs,' Mr. Trotter professes to 'commence' with Mr. Fox's journey to France. We accordingly expect to find the carriage at the door, and the party ready to set out. But is it so? No; in the very next sentence, he professes to 'introduce to my reader an outline of the domestic life of Mr. Fox.' Does he do this? About five pages are first spent in abusing Mr. Pitt. But perhaps this may be a new and improved mode of describing the private life of a statesman by vilifying the public character of his adversary. At p. 7, Mr. Trotter does begin to say something about Mr. Fox's domestic life, but, what he then says, is only sterile commonplace, and vague and general remark, which might have been said as well and as characteristically by one who never knew Mr. Fox, as by Mr. Trotter, who professes to have known him so well. Take a specimen.

'His habits were very domestic, and *his taste for literature peculiarly strong, as well as peculiarly elegant.* His love for a country life, and all its simple and never fatiguing charms, was *great.*'

Indeed, Mr. Trotter, thou hast a happy faculty in painting to the life!

At p. 9, we are told, that 'St. Anne's Hill is delightfully situated,' &c. &c. Where could Mr. Trotter pick up this piece of recondite information? At p. 10, Mr. Fox's domestic life is forsaken, to make way for a glance on Irish affairs, &c.; but at the bottom of p. 11, we get again to St. Anne's Hill, which is 'delightfully situated.' Now at least we expect to be introduced to Mr. Fox's company, and to behold his good-natured face sitting in his arm chair. But be not in a hurry, gentle reader. Patience is a very good quality; and Mr. Trotter's book will furnish thee with plenty of opportunity for the exercise. Mr. Trotter must not only tell us, that he arrived at St. Anne's Hill, which 'is pleasantly situated,' safe and sound, but, that when he "first visited St. Anne's Hill, the *summer was yet young, * * * the flowers were redolent with sweets,*" and other pretty, very pretty things. Mr. Trotter is a

great enemy to *circumlocution*, and therefore he may very justly find fault with my Lord Holland for that defect. We proceed to the end of the first chapter, without finding a single particular about the domestic life of Mr. Fox, which the author set out with professing to describe. There is, however, no lack of froth and whip-syllabub, which, we suppose, was designed to benefit the taste of the circulating libraries.

Chapter ii. opens with better promise. It does tell us something about Mr. Fox. It informs us, that 'in summer he rose between six and seven, in winter before eight;' that

'after breakfast, which took place between eight and nine in summer, and at a little after nine in winter, he usually read some Italian author with Mrs. Fox, and then spent the time preceding dinner at his literary studies, in which the Greek poets bore a principal part. A frugal, but plentiful dinner, took place at three, or half past two, in summer, and at four in winter; and a few glasses of wine were followed by coffee. The evening was dedicated to walking and conversation till tea time, when reading aloud, in history, commenced, and continued till near ten. A light supper of fruit, pastry, or something very trifling, finished the day; and at half past ten, the family were gone to rest; and the next and succeeding dawn ushered in the same order and elegance, and found the same content, the same happiness, and the same virtuous and useful life.'

All this is very good; every minute circumstance respecting so great a man, is an object of curiosity and interest; but this is immediately succeeded either by sentimental affectation, or desultory and declamatory remark, and not unaccompanied with specimens of that egotism and self-conceit which are not very thinly sprinkled over a work which the author designs (see p. 17), to 'afford to posterity some means of appreciating the private character' of Mr. Fox!

At p. 19, we again get to St. Anne's Hill, 'which is pleasantly situated.' 'Happy,' says Mr. Trotter, 'were those evenings, when the instruction of the historian, the pointed remarks of the statesman, and all the ease and happiness of domestic society were united.' Now is it not a little extraordinary, that Mr. Trotter has not enriched his book with one of these '*pointed remarks*,' but, instead of them, has crammed page after page with his own obtuse and insipid declamation? One sheet, or indeed one page of Mr. Fox's '*pointed remarks*,' would have been worth

more than the largest volume which Mr. Trotter could write.

‘The occasional visits of men of talent and high character sometimes pleasingly interrupted the evening’s employment; but I have never seen Mr. Fox more *perfectly* happy than when *we were quite alone*.’ Who will say, after reading this, that Mr. Trotter is a bad hand at paying a compliment to himself? But, overlooking the *delicacy* of the compliment, what are we to think of the capacity of Mr. Trotter to write ‘Memoirs of Charles James Fox,’ without preserving one specific vestige of those Attic hours which this same Mr. T. according to his own account, enjoyed in more perfection than other men of the greatest talent and character in the country?

P. 22. ‘Though many estimable, and subsequently very elevated characters, visited at St. Anne’s Hill, I never liked it so well as when *we were quite alone*.’ A little egotism is pardonable in a person who was, for a short time, domesticated with so great a man as Mr. Fox; but then Mr. Trotter should not have loaded our stomachs with an overdose of this nauseating drug.

In 1797, while Mr. Fox was shooting, his gun burst and shattered his hand.

‘Mr. Porter (who was with him at the time), told me, that he manifested no impatience or apprehension, though the anguish he suffered must have been excessive: all the anxiety he testified, was, lest Mrs. Fox should be agitated and alarmed.’

At p. 24, we have a second breakfast, but as it is with Mr. Fox, we are not wanting in a second appetite.

‘At breakfast, the newspaper was read, commonly by Mr. Fox, as well as the letters which had arrived, for such was the noble confidence of his mind, that he concealed nothing from his domestic circle, unless it were the faults or the secrets of his friends.’ ‘He was rather averse to political discussion (with Mr. Trotter?) generally preferring subjects connected with natural history, in any of its branches; but, above all, dwelling with delight on classical and poetical subjects.’

We have, soon after this, another dish of Irish politics, when, at p. 30 and 31, we have more of Mr. Trotter’s dear self. Mr. Trotter ‘was wandering among the beauties of North Wales,’ when he received an invitation from Mr. Fox to accompany him on his tour to the continent. We must not omit to tell the reader, that ‘the sublime scenery of the interior of North Wales,’ ‘stamped by the hand

of a divine Creator,' 'had harmonized my mind, and prepared it for observation and reflection.' Mr. Trotter furnishes very convincing proofs of the mental harmony and the talent for observation, which he had acquired amidst the 'sublime scenery of Wales.' Before leaving Wales, however, Mr. Trotter tells us some news; that 'happiness is not to be found in crowds;' that 'grandeur dazzles;' and that 'sincerity is an humble flower;' with other pretty, very pretty things.

Mr. Fox's travelling party to the continent consisted of 'Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. (now Lord) St. John, and myself,' videlicet, Mr. John Barnard Trotter, the author of these memoirs, and, as appears in the sequel, as well fitted for a tourist, as any gentleman who ever wrote a description of the fashionable watering places. In their way to the coast through Kent, this agreeable *partiè carrée* stopt at my Lord Thanet's noble mansion, when Mr. Trotter remarks that to him 'there is always something *triste* in the large domains and palaces of great men in the country.'

In p. 36, c. iii. we at last behold Mr. Trotter (for he seems the most important personage in his own memoirs of Mr. Fox) safe on board the packet and passing 'through the glittering waves,' his 'mind suspended between various sensations and ideas.'

Mr. Arthur O'Conner accidentally arrived at the inn at Calais when Mr. Fox was there, and dined in his company. This circumstance was much misrepresented at the time by the malignity of party; and, as we are always happy to give praise where praise is due, we cannot refuse it to Mr. Trotter, for endeavouring on this occasion to rescue the revered memory of Mr. Fox from an unmerited aspersion.

As Mr. Trotter is very fond of adhering to the remark of Horace, '*sed nunc non erat his locus*,' he favours us in this part of the *Memoirs of Mr. Fox* with some very important geographical information respecting France. For instance, he tells us, p. 47, that 'the town of Calais is a considerable one;' that, p. 49, 'St. Omers is a large and melancholy looking town;' that, p. 66, the town of Lisle 'is large and handsome, though somewhat decayed,' &c. interspersed with the valuable remark, p. 64, that 'liberty is the cloudless jewel of life,' that 'commerce, when carried to excess, becomes pernicious and productive of ill consequences,' with a *pleasing interlude* about Charles the Vth, p. 75—78, and much other matter, equally necessary to elucidate the character of Mr. Fox.

If we were to stay to notice all, or even half of Mr. Trotter's impertinent digressions, we should not readily bring this article to a close. Though Mr. Trotter had such abundant opportunities of hearing Mr. Fox pour out the rich and varied stores of his conversation during his tour through the Netherlands and Holland, to the French capital, yet he has not recorded any of his remarks or sayings by the way. He has omitted to exhibit the pure and unalloyed gold of Mr. Fox's observations, to pester us with the scum and dross of his own little, and frivolous understanding. Mr. Trotter appears, in this work, like a man who is fond of being the King, or Cock of the company, and of hearing himself prate, while every one else is steadfastly mute. What would we have given if he had had only the portion of sense which belonged to Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, and chattered less himself, to let Mr. Fox talk more?

Mr. Trotter's account of Mr. Fox's circuitous route from Calais to Paris, occupies not less than one hundred and fifty pages of these pretended memoirs, and yet, in all this space, we hear Mr. Fox pronounce only one half sentence, at p. 187, when, on Mr. Trotter's comparing Bonaparte to Augustus, Mr. Fox said, 'Surely not so cruel.' This is literally the only original remark of Mr. Fox in this large portion of the work, and indeed almost in the whole book.

During the stay of Mr. Fox at Paris, when it would have contributed so much to the instruction and the delight of the public to have heard the easy, unpremeditated, undisguised sentiments of so great a man, on what he saw and heard, Mr. Trotter throws the hero of his *memoirs* far back into the shade, and steps forward, on every opportunity, to make a display of his own stale reflections, vapid descriptions, affected and sickly sensibilities. When Mr. Fox was recognized by the audience, on first entering the Parisian theatre, 'every eye was now fixed on him, and every tongue resounded Fox! Fox!' The emotion was general, and the whole audience rose from their seats. But Mr. Fox, who was so superior a being, that he loathed the ostentation of superiority, 'could not be prevailed upon to stand forward,' and act a part in this puppet-show of applause. Mr. Trotter seems to think that he was 'deficient on this occasion, in respect to the audience,' but we think that he shewed a proper deference both to the audience and to himself.

The St. Jerome of Dominicheno is said by Mr. Trotter
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to be the picture which Mr. Fox most admired at the museum of the Louvre. Mr. Fox prosecuted his researches in the French Archives for documents for his history, 'every day from eleven till three.' Whilst he employed his mornings in these investigations, he spent his evenings in instructive society, or in the rational and innocent amusements of the French capital. 'To the different theatres,' says Mr. Trotter, p. 228, 'we went constantly. These are extremely numerous, and the acting in all of them is good. In comedy, I thought the French actors quite inimitable.' * * * 'The French opera seemed to me so insipid, not to say disagreeable, that I had no wish to return to it.' Who ever wished to know any thing about Mr. Trotter's likes or dislikes, his sympathies or antipathies? But we are again attending to the impertinent egotisms of Mr. Trotter, which it is almost impossible to avoid, so thick are they strewn in every page.

At p. 251, we find Mr. Fox and his party at M. Talleyrand's, of which said M. Talleyrand, Mr. Trotter deigns to say, that he possesses great acuteness and pliability, and that he appeared to him, (that is to him, Trotter) '*a complete man of business.*' At p. 266, Mr. Fox is introduced to Bonaparte. Mr. Trotter says that when Mr. Fox's name was announced, Bonaparte 'was a good deal hurried,' and indicated 'considerable emotion.' He then gives Bonaparte's complimentary address to the British statesman: but he adds, that 'Mr. Fox said little, or rather nothing, in reply.' But something he certainly must have said, for Mr. Fox was not a man on such an occasion to stand staring like an idiot; and if Mr. Fox said but little, why is not that little recorded by the author of these memoirs? Mr. Trotter, after criticising in his way the physiognomy of Napoleon, &c. says, that he 'looked upon Bonaparte as a superior man, *born to command the destiny of millions;*' * * * but he adds, what is highly honourable to his intrepidity, 'His presence, however, *inspired me with no awe.*'

Mr. Trotter did not accompany Mr. and Mrs. Fox and some of their friends on a visit to the Abbé Sieyès, at his rural retreat, about twelve miles from Paris. Mr. Trotter however says, 'Mr. Fox seemed to consider him in a respectable light, but to entertain no very high opinion of him.' Surely Mr. Trotter did not learn this ambiguous and indistinct method of uttering an opinion from Mr. Fox.

We dined at M. Talleyrand's at Neuilly; we went between

six and seven, but did not dine till eight.' 'In the evening Madame Talleyrand's circle commenced.' * * * 'Madame Talleyrand maintained a good deal of state, and was attended, on entering the drawing-room, by two young females, elegantly clothed in white, and burning frankincense as she advanced.' * * * 'Mr. Fox alternately conversed or played at cards.' * * *

Mr. Fox is stated to have thought extremely well of the empress Josephine, and to have conversed with her with pleasure on botanical subjects. About this time Mr. Fox was urgently invited to an evening party at the celebrated Helen Maria Williams's, which his nature was too generous to decline, notwithstanding the obloquy to which he knew that it would expose him. But his mind was elevated above such pitiful considerations. They might be regarded as matters of moment by men of unstable virtue, and shallow understanding, but they were spurned by him.

We could not read the following without emotion, as we always sincerely admired the probity and lamented the misfortunes of the amiable character to whom it refers.

'We continued busily employed every morning in transcribing and reading at the office of the Archives; and, as we were never interrupted or disturbed, I was surprized one day by the door opening. A stranger of an interesting and graceful figure came gently in, advanced rapidly, and in embracing Mr. Fox, shewed a countenance full of joy, while tears rolled down his cheeks. Mr. Fox testified equal emotion. It was M. DE LA FAYETTE.'

* * *

Mr. Trotter then proceeds, in this, and another part of his work, to entertain us with some musty information about the life and adventures of M. de la Fayette, embellished with some very fine picturesque *verbiage* about America's 'stretching and unfolding her half-fledged wings,' &c. If Mr. Trotter had adhered to plain matters of fact, to accurate descriptions of what he saw, and to faithful reports of what he heard, without forcing his style into metaphor, overloading it with ornament, or making it nauseate with egotism and impertinence, he might have produced a most instructive and agreeable book. Whether the fault be with Mr. Trotter himself or with his adviser we cannot say; but this we must tell him, that, either from his own want of judgment, or from suffering himself to be misguided by some vile mercenary, he has made up a volume which is unworthy of the subject, and reflects discredit on himself. Mr. Fox saw General

Moreau at Madame Recamier's. In this place, as in others, Mr. Trotter, instead of giving any opinion of Mr. Fox on this distinguished character, thinks proper to intrude his own. 'His countenance, I thought,' says Mr. Trotter, 'denoted indolence, and his air had nothing martial or elevated. He struck me as inadequate.' * * * 'I discovered no talent nor energy.' * * * 'I could not bring myself to think him a great man.' Mr. Trotter is so great a man himself, that we are not at all surprised at his thinking General Moreau a little one.

After the levee, September 23, 1802, Mr. Fox dined with Bonaparte. Mr. Fox on his return related to Mr. Trotter a considerable part of his conversation with the then first consul on this occasion, every word of which, we suppose, that Mr. Trotter has, in the language of Peter Pindar, 'remembered to forget.' We are however told, what has long been matter of notoriety, that Mr. Fox 'did not doubt of his (Bonaparte's) sincerity as to the maintenance of peace.' Happy had it been for this country and for Europe, if our ministers had confided in Bonaparte's then pacific sincerity as much as Mr. Fox. The great nations of the continent would not, at this moment, have been prostrate at the feet of the French emperor. But Bonaparte has found the best auxiliaries of his ambition in the perfidy or the impotency of the old governments.

Mr. Fox and his party passed a week at La Grange, the country seat of La Fayette, about thirty miles from Paris. The generous host gave his English friend a kind and hospitable reception; but Mr. Trotter, though he is not sparing of his indefinite panegyric and his sentimental effusions, records no particulars of the visit, or of the moral, political, or literary discussions, which must have given wings of delight to the hours, when Fox became the guest of La Fayette.

Mr. Trotter left France a short time before Mr. Fox, and he was not domesticated with that gentleman again, till after an interval of three years. When the new ministry was formed in February, 1806, Mr. Trotter says, that Mr. Fox required his attendance. Mr. Trotter then proceeds to give us an account of his own ill presages with respect to the measures of his ministry, as well as those of the Dowager Lady Moira, the mother to the present benevolent earl of that name. On the above ancient lady, Mr. Trotter passes a most elaborate eulogy.

At p. 366, we find Mr. Trotter in London, and Mr. Fox

installed in office, 'looking remarkably well,' and exhibiting no tokens of that fatal malady which was so soon to anguish the affections of his friends, and to frustrate the hopes of the nation. His labours in office, which were accumulated into mountains by the negligence or the errors of his predecessors, certainly accelerated his decay. Mr. Fox

'went (to the office) generally at eleven, and staid till three: as long as his health continued good, he was active, punctual, and attentive in the highest degree. The foreign office now appeared in a different light from its semblance of an office under Mr. Pitt. That minister, who dictated almost every thing, had latterly brought government to the shape of an arbitrary regime, and left the person called foreign minister, little to do but copy dispatches. Mr. Fox gave that office a soul, and foreign courts very soon felt that an accomplished minister and statesman wrote the dispatches, sent to the English ambassadors abroad. His majesty, who was always extremely regular and punctual in the discharge of his own high duties, also perceived a difference, and said, "that the office had never been conducted in such a manner before," and expressed much satisfaction at Mr. Fox's mode of doing the business.'

Very contemptuous mention is made of the late Sir Francis Vincent, p. 372, 3, who was, we believe, much more the confidential secretary of Mr. Fox than Mr. Trotter himself; and, indeed, we never heard, that Mr. Trotter was placed in such a situation till we saw his book advertised. Mr. Trotter represents Sir Francis Vincent as a man attentive to minutiae, and 'very little qualified to appretiate the mind of Mr. Fox.' To this we shall only reply, that we wish Mr. Trotter had equalled the gentleman, whom he so glaringly underrates, in solidity of judgment. He would then have written a better book, and would not have deformed it with so much loose trifling, such coxcomical affectation, and so many impertinent digressions.

Mr. Trotter mentions nothing which occurred during Mr. Fox's short ministry, which has any peculiar value either from novelty or interest. In the beginning of June, he says, that he 'received a message from her (Mrs. Fox), requesting me to come to Mr. Fox, as he had expressed a wish for me to read to him, if I was disengaged.' This message does not appear to accord very well with the idea of his being 'private secretary to Mr. Fox*.' But not to

* See also p. 423, not very reconcileable with the same supposition.

dwell on this. When Mr. Trotter arrived, Mr. Fox requested him to read some of the *Æneid* to him, and desired him 'to turn to the fourth book.' This was his favourite book, as he thought that the passion of Dido was inimitably pourtrayed.

Before Mr. Fox was confined to his chamber, Mr. Trotter says, that he went several times to Holland House. The following, which is written with less affectation than is usual with Mr. Trotter, will be consequently more felt by the reader.

'He looked around him the last day he was there with a farewell tenderness that struck me very much. It was the place where he had spent his youthful days. Every lawn, garden, tree, and walk, were viewed by him with peculiar affection. He pointed out its beauties to me, and in particular shewed me a green lane or avenue, which his mother, the late Lady Holland, had made by shutting up a road. He was a very exquisite judge of the picturesque, and had mentioned to me how beautiful this road had become since converted into an alley. He raised his eyes on the house, looked around, and was earnest in pointing out every thing he liked and remembered.'

His illness rapidly increased, the pain which he suffered was great, but it made no change in the serenity or sweetness of his temper. 'The garden of the house at Stable Yard was daily filled with anxious inquirers.' 'General Fitzpatrick, Lord Robert Spencer, and Lord Fitzwilliam, almost constantly dined and spent the evening with him.' The Prince of Wales 'almost every day called and saw Mr. Fox.' The countenance of the prince was 'full of good-natured concern.' Lord Holland 'seldom left his uncle,' and his lordship's amiable sister, Miss Fox, was unremitting in her attentions on her beloved relative. More virtue and affection could not well be collected than crowded round the couch of the sick patriot, or breathed forth secret, but heartfelt supplications for his recovery. The man was not only venerated, but loved; and there was no need for hypocrisy or grimace.

As Mr. Fox's disorder increased, he saw fewer persons*, and he underwent the operation of tapping. Shortly after this, he was removed to Chiswick. Here, says Mr. Trotter, p. 425, he 'seemed to desire nothing but the society of

* We have not inserted what Mr. Trotter says of Mr. Sheridan's interview with Mr. Fox about this time, because it appears to us a misrepresentation. It is best known to the friends of the parties whether there were any such coldness between them as Mr. T. describes.

Mrs. Fox and myself.' Mr. Fox was, for a short and fallacious interval, benefited by the change of air and scene; but the disorder soon returned with redoubled violence. 'At this period, I well recollect his again recurring to the *Aeneid*, and I then read, at his desire, the fourth book two or three times.' * * * Mr. Fox again underwent the operation of tapping, but with very transient benefit. About this period, he had Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* read to him. Mr. T. says, that 'he shewed much partiality for Johnson.' 'I generally read to him till three or four in the morning.' * * * Mr. Trotter does not think, that 'till the last day, he (Mr. Fox), conceived himself in danger. * * * In the day he arose and walked a little, and his looks were not ghastly or alarming by any means. Often did he latterly walk to the window to gaze on the berries of the mountain ash, which hung clustering on a young tree at Chiswick-House: every morning he returned to look at it.'

We omit what follows in the novel style, about the 'morning breeze,' 'the golden sun,' &c. nor shall we stop to exhibit Mr. T. at midnight alone 'in the late Duchess of Devonshire's dressing-room,' 'the music book still open,' 'the night solemn and still,' when he 'stood scarce breathing, heard nothing, listened,' &c. &c. till we really thought that he was going to raise a ghost.

The digitalis appears to have been administered to Mr. Fox, after which, 'he grew alarmingly worse;' but no impatience was visible in his gestures, no complaint ever escaped his lips. Mr. Fox was a Christian in spirit, whatever might be his speculative opinions. '*I die happy*,' said he, fixing, again and again, his eyes upon Mrs. Fox.'

We believe, that we have comprised in this article every thing of any moment or interest relative to Mr. Fox which is to be found in these memoirs, and we have, at the same time, animadverted on some of the many extraneous particulars and numerous absurdities which Mr. Trotter has foisted into the composition. The work itself throws no new light on the character of Mr. Fox; but it certainly confirms the general opinion, that he was one of the most benign, open hearted, and amiable of men. He had none of the base and sordid passions of the professed politician, which have been so common in this country, as almost to make the name proverbial for every thing, that is corrupt in principle, abject in spirit, and mercenary in pursuit. He had none of the duplicity of the courtier, none of the craft, none of the place-seeking rapacity, and time-serving pusillanimity. He was no sycophant either in or out of power.

In every fortune, he walked firm and upright with the step of probity and truth, and never attempted to work his way by dark collusion or serpentine intrigue. In our Number for March, 1808, we attempted a slight sketch of his character; and nothing which we have read or heard since, has induced us to alter one sentiment respecting him which we then expressed.

We must not conclude our review of these *memoirs*, without saying something of the few letters of Mr. Fox, which are placed at the end of the volume, and are *intrinsically* worth more than all the rest. They are chiefly on literary topics, and are remarkable for the elegant facility of the composition. The character of Cicero has never been so nicely appreciated as in the following short extract from letter iii.

“ * * After all, he certainly was a man liable to be warped from what was right by fear or vanity; but his faults seem so clearly to have been infirmities rather than bad principles or bad passions, that I cannot but like him, and, in a great measure, esteem him too.”

Homer and Ariosto appear, from letter iv. to have been Mr. Fox's favourite authors. He was particularly delighted with the opening of the tenth book of the *Iliad*, ‘ which describes so forcibly the anxious state of the generals, with an enemy so near, and having had rather the worst of the former day. I do not know any description any where that sets the things so clearly before one.’ * * * Mr. Fox found the *Odyssey* ‘ pleasanter to read,’ than the *Iliad*. He thought some passages in Pindar of incomparable excellence, but the Theban bard sometimes appeared ‘ more wordy’ than he approved. He mentions Apollonius Rhodius as ‘ very well worth reading;’ but when he says, that ‘ he seems an author of about the same degree of genius with Tasso,’ we think, that he places Apollonius too high and Tasso too low in the scale of poetical excellence. Mr. Fox preferred both Ariosto and Spenser to Tasso. He says, that ‘ the brilliant passages are thicker set,’ in the works of Dante ‘ than in those of almost any other poet;’ but he notices the want of interest, occasioned by his desultory manner and the obscurity of his allusions. Mr. Fox, p. 512, expresses his opinion, that the English style of Blackstone is ‘ the very best among our modern writers.’ He admired Euripides more than the other Greek tragedians. Euripides appeared to Mr. Fox to exhibit ‘ more facility and nature,’ than Sophocles. Of all Sophocles’s

plays, he thought the *Electra* decidedly the best; the *Œdipus Tyrannus* was to him 'a disagreeable play.' If this sentiment be not echoed by the heart of every one who reads that tragedy, it must, we think, be constituted of very anomalous materials. Mr. Fox was enchanted with the *Alcestis* of Euripides. 'The speech,' says he, 'beginning *ω πολλὰ τλασα καρδια*, &c. is divine.' The melting tenderness of Euripides was probably what particularly caused him to be so highly valued by Mr. Fox, who had in his own nature much of the 'molle' and 'facetum' which Horace ascribes to Virgil. Mr. Fox, as we have seen above, was almost enthusiastically fond of the ivth book of the *Æneid*, which is more distinguished by the qualities of the *molle atque facetum* than any of the other books. But though Mr. Fox considered 'detached parts of the *Æneid* to be equal to any thing;' he was not insensible to its striking defects. 'The story and characters,' said he, 'appear more faulty every time I read it.' Of the character of *Æneas*, he remarks, that 'he is always either insipid or odious, sometimes excites interest *against* him, but never for him.'

From a notice under the 'errata,' we find, that Mr. Trotter 'meditates the plan of a work on THE ENTIRE PUBLIC LIFE OF MR. FOX.' We earnestly hope, that he will not persist in that design. He has neither sufficient grasp of mind nor solidity of judgment for such an undertaking. Let Mr. Trotter be satisfied with what he has already done for Mr. Fox, or rather for himself. This work will obtain for him a sufficient portion of *eclat*, but let him beware of heaping any more rubbish on the memory of the man whom he professes to revere.

We omitted to mention, that at p. 17, Mr. Trotter complains, that 'no monument yet marks a nation's gratitude' to Mr. Fox. Mr. Trotter, who reads so much Greek, might have recollected the remark of Pericles, in Thucyd. (2 lib. 43.) *Ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος*. 'The whole world is the tomb of the illustrious dead.' It is quite childish to whine, because no sculptured pile of marble or of brass has been erected to the memory of Mr. Fox. His name is committed to a more faithful guardian than the artificer in metal or in stone. It is entrusted to the Muse of History, who will cause his noble efforts for the maintenance of Liberty and of Peace to be inscribed in her most durable records, where it will be seen resplendent, when Time shall have left no vestige of all the monuments which were ever raised by Servility or Flattery to worthless ministers or to flagitious kings.

ART. X.—*Metrical Romances of the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries, published from Ancient MSS. with an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary. By Henry Weber, Esq. 3 Vols. price Two Guineas. Constable, Edinburgh. Murray, London, 1810.*

WE consider the national literature as much indebted to Mr. Weber for the publication of this collection; the more so, since, having been disappointed in his hopes of encouragement sufficient for the accomplishment of a much more extensive work which he had designed, he has nevertheless not suffered himself to be restrained either by apprehension or disgust, from effecting that part of it which appeared to be within his reach. We fully agree with Mr. W. if not in appretiating the actual intrinsic merit of these old romances so high as he is disposed to do, at least in assigning to them all the importance which he would claim in their behalf as illustrative of the taste and manners of our forefathers, and still more of the foundations of that language which they have handed down to us. On these accounts, we cordially unite with him in the hope, that he may yet be enabled to go through with his original plan, which (as he expresses it), was no less than

‘to rescue all the ancient English romances, or, at least, all those which merit preservation for any reason whatever, from their present precarious existence in manuscript, and difficult accessibility in public libraries, and thus contribute his share to what is so very desirable for the study of the language, a regular series of English metrical compositions, and to collect materials for some future compiler of that great desideratum, a dictionary of the ancient English tongue after the conquest.’

We will just suggest, in this place, whether, for the advantage of the unlearned reader, who, though he may be inclined, either from mere idle curiosity or from higher notions of information, to acquire some knowledge of the contents of these romances, must necessarily be deterred from commencing the examination by the difficulty and obscurity of the languages, it would not be expedient, in another publication of this description, to add a plain and close modern paraphrase at the bottom, or by the side of the original, page by page. The editor, by so doing, would undoubtedly secure a much more numerous body of readers, and probably of purchasers also, adding to the small class of virtuosi, who alone can relish or even understand a great part of these reliques in their antique garb,

the whole number of those who value such studies only for the light which they seem to throw on the history of national character, and the much larger mass of mere lovers of the fictitious and marvellous.

The first and most considerable of the romances in these volumes, is 'King Alisaunder,' a romance founded, as the title imports, on the real history of 'Macedonia's Madman,' but filled with such legendary and fictitious matter as may be supposed to have been necessary to render it palatable to readers of the middle ages. 'The extraordinary and chivalrous conqueror,' as Mr. W. rather extraordinarily terms him, who gives name to this composition, was, it seems, a very popular hero of romance. The literary history of those fables which, from the 11th to the 14th and 15th centuries, were successively engrafted on his legitimate annals, is curious and is well detailed in this introduction upon the authorities of Warton, Herbelot, and other antiquaries. 'The Father of Lies,' on this occasion, appears to have been one Simeon Seth, wardrobe-keeper to the Emperor Michael Ducas, who, about the year 1070, translated from the Persian a life of Alexander, which is well known to the literary world under the name, sometimes of Callisthenes, and sometimes of Antisthenes the Rhodian. A Latin translation of the Wardrobe Keeper's Greek Version, is noticed by Giraldus Cambrensis towards the close of the ensuing century, various editions of which have been subsequently published. In 1236, it was metrically rendered by one Aretinus Qualichinus. But, thirty or forty years previous to the last mentioned version, the subject had been more originally and classically treated by Gaultier de Chatillon, in his poem entitled 'Alexandreis.' Mr. Douce has enumerated in a note to the third volume of this work no less than eleven poets who have treated the same subject in the French language, and many more, Mr. W. says, may be added to the list.

'The great romance of Alexander was composed about the year 1200. One of the most perfect copies is preserved in the Bodleian Library, and yields, in point of magnificence and splendour of illumination, to very few MSS. From a hasty perusal, to which the editor was obliged to confine himself, it appears to contain about 20,000 lines, and to be divided into nine books. The verses are Alexandrines. The received opinion, that the name of this metre was derived from its being employed in this great work, has often been questioned, but never disproved.'

We cannot follow Mr. W. in his bibliographical inquiries

respecting the number of different MSS. of this work known to be still in being, and the several succeeding romances in the same language on the same or similar subjects. Mr. W. has not discovered any in Italian of earlier date than the 15th century. But there is one extant in Spanish, of the thirteenth, from which Mr. Southey has presented his readers with a specimen in the notes to *Madoc*. The Germans caught the infection which France communicated, more rapidly and extensively. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries abound with German almost as much as with French Alexanders.

There has several quotations from a *Scandinavian* history of Alexander. And, as I am informed by an ingenious correspondent, Anton-Maria del Chiaro, in his "*Istoria della Rivoluzione della Wallachia*," mentions one printed between the years 1688 and 1713, in the *Wallachian* language.

We now come to the English romances, the most curious of which (besides the one now given to the public) 'is contained in a volume printed by Alexander Arbuthnot, a copy of which (probably unique), is in the possession of W. Maule, Esq. of Panmore, M. P.' A short abstract of it is given in an appendix to this introduction, to which we shall do no more than refer the reader.

As to the identical work which has given occasion to the foregoing dissertation, we cannot do better than describe it in the words of our editor.

'We come now to speak of the "*Lyfe of Alisaunder*," now published, which, for many reasons, may be considered as the most valuable, as it is one of the most ancient of the English romances. Warton gave very numerous quotations from it, and pronounced, that it "deserves to be published entire on many accounts;" and Mr. Ellis, in his elegant specimens of the early English poets, also very strongly recommended the publication of it.

'There is no doubt, that few English romances can boast of a greater share of good poetry. The lines are less burdened with expletives, and exhibit far better versification than those of other poems of the time, and frequently possess an energy which we little expect. The descriptions of battles and processions, in particular is often animated to a degree which would not disgrace the pages of Chaucer, and for which we look in vain in those of Gower, Lydgate, and their contemporaries; and the short descriptions of nature, interspersed without reference to the subject, are frequently very delicate and beautiful. In order not to burden the present introductory pages with quotations from the work itself, I will confine myself to the two following

short passages, which will prove that the opinion of the old minstrel's poetical powers just given does not want proofs. The first gives an excellent account of the preparations before battle:

‘Mony stede there proudly leap:
 Stilliche mony on weop:
 The recheles and the proude song:
 The cowardis heore hondis wrong.
 There thou myghtest heore bere:
 Mony faire pencil on spere,
 Mony myght with helm of steil.
 Mony scheld y-gult ful wel,
 Mony trappe, mony croper,
 Mony queyntise on armes clere,
 The earthe quakid heom undur;
 No scholde mon have herd the thondur,
 For the noise of the taboures,
 And the trumppours and jangelours.’—V. 3411—24.

For lines equally spirited with the four last of this extract, we might search volumes of ancient poetry in vain. Alexander's camp in the night is thus splendidly described:

‘Before the kyng hong a charbokel ston
 And two thousande campes of gold and on,
 That casten also mychel lighth,
 As by day the sonne bright.
 The gleomen useden her tunge,
 The wode, aqueightte so hy sunge,
 To a twenty milen aboute
 Of barons and knyghttes lasted the route.’
 (V. 5252, 59.)

Mr. W. proceeds to inform us that this romance is ‘ unquestionably a free translation from the French,’ but that the name and quality of the author is very uncertain. He justly accuses Warton and Ritson of precipitation in adopting a supposed discovery of Tanner's, who has attributed the work to one Adam Davie, a contemporary of Edward the Second, upon evidence not even powerful enough to make it appear probable that he was the author. Two copies only (besides an inconsiderable fragment) exist in our public libraries. From that preserved in Lincoln's Inn, a transcript had been made with the design of publication, by Mr. Park, and was greatly enriched by the illustrations of Messrs. Ellis and Douce. But the intention was laid aside, owing to the extreme imperfections

of the MS. itself. These imperfections have been remedied to a great extent by Mr. W. out of the other MS. which is that in the Bodleian library, so that, to use his own words, 'the present edition is as perfect as the two existing MSS. could make it.' The notes of Messrs. Ellis and Douce are retained; and the reading of the poem (in length 8034 lines!!) is greatly facilitated by a division into twenty-six chapters, with a table of contents at the head of each, for which also the present editor is indebted to the first of the two gentlemen above mentioned. We will select the head-pieces of the five first, and of the four concluding chapters, in order to give our readers some idea of the manner in which history and fiction are intermingled, or rather the latter engrafted on the former, in this old legendary composition.

'The earth is divided by philosophers into three parts, Europe, Asia, and Africa. Of these Asia is the most considerable. To Asia we are indebted for the division of the year into twelve months, and of the zodiac into twelve signs, by means of which astrologers are enabled to look into futurity. A king of Egypt called Neptanabus was such a proficient in this science as to defy the power of all his neighbours, till at length a league was formed against him by thirty kings, under the direction of Philip of Macedon. Neptanabus discovering by magic that he should become the victim of this association, retires from Egypt in disguise, and conceals himself in the capital of his principal enemy. Here he professes the art of magic, and determines to revenge himself on Philip.

Philip, during his expedition into Egypt, had entrusted his queen Olimpias with the regency of his dominions. Neptanabus, seeing her at a solemn procession, becomes enamoured of her beauty, and gazes on her with so much eagerness as to attract her attention. She speaks to him. He retires in confusion.

'Olimpias sends for Neptanabus to a private conference. He declares himself to be an astrologer, and predicts to her, that she shall have a son by Ammon, who will on that very night appear to her in a dream. She doubts the truth of his prediction. Neptanabus retires, and has recourse to his incantations, in consequence of which, Olimpias dreams that the god has appeared to her in the shape of a dragon. She sends for the sorcerer who informs her that her vision will be realized on the following night. He assumes the appearance of the god, and enjoys Olimpias, who, believing him to be the messenger of the divinity, appoints him her chamberlain. The barons, perceiving symptoms of pregnancy in the queen, dispatch a messenger to Philip with an account of their suspicions.

'The queen, alarmed at her situation, applies to Neptanabus, who assures her that Ammon will protect her from the fury of Philip. He causes that king to dream a dream, which is explained to him by his wise men to portend the supernatural birth of Alexander. He returns to Greece, and questions Olimpias, who avows to him her secret intercourse with Ammon. Philip proclaims a festival, and summons all his nobles, for the purpose of laying before them the infidelity of Olimpias. Numerous prodigies, which are explained to portend the future greatness of Alexander. Neptanabus attends Olimpias, and indicates the most auspicious moment for her delivery. The birth and education of Alexander. A marvellous colt, named Bulsifal (*Bucephalus*) is brought to Philip. Alexander, while receiving a lesson of astrology from Neptanabus, suddenly throws him into a deep pit and breaks his neck. The sorcerer before his death, reveals to him the secret of his birth. Philip makes a sacrifice, and requests to be informed by the oracle whether Alexander or his other son Philip should be appointed his successor. The oracle replied that the crown is destined to the person who shall tame and bstride Bulsifal. Alexander alone atchieves the hazardous exploit.

'Alexander is knighted by Philip, and associated in the government. Immediately after the ceremony, he undertakes an expedition against Nicholas, king of Carthage. He disembarks in Africa, and meets Nicholas, who, after much offensive language, spits in his face. The two kings prepare for a general engagement.'

'Description of wonderful animals seen by Alexander in the course of his wars; the Cessus, the Rhinoceros, the Monoceros, the Catatheba, Emots, Dolphins, Crocodiles, &c. Alexander finds a curious volcano in Ethiopia; and proceeding toward India, passes the dominions of queen Candace, who sends him a declaration of love. Alexander thanks her for this declaration, but proceeds on his march. A famous modeller, who was one of Candace's messengers, takes a correct likeness of Alexander, without his knowledge, and carries it to his mistress. Alexander meets two old men, who direct him to the miraculous trees of the sun and moon. He goes to consult the oracle of the trees, and is informed of his future destiny.

'Alexander marches to the valley of Jordan, which he finds filled with adders and dragons. He suffers great distress; is relieved by the Seresys, a nation who are here described. Alexander arrives at Capias. The guides whom he takes here lead him into a desert, where he loses great part of his army from the attacks of wild beasts. He sends for fresh succours, and in the mean time, builds a city in the desert, which he names Alexandria. Porus emboldened by Alexander's distress, renounces his allegiance, and sends him a message of defiance.

Alexander answers by a challenge to single combat, which is accepted by Porus. Preparations for the battle.

Description of the combat, in which Porus is ultimately killed by Alexander, who takes possession of the throne. Candulake, a son of Candace, comes to request the assistance of Alexander against a tyrant who had carried off his wife. Alexander thinks fit to pass for Antigonus, and invests Ptolemy with royal robes. Ptolemy hears the complaint of Candulake, and directs the feigned Antigonus to redress his wrongs. The enterprise is successful, and Candulake returns to court to swear fealty to the king. Ptolemy now pretends a great curiosity to know whether the reports of Candace's beauty be not exaggerated, and directs Alexander (still under the name of Antigonus) to go on the embassy. He and Candulake arrive at the court of Candace, who instantly recognizes his person, and entices him to her bower and chamber, where he is induced to gratify her passion. Alexander is discovered by the younger son of Candace, and, returning to his army, marches to Babylon.

Antipater, who had been accused of mal-practices, and dreaded the just resentment of Alexander, resolves to poison him, and sends him a present of medicated wine. Alexander drinks it, and immediately perceives his death approaching. He swoons. Grief of his army. He makes a long speech to his generals, among whom he divides his dominions, and dies. Moral reflections with which the poem concludes.

The next of these romances is 'Sir Cleges,' of which Mr. W. knows but of one copy extant, in a folio MS. lately added to the Advocate's library, apparently of the 15th century. Its only claim to preservation, even in Mr. W.'s estimation, seems to be its extraordinary coincidence, in point of fable, with one of the tales in Sacchetti's Novellino (written about 1376). He thinks it probable that both the Italian and the English owed their origin to a French Fabliau. The MS. from which it is taken is imperfect, and Mr. W. has made trial of his ingenuity in supplying the defect by an original supplement.

'Lai le Frain' is a relique of a more interesting nature. The reader of Mr. Ellis's metrical romances is already acquainted with the subject of it, which is founded on the same tradition as the well known story of the origin of the Guelphs. 'the only existing copy is in the Advocate's library.' It is imperfect, and the editor has here also supplied its defects by a few lines versified from the French of the Norman Poetess, 'Marie de France,' which was the original of the English romance.

'Richard Cœur de Lion' occupies almost as considerable a space in the second, as 'Alysaunder' in the first volume. Mr. Ellis gives a high character to the romance, but not higher than it appears to deserve.

'If merely considered as a poem,' he says, 'this romance possesses considerable merit. The verse, it is true, is generally rough and inharmonious; but the expression is often forcible, and unusually free from the drawling epithets which so frequently annoy the reader in the compositions of the minstrels. As recording many particulars of the dress, food, and manners of our ancestors, it possesses rather more claims on our curiosity than other romances of the same period, because it was compiled within a very few years of the events which it professes to describe.'

There is no doubt, it seems, that it was in existence before 1300, and Mr. Ellis fixes upon the reign of Edward I. as the most probable period of its first appearance. Of the copies now existing (all of which are imperfect) the MS. in Caius College library is the fullest; and from that, 'supplied in one place from Mr. Douce's fragment, and in three others from the printed copy, by Mr. Ellis, who kindly permitted the editor to re-transcribe it, the copy in the present work has been printed.' 'According to Warton, there are three printed editions of this romance, one in 8vo. by Winken de Worde, in 1509; another by the same in 4to. 1528, and a third without date, by W. C.'

'The life of Ipomydon,' and 'Amis and Amiloun,' are also comprised in the second volume. 'The Proses of the Sevyng Sages,' (commonly known by the title of 'The seven wise masters,') 'Octovian Imperator,' 'Sir Amadas,' and 'The hunting of the Hare,' form the contents of the third. The names of most of these are already familiar to the readers of Mr. Ellis's specimens; and there are few who would wish to know more of them than can be collected from that very amusing and elegant publication. This, however, we say without any intention of retracting what we before advanced respecting the utility of the present publication, or our earnest hope that its editor may meet with all the encouragement which he desires, towards a continuation of his labours. His promised 'History of the German Poetry of the middle Ages' is, at all events, what we impatiently look forward to, in the hopes of its tending materially to supply what has long been a lamentable void in our national literature.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

LXX. 11.—*The State of Morals in a Sea-port, a Sermon preached at the Holy Trinity Church, Kingston-upon-Hull, December 4, 1808, for the Benefit of the Vicar's School in Hull. By the Rev. Richard Patrick, A.M. Vicar of Sculcoates. Hull, Ferraby, 1809.*

THERE is an air of affectionate earnestness in this sermon, which is honourable to the feelings of the writer. He pleads the cause of the uninstructed poor of the town of Hull with force and tenderness. We only wish that he had dealt more in particular details than in general remarks, and thus have furnished a faithful picture of the morals of a sea-port. Mr. Patrick ascribes, and, we believe truly, part of the dissipation which he laments to the dereliction of a custom which formerly prevailed in Hull. 'In our times,' says he, 'few naval apprentices sleep in the houses, or eat with the families of their masters. They are strangers to their roof, to their protection.' Hence they are apt to acquire, at a very early period, loose and disorderly habits, and they have not the great benefit of a sober regular, and industrious family constantly before their eyes. Virtue, like vice, consists in habit; and example has always great influence in forming the habits of youth. The imitative propensity is then more strong, and the susceptibility of impressions more fresh and retentive. But, as Mr. Patrick says, 'It is difficult to induce families to reverse their modern and modish habits.' Mr. Patrick mentions one fact, which, we trust, will, in the end, effectually counteract the profligacy which he deplores.

'It appears,' says he, p. 20, 'from our parochial registers, that from the year 1630 to 1750 not one inhabitant in an hundred was taught to write; in the present year half of our citizens can write, and two-thirds can read.'

By diminishing the sum of ignorance, we must ultimately diminish that of vice, and its consequent wretchedness. Vice is more the product of ignorance than is commonly imagined, and it appears to us a vain and fruitless effort to endeavour to prevent the spread of vice without first narrowing the area of national ignorance.

POLITICS.

ART. 12.—*The Oriental Exposition; presenting to the United Kingdom an open Trade to India and China.* By S. Waddington, Esq., London, Sherwood, 1811, 8vo. pp. 184.

MR. WADDINGTON begins his work with ‘extracts from journals of the houses of parliament, and other state papers,’ &c. In p. 28 of these extracts, Mr. Waddington inserts what is called ‘the golden speech of Queen Elizabeth to her last parliament, Nov. 30, 1601.’ We have compared this speech which Mr. Waddington has copied from a ‘Collection of State Papers,’ with that which is printed in Cobbett’s parliamentary History, vol. 1. p. 940—2, and we find the last more full and accurate. If Mr. Waddington had turned to the speech of Mr. Secretary Cecil, Nov. 25, 1601, on the speaker’s acquainting the House of Commons with the queen’s order that the monopolies should be revoked, he would have found that great statesman saying, amongst other things, that

‘There is no patent, if it be *malum in se*, but the queen was ill apprised in her grant. But all to the generality be unacceptable. *I take it, there is no patent whereof the execution hath not been injurious. Would they had never been granted! I HOPE THERE SHALL NEVER BE MORE.*’

To this patriotic wish all the house said AMEN. Perhaps it might have been better for the country if this ‘AMEN’ had never been unsaid. Every monopoly appears at first sight to be ‘*malum in se*,’ or bad in principle. The principle always seems a sacrifice of the general good to the private good of individuals. But yet so strangely are general principles often affected by certain combinations of circumstances, that we can conceive several cases, in which monopolies may be beneficial not only to the individuals immediately concerned, but to the community at large. This may probably have been the case with respect to the original monopoly of the East India Company. In the comparative infancy of British commerce, the capital of individuals was insufficient for great and extensive projects of commercial adventure, which could not be accomplished without the united resources of a chartered company. But if this were the state of things, one hundred and fifty, or two hundred years ago, the case is entirely altered when individuals have capitals equal to any undertaking. When the capital of individuals is thus large, it seems no longer wise to throw any obstacles in the way of individual competition. And one striking reason why the present monopoly of the Indian trade should be removed is, that it operates to the prejudice only of British subjects: for three-fourths of the trade itself have been suf-

ferred to be absorbed by foreigners, particularly Americans. And many of these Americans, owing to a strange solecism in politics, have actually enriched themselves by trading to India, with capital borrowed of British merchants, whilst those merchants themselves have been most invidiously excluded from all participation in that very trade which foreigners have thus successfully prosecuted with British capital. The jealousy of the East India Company has been particularly shown to their own countrymen, who cannot even set a foot in the precincts of their commercial domain without special permission; whilst foreigners have been suffered to revel in all the luxury of this attractive commerce, and to proceed to and from the Peninsula of Hindoostan without molestation. This is much the same as if a man should shut his doors against his own famished relations, and suffer every needy stranger, who chose, to come and feast in his larder. Many of Mr. Waddington's 'extracts' tend to shew not only the prevailing sentiment respecting the nature of monopolies, but the gross bribery to which the India Company have at different times resorted to prevent a repeal of their charter, or to procure a continuance of their exclusive privileges. Mr. Waddington has at the same time not neglected the opportunity of exhibiting various traits of parliamentary corruption, &c. in instances not connected with the immediate subject of his work. Thus at p. 48—53 we have extracts, which contain much *curious matter*, from two discourses of King William to his Cabinet Council, taken from Lord Somers's State Papers. In these extracts King William talks of overawing the country by foreign mercenaries, of *setting up his title of conquest*, and of taking money out of the pockets of his people, *where he might see fit*, without first obtaining the consent of parliament, &c. After having produced what Mr. Waddington calls his 'data,' he proceeds to make his 'observations and deductions.' Some of these, like the preceding extracts, have not so close a connection with the subject as might have been wished. The following are Mr. Waddington's '*Deductions*:'

"That *exclusive* privileges are incompatible with the principles of a free people, and with the spirit of the GREAT CHARTER.

"That those enjoyed by the honourable East India Company, were, until the reign of William III. obtained of princes by the most flagrant corruption.

"That, previous to such reign, this company applied to, and received the sanction of, the infamous Judge Jeffreys.

"That their first act of parliament (1693, 5th of William III.) appears to have been obtained through the medium of bribes, conveyed to the members of both houses of parliament.

"That their charters, subsequently obtained, attract towards

the legislature *the most vigilant suspicion* of a free people; especially when it is recollected, that their representatives, before the revolution, invariably protested against all *exclusive* grants, as "incompatible with their principles."

"That the last of them, the charter of 1793, appears to have been substantially forfeited, on the part of the honourable the East India Company."

ART. 13.—*The West Indians defended against the Accusations of their Calumniators; or Facts versus Prejudices. By a Gentleman.* London, Mawman, 1811, 8vo.

WE are the last persons in the world who would countenance any calumnies against the West India planters, or any other order of men, whether black or white, bond or free. We know that Calumny is heedless of Truth, and callous to Shame; and that it will scruple no assertion by which it can gratify its malignant propensities. The case of Mr. Hodge, instead of being any thing like a general exemplification of the conduct of West India planters to their slaves, is, we believe, a perfect anomaly to such conduct; and the trial of Mr. Hodge proves, that slaves are not placed out of the protection of the law, and that they cannot be mal-treated with impunity.

We are willing to allow to the author of this pamphlet that the condition of Negroes in the West Indies, is, in respect to lodging and sustenance, preferable to their situation in their native country. But still we maintain that liberty is more valuable than either food or raiment; and that life is more estimable with the single blessing of personal freedom, than servitude with every accommodation which civilized society can afford. We are willing to concede to the author of this pamphlet, who has quoted various travellers in support of his assertions, that the Negroes often experience the most horrid barbarities in their own country; that their lives are at the mercy of their chieftains, or conquerors, that there are instances in which their carcases have been cut up and exposed for sale, like meat in Leadenhall market, that the walls of some regal mansions (p. 11) have been constructed with human skulls, that human skulls have been used for paving the court yards of princes; that, in short, the severed heads of men, women, and children, have been regarded as the highest embellishment of the Corinthian capital of African architecture. And, at the same time, we feel no reluctance to assent to the opposite points of the author's statement; that, for instance, the Negroes in the West Indies are in the great majority of instances, treated with the utmost possible indulgence; that they are not over worked, like hack-horses in England; that they have sufficient intervals of recreation; that they have comfortable dwellings; that they can rear pigs and keep poultry; that their gardens are well

stocked with pulse, vegetables, and fruit; that they are assiduously attended in sickness and liberally maintained in old age. All this, great as the concession may seem, we are willing to allow to the author of this pamphlet; and yet we deny, that we have any right to make men slaves, even in order to better their condition. The principle itself is so contrary to every moral notion, that it cannot, for a moment, be endured, whatever may be the physical advantages which the slave on the sugar plantations in the West Indies, may possess over the free man in the African wilds. There is one great maxim to which nations and individuals ought inseparably to adhere: that is, '*never to do evil even that good may come.*' If we once think, that *in any circumstances, or under any pretexts*, we are authorized to transgress this rule, there is no enormity of which we may not readily either extenuate or justify the perpetration. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for this pamphlet, has supported his argument by texts taken from the Old Testament. The same authority might be perverted in the same manner, to vindicate polygamy and other aberrations from our present moral code. But we are to consider, that slavery is totally abhorrent from the benevolent precepts and essential spirit of the gospel; and that it is not to the law of Moses, but to the commands of Christ, to which our obedience is due.

POETRY.

ART. 14.—*Poems, by D. P. Campbell.* Inverness, Young, 1811.

THESE poems are dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of Gordon, and the preface is written by the publisher, Mr. Young, of Inverness, who, very much to his credit, has taken the young writer by the hand, and introduced her to the notice of the world, from one of the best of motives, viz. because she was in distress, and because her modest and retiring merit was ill calculated to promote her interest, as an authoress. This young lady, who is only seventeen years of age, did not write with the intention of publishing, until the exigencies of a numerous family (of which she is eldest), induced her to offer these effusions of her genius to Mr. Young for any trifle he was willing to bestow. Mr. Young being, as he says in his preface, 'struck with the beauty and simplicity they possessed, and feeling for the helpless situation of one who seemed so unconscious of their value,' published them by subscription for the sole benefit of the authoress. For this friendly act, we trust, that Mr. Young will meet his reward; and, that Miss Campbell has already found the good effects of Mr. Young's support, we are happy to be informed. The contents of this little volume certainly do great credit to the young authoress, especially when we consider the very few advantages her genius could have had in a region so remote as

the Shetland isles. A melancholy tenderness and pleasing simplicity run through these poems, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the reader, who will not fail to approve the warmth of heart and delicacy of feeling of the young and amiable writer. These generally characteristic excellencies make ample amends for any of the little faults so incidental to small detached pieces, which, in order to be rendered perfect, require more assiduous polish of style and elaborate nicety of diction than could be expected from one of the age and in the circumstances of Miss Campbell. Mr. Young should have inserted some London bookseller's name in the title-page of the volume, as the interests of the young lady might have been materially advanced by such an addition.

ART. 15.—*Poems on various Subjects, including a Poem on the Education of the Poor, an Indian Tale; and the Offering of Isaac, a Sacred Drama.* London, Longman, 1811, 8s.

THE author, in his advertisement, says, that he ‘offers no excuse for the following publication, as he thinks that which needs an excuse, had better be consigned to oblivion.’ We think so too; and could go still further, and say, that if oblivion had been the lot of ‘*The Offering of Isaac*,’ &c. &c. we do not think any *body* nor any *thing* would have been *materially hurt* by it. He proceeds to say, that

‘to candid and liberal criticism he shall feel himself greatly indebted,’ (we could wonder what this gentleman’s standard of criticism is!) ‘and is fully convinced, that from the hands of the leading reviews, he shall (if they deign to notice his work), receive the utmost candour. At the same time, he is certain, that the shafts directed by the hand of illiberal prejudice will recoil on the critic,’ (poor devil! the critic, we mean); ‘nor ever wound their intended victim.’

What a pretty innocent! It is truly amusing to read the various advertisements, prefaces, dedications, &c. which are attached to works of this kind. The prevailing fashion is, to try with a little flummery to make friends with the reviewers, that they may, in return, give a modicum of praise to the trash which poets and poetesses, &c. &c. obtrude upon the public. If they fancy that is not quite so easy, they assume a pompous arrogance, and after talking of liberal and illiberal criticism, candour, and prejudice, &c. they throw up their nose in a minx-like tiff, talk of *envenomed shafts recoiling*, or like a rude and disappointed child, cry in the height of their pet, *I don’t care*. But why say any thing about their hopes and their fears? It is making a fuss about trifles, that are not worth a thought, and had better have been, as the author shrewdly intimates, *buried in oblivion*.

The first poem is on the Education of the Poor, addressed to

Mr. Lancaster. This production, we are told in a note, was 'written originally, at the age of fourteen,' and was soon after printed by some of Mr. Lancaster's friends. It was then inserted in the *Statesman*. The present poem, it seems, is very much altered, but whether improved or not, we are unable to say. If a youth of fourteen wrote the one or any part of the one before us, we hesitate not to say, that it was, considering the age of the writer, an effort of extraordinary ability. Nor must we refuse the author our meed of praise for the warmth and zeal which he displays in the same note on the noble and praiseworthy exertions of Mr. Lancaster and his excellent system of education, which we are happy to find extending itself over the kingdom. The other poems are all very well in their way, and were written, no doubt, with very good motives; but we must own, that they do not rise above, even if they come up to mediocrity, and certainly are very unworthy of the fine affected flourish in the advertisement. Nor do we conceive, that poems on every day occasions and written in every day rhymes, need have the dignified appendage of notes, to explain what every body knew before the author of poems on various occasions could spell T-O, T-O. But every body has a right to please themselves, and the author had a right to make his little book look like a book of *no small consequence*.

ART. 16.—*A Sequel to the Poetical Monitor, consisting of Pieces select and original, adapted to improve the Minds and Manners of Young Persons. By Eliz. Hill. London, Longman, 1811, 3s. bound.*

THE following is a specimen of the original, or, at least, anonymous pieces in this sequel to the *Poetical Monitor*.

' SUPERSTITION.

' FANCY! who lov'st thy magic forms to throw
O'er the weak mind, when darkness reigns below,
Aided by thee see Terror lifts his head,
And leaves the dreary mansions of the dead;
In shapes more various mocks at human care,
Than ere the fabled Proteus us'd to wear:
Now in the lonely way, each traveller's dread,
He stalks a giant shape without a head:
Now in the haunted house, his dread domain,
The curtain draws, and shakes the clinking chain;
Hence fabled ghosts arise, and spectres dire,
Theme of each evening tale by winter's fire,
With groans of distant friends affrights the ear,
Or sits a phantom in the vacant chair;
Now in wild dreams the anxious mother moves,
Or bids fond virgins mourn their absent loves.
Sylvia in vain her wearied eyes would close,
Hark! the sad death-watch clicks—adieu repose!

The distant owl, or yelling mastiff-neat;
 Terror still vibrates on the listening ear,
 And bids the affrighted Sylvia vigils keep,
 For FANCY, like MACBETH, has murdered sleep.'

ART. 17.—*Poems, by Lieut. Charles Gray, of the Royal Marines.*
 London, Vernon, 1811, 12mo. 6s.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES GRAY appears to be very fond of retirement, if we may believe the first poem in this volume, which is devoted to that subject. He celebrates the felicity of retirement with much more *gout*, than is common with gentlemen of his profession, who generally prefer the noisy tavern and the crowded ball-room to the 'branch-roofed tangled solitude,' for which Lieutenant Gray has so often sighed whilst tossed on the ocean on board his majesty's ship *Unité*. The lieutenant is, nevertheless, not one who thinks it good for man to be alone, and he accordingly wishes for a fair nymph, whom he calls by the truly pastoral name of *Delia*, to be the companion of his retirement. This lady is complimented as being

* * * 'Sweet as the breath of rosy morn,
 Or silver dew-drop pensile on the thorn.'

The lieutenant adds, with fervent sincerity,

Oh! would but heav'n with bliss my wishes crown,
 That I might call the charming maid mine own.
 And, ere old age my frame hath rendered weak,

* * * * *

The gallant author, whilst on board his majesty's ship *Unité*, is such a rustic enthusiast, that he talks, p. 6, of the lark *sitting and carolling in an amber cloud*, and of *cowslips*, which, according to him,

* * * 'On the crag's rude ruffian side,
 Peep from the cliffs and shew their pretty pride.'

Some of the lieutenant's poems are in the Scottish dialect. In one of these, which is addressed to Mr. David Sillar, a friend of Burns, he says very *elegantly*,

'Will Burns' late frien' an' bosom cronie
 List to my lays, tho' far frae bonnie?
 Will he, wha lives fu' cuth an' snug,
 To a poor Wand'rer *lend his lug*?'

We cannot conceive what the writers of Scotch verse would do without this tender voluble word 'lug,' which so readily serves to fill up the vacuum of a rhyme to any word ending in *ug*. We cannot, however, much commend the humane consideration of those who use it, for the lugs of the reader. From the epistle to

Mr. David Sillar, we are sorry to find, that our poetical marine officer is only attached to the briny element by constraint, as he says, in a style at once highly poetical and military,

' For, gin I cou'd but better do,
Saut water ne'er shou'd weet my shoe.'

Some of Lieutenant Gray's best lines are, nevertheless, in this same epistle to Mr. David Sillar, and they are in modern English, in which, we think, that every Scotchman ought to write who wishes what he writes to be generally read. The lines to which we allude, are the following, and though they contain nothing novel either in imagery or sentiment, they are far from contemptible.

' When storms arise, and wild winds blow,
We often "stagger to and fro;"
Oft, while the sons of lux'ry sleep,
We "view the wonders of the deep;"
When o'er our heads fly dark thick clouds,
And howling winds roar thro' the shrouds,
The vessel hangs high on the wave,
Then sinks—as in a yawning grave;
Anon she mounts,—and reels amain
On the huge wave—then sinks again;
When billows threaten to oe'rwhelm
The seamen at the guiding helm,
With steady care the ship control,
So firm and dauntless is each soul!
Oft, in its drearest darkest form,
Have I enjoyed the rising storm;
Beheld the waves roll mountain-high,
Commix with clouds, and cleave the sky;
The mind then quits mean things below,
And feels devotion's warmest glow;
Upward the raptured soul ascends
To him, who rides on viewless winds,
Who bids the raging ocean roar,
And foaming lash the rocky shore;
Who sends the whirlwind fierce abroad,
And stills the tempest with a nod!

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*Frederick de Montford, a Novel, 3 Vols. By the Author of the Pursuits of Fashion.* London, Ebers, 1811.

THIS lively performance appears to have been written as a kind of satire on Self Controul, or, at least, it seems intended as a contrast, to shew, that there is a possibility of a young man, who has run into folly and even into vice, finally becoming an

amiable, good, and even useful and respectable character; and that his reformation may be not only aided but confirmed by cherishing a virtuous passion for a female who will *forgive* and *forget* his former errors. Such a female does more by leading him into the right road by an attractive gentleness of disposition and manner than by quoting Scripture, and putting up prayers for his soul, and nevertheless leaving him unaided to recover the path of virtue from which he had inconsiderately strayed. Two characters in this work are very well imagined. Frederick de Montford, a hot-headed, but brave young man, is, through his thoughtless follies and fashionable vices, driven to the edge of a precipice and almost plunged into ruin by the wild impetuosity of his passions. But, through the interposition of a friend, he is made to pause in his career of vice, and the timely forgiveness of the woman he loves, reclaims him from the fatal path of sensual dissipation. By her singular gentleness and amiability, she makes him as much in love with virtue, as he had before been fascinated by debauchery! The other character in this novel shows, that the timely assistance of an amiable sister may do as much in bringing back the sinner to repentance, to peace and happiness, as when the victim of folly is entangled in the net-work of Cupid. There is nothing particularly new in the *dramatis personæ* of this novel. It exhibits three amiable and beautiful girls, as many brave and impetuous youths, some of whom are too fond of *Arthur's round table*, but brought back to reason by a little wholesome adversity and the timely admonitions and love of the aforesaid lovely damsels. We have, besides, a dashing woman of quality, and a gambler who takes every advantage of picking the pockets of his friends, with a worthy baronet, whose benevolence and affection make all parties happy at last.

The attachments between the lovers are carried on in a plain straight forward manner. There are no by-paths and crooked ways, no elopements, no violent seizures on the persons of contemplative and moon-light walking young ladies; no affectation, no prudery, no praying hypocrisy; all is rational, cheerful, and spirited. There are some pointed remarks and some good humoured ridicule on the fashionable follies of the day, with a true picture of an unfeeling jockey, which may afford our inconsiderate youth a good specimen of gambling friendships. The following letter from a noble lord, is but too true a copy of a demand for a debt of honour, and a model of the gambling slang.

‘MY DEAR ARBUTHNOT,

‘I was *cursed* disappointed at not touching the *ready* I hit you for the other night. I am the last person, I flatter myself, to hurt a fellow's feelings—but hate, I own, playing on I. O. U. terms. I like *stumpy down upon the nail*, that's my idea.—“*Settled scores heal all sores!*” say the Newmarket rhymes—

and so say I.—*Short accounts make long friends!*—that's my idea, *damme!* I don't mean to distress *you* though, but enclose a bill at three weeks; which please to accept, with interest, and return by bearer.—By the bye, should have no objection to take your Deucalion colts (though they have *cursed* bad legs to be sure) in part of payment.—Should not mind giving about eighty for the three. Perhaps we may *make a deal*.

Believe me, dear Arbuthnot, with sentiments of sincere regard, your's most affectionately,

LOWTHORPE.

'P. S. Servant waits for the bill.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 19.—*Modern Europe in Miniature; containing a concise Account of the Empires, Kingdoms, and States, in that Quarter of the Globe; designed for the Instruction of young Persons, and as a Book of Reference in reading the political Occurrences of the Times.* By George Richard Hoare, private Tutor. London, Dutton, 1811, 12mo.

MR. HOARE says that his only aim in the present work is to supply that information respecting the recent alterations in the state of Europe, which previous works do not contain. This aim appears to be accomplished.

ART. 20.—*The new young Man's Companion; or the Youth's Guide to general Knowledge: designed chiefly for the Benefit of private Persons of both Sexes, and adapted to the Capacities of Beginners. In three Parts. Part the first contains Directions for Writing, for making a Pen, for holding it, &c. for making Ink, Spelling, English Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Composition; Directions for inditing Letters, Superscriptions, and Addresses; significant initial Letters; useful Abbreviations. Part second contains common Arithmetic; vulgar and decimal Fractions; square and cube Roots; Book-Keeping by single and double Entry; Receipts; promissory Notes; inland and foreign Bills of Exchange; Drawing. Part Third contains a Definition of Algebra; Geometry, Mensuration of Superficies; mensuration of Solids; Board Measure; Timber Measure; Artificer's Work; Land Surveying; Astronomy, Geography, Chronology, and History; Physics, or Philosophy and Chemistry; Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoology; Religion and religious Denominations. Embellished with four Copper-Plates and twenty-eight Wood-Cuts.* By John Hornsey, Author of a short Grammar of the English Language, an Introduction to Arithmetic; the Child's Monitor, or parental Instruction; the Book of Monosyllables, or an Introduction to the Child's Monitor, and pronouncing Expositor, or a new Spelling-Book. London, Longman, 1811, price 4s.

THE reader will probably agree with us that the above title-page is not deficient in length. It is indeed too long even for a folio of the largest size. Where so much is professed in the

title, the reader seldom finds any thing like an adequate performance in the body of the work. It resembles a showy shop-window, but where there is only a very meagre stock in the shop itself. The best part of this work is the arithmetical. The rest is much too jejune and superficial to be useful.

ART. 21.—*Observations on the Climate, Manners, and Amusements of Malta; (principally intended for the Information of Invalids repairing to that Island for the recovery of Health. By William Domier, M. D. of the Royal College of Physicians of London, &c. &c. 8vo. Callow, 1810.*

THE information given us by Dr. Domier is interesting, and at the same time gives us a very favourable opinion both of the climate of Malta, and the general condition of manners and society established among the inhabitants. Their manners are simple and uncontaminated by the grosser vices of more peopled countries, and what have been called more polished states. The readers of this little volume would have felt more at their ease could the writer have sunk for a while the character of the physician, and assumed that of the traveller or simple narrator only. To divide, as the doctor has done, a book of this kind in the manner of Cullen's first lines is, to say the least, very whimsical; and we cannot refrain from smiling when we are gravely told that society (for example) is a pleasure, because forsooth, it 'promotes the cutaneous perspiration, and proves for this reason beneficial for convalescents, provided it is enjoyed at proper hours.' There is in fact nothing in the book which is not as well adapted to persons in health as well as to invalids. To those for whose use it is professedly made, we can safely and cheerfully recommend it. But we are obliged to say, that it is by no means well written.

ART. 22.—*An Account of the several Life Assurance Companies established in London. Containing a View of their respective Merits and Advantages. By Francis Baily, of the Stock Exchange. The Second Edition. London, Richardson, 1811, 1s.*

NUMEROUS are the persons in the clerical, the legal, and the medical professions, in the army and navy, &c. whose incomes vanish at their decease, and who have no other means of providing for their families after their death than by assuring their lives. To such persons who are anxious to secure something for their surviving relatives, it must be a matter of great importance to know the nature and advantages of the different institutions for the purpose, and in which of them the end may be attained with the smallest risk and the greatest gain. Mr. Baily, who appears to have studied this subject with great attention, and to have formed an unbiassed judgment on the

merits of the different offices for the assurance of lives, gives a decided *preference* to the 'Equitable Society,' near Blackfriar's Bridge. We believe that we shall perform an acceptable service to some of our readers by extracting what Mr. Bailly says on the subject of this society.

'By its constitution, the assured are *mutual* assurers one to the other; and participate equally in all the profits and advantages of the concern. These profits are estimated from certain periodical valuations of all the claims upon the society, compared with its present assets. *One third* of the *clear surplus* stock is then set apart as a fund for the permanency and future security of the concern. But, the remaining *two thirds* are divided amongst the assured; and the amount of each person's share (estimated in proportion to the time that he has been a member) is added to his policy: so that his representatives will, at his decease, probably receive *considerably more* than the original sum insured. That this has hitherto been the case will appear from the following statement:

'In the year 1786, the addition of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the sum assured, which had been made to the claims in 1782, for every annual payment prior to that year, was increased to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In the years 1791, 1793, and 1795, still further additions were made; amounting together to 4 per cent. In the year 1800, another addition of 2 per cent was made to the claims: and we have just seen a still further bonus declared, of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum, on all claims from assurances effected before December 7, 1809. So that, at this time, the assurances of the year 1800 are increased by the addition of 25 per cent; those of 1790 are increased by 86 per cent; those of 1780 are increased by 180 per cent; those of 1770 are increased by 290 per cent; and those of 1762 are increased by 378 per cent. Or, in other words, (for I cannot be too explicit upon this important subject), the executors of a person assured at this office in the year 1800, for the sum of £1000 only, will on his decease now be entitled to the sum of £1250: but, if the assurance has been effected in 1790, they will be entitled to £1860: if in 1780, to £2800: if in 1770, to £3900: and if in 1762 (when the society was first established) they will be entitled to the enormous sum of £4780. Now, at *no other* office (with the exception of the partial advantages derived from assuring at one or two of the societies hereafter mentioned) would the executors be entitled to receive a shilling more than the sum of £1000 originally assured. Surely these *facts* speak sufficiently for themselves; and show, most decidedly, the impolicy of assuring at those offices whose sole object is gain, and who consequently make no return of their immense premiums.

'But an important alteration in the plan of this society has

recently been made, in consequence of the proceedings at the General Court held December 7, 1809; where it was resolved that in future the addition of 2 per cent on the sum assured should be made to each existing policy *at the end of every year*, for the next 10 years: at the end of which period another valuation is to take place, when the surplus profits of the society (after allowing for the bonus just alluded to) will be divided amongst the existing policies, in the usual manner. So numerous however were the applications for admission into the society, on this proposal being made known to the public, that it was thought necessary and proper to amend it. At the next General Court (December 19, 1809) it was therefore resolved to limit this advantage to the persons *already* assured at the office, and to such claims *only* as should arise prior to the next division of profits. Consequently, by this new plan, the executors of a person already assured at this office will be entitled to receive (in addition to any other bonus which may have been already declared) 2 per cent (on the original sum assured) for every year which has transpired since the date of the last division of profits and the time of his death. But, this benefit is not *yet* extended to members effecting assurances *subsequent* to the date above mentioned.

'The proceedings of this society have hitherto been founded on a firm and durable basis; and the Directors have, in their management of it, shown the greatest prudence and discretion. Guiding themselves by the light of mathematical science (without which no establishment of this kind can be ever upheld) they have taken no step which can at all hazard its permanency or safety: 'and, in order to secure the same prudence and discretion in the future conduct of its members, the society has provided by certain laws, "That no allowance to claimants shall ever be made without a previous investigation of its affairs, and the concurrence of *four fifths* of its members at three successive General Courts; and also that such allowance shall in no instance exceed *two thirds* of the clear surplus stock of the society." By these restrictions, as far as human precaution can operate, the danger of intemperate measures is avoided: and there is every reason to hope that an institution, founded on such liberal principles, and defended by such wholesome provisions, will not only be secure, but continue to improve in credit and prosperity.'

The public are much indebted to Mr. Bailly for this useful publication, in which he has clearly exposed the fraudulent views and delusive promises of some of the numerous assurance companies which have sprung up within the last few years to prey on the credulous and the ignorant.

Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in October, 1811.

A COMPARATIVE Display of the different Opinions respecting the Rise and Progress of the French Revolution, with a Review of the whole, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

An Introduction to the geometrical Analysis of the Ancients, 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Barry, Rev. Dr. the *Æsculapian Monitor*; or, Guide to the History of the Human Species, &c. 5s.

Byron Miss. *The Englishman*, 6 Vols. 12mo. 1l. 10s.

Biographie Moderne, or Lives of remarkable Characters, from the commencement of the French Revolution, &c. From the French, 8vo. 3 Vols.

Barlow William, an elementary Investigation of the Theory of Numbers, 8vo. 14s.

Blake J. — *The universal Piece Writer and Reader*, &c. 8vo. 7s.

Card Henry, M. A. — *Beauford*; or, a Picture of High Life, 2 vols. 8vo. 15s.

Chateaubriand, F. A. de. — *Travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt, and Barbary*, during 1806 and 1807, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Decision the, a Novel, by the Author of the *Acceptance*, 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Este, M. L. Esq. *Remarks on Baths. Elegantia Latine, or Rules and Exercises illustrative of elegant Latin Style*, third Edition, considerably improved, 12mo.

Fell William. — *Sketch of English History*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Goldsmith Lewis. — *Recueil de Manifestes Discours, proclamations, decrets de Napoleon Bonaparte, comme General, &c. &c.* 10s. 6d.

Halliday Andrew, M. D. — *Observations on the present State of the Portuguese Army, as organized by Sir W. C. Beresford, K. B. with a Sketch of the Campaigns of the last and present Year, &c. &c.* 4to. 15s.

Halloran, Doctor. — *Cap-Abilities; or South African Characteristics, a Satire*, 3s. 6d.

Howard John. — *Practical Observations on Cancer*, 8vo. 5s.

Leslie, John, F. R. S. — *Elements of Geometry*, second Edition, improved and enlarged, 8vo. 12s.

Lünton, John. — *Elements of Rhetoric*, 3s. 6d.

Lichfield Cathedral, a short Account of, 12mo. 2s.

Marie Menzikoff et Fedor Dolgorouki traduite de l'Allemande d'Auguste la Fontaine par Madame de Montolieu, 3 tom. 15s.

Macdonald James. — *General View of the Agriculture of the Hebrides*, 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Marchant M. A. — *Reindolph and Adelaide*, a Novel, 3 vols. 12mo, 15s.

Owenson Miss. — *St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond*, 2d Edition, enlarged, 2 vols. 15s.

Outline Oliver, Major General, &c. &c. — *New Canterbury Tales, or the Glories of the Garrison*, 8vo. 7s.

Pickering, Colonel Timothy. — *Letters addressed to the People of the United States of America, on the Conduct of the American Government towards Great Britain and France.* 5s.

Paine, Thomas, *Age of Reason. Part the Third.* 3s.

Poems on miscellaneous Subjects. By Miss R. H.

Reflections, a few, on passing Events. 1s. 6d.

Smith, Hon. Robert. — *An Address to the People of the United States.* 2s. 6d.

The whole of the Proceedings, Pleadings, Correspondence, Official Documents, and Exhibits in the Dutch Courts of Justice at the Cape of Good Hope. 14s.

Vaughan, Rev. Edward Thomas. — *Two Sermons at the Visitation of the Archdeacon at Leicester.* 3s. 6d.

Watt, John James, Surgeon. — *Anatomico Chirurgical Views of the male and female Pelvis, &c. &c.* consisting of eight highly finished Plates, folio, 2l. 12s. 6d. coloured. 1l. 11s. 6d. plain.

The Appendix to Vol. XXIII. of the C. R. was published on the 1st of October last, price 2s. 6d.

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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ART. I.—*On National Education.* By George Ensor, Esq. Author of '*National Government*,' '*Independent Man*,' and '*Principles of Morality*.' London, Longman, 1811, 8vo. 9s.

THE present times are distinguished by a wish, which seems generally felt, to cultivate the minds of the lower orders, and to render universal the great blessing of education. Formerly truth seems to have been considered as a sort of Quack Medicine, which was to be kept a secret for the benefit of the possessor. There was a jealousy of knowledge, which made the ignorance of one part of the community considered as the benefit of the rest. This jealousy still exists amongst a particular class of persons, who think that the general diffusion of knowledge would unfit the peasant and the artisan for the common duties of life, and lead to the total disorganization of society.

Those governments, which have an interest distinct from that of the people, cannot but be anxious to keep the people in ignorance, because ignorance may more easily be rendered the pliant tool of political artifice. Where knowledge is widely diffused, public opinion will soon acquire a force sufficient to moderate that of tyranny and oppression. Where the people are imbruted in ignorance, the iniquity of government may readily be concealed in mystery, and rendered impenetrable to the vulgar eye; but where the intellectual faculties of men are invigorated by exercise, the veil of state-craft will readily be turned aside, and men will discover the knavery and

imposture, the avarice and ambition which lurk behind the scenes. They will perceive that their blood, their industry, and their happiness, have been made the sport of barbarity and vice.

It has been often remarked that priests are more anxious to perpetuate the reign of ignorance than any other order of men. Ignorance has been their delight, because it has been their gain. The ignorance of the people has, at the same time, favoured the indolence of the priest; for in proportion as the people are besotted with superstition, the priest is exempted from the painful toil of intellectual culture and learned investigation. The clergy will always be found to be more or less learned in proportion to the greater or less degree of learning amongst the laity. In proportion as we educate the people, we add an increased stimulus to the mental improvement of the priest.

We might readily exemplify these remarks by referring to the state of the clergy before, and since the reformation. The reformation, in proportion as it enlightened the laity, excited the clergy to add to their stock of information. When the sacred books were no longer locked up in a dead language, people in general began to reason on their contents; and every man became ready to form an opinion of his own on subjects, on which he had been taught that it was profanation not to assent to the notions of his spiritual guides. When the gates of scriptural knowledge were thrown open, too wide to be ever closed again, the members of the hierarchy, who could no longer shroud their doctrines in the idiom of an unknown tongue, endeavoured to repress the right of individual judgment by the barrier of articles and creeds. They allowed the Scriptures to be read, but they pretended that they should be read only under the dogmatical guidance of their interpretation; and that no opinions should be tolerated which were opposite to their deductions. Their interpretations and deductions, embodied in creeds and articles, were represented as an infallible rule; and one species of popery was substituted for another.

A new spiritual domination was thus erected in the reformed churches, in which there was for many years a general acquiescence, or, at least, which was only faintly and partially opposed. But the time seems fast approaching, when men will no longer submit to this usurpation on the right of private judgment, when they will no longer suffer their opinions on the most important points of belief to be bound down to the precise standard of those of their

predecessors, who lived in an age of comparative barbarism, ignorance, and superstition. This intellectual thralldom, which has been too long endured, will be ultimately destroyed by the spirit of inquiry which is gone abroad, by the ardent exertions of philanthropists of all sects and parties, to instruct the people, to teach them not to give a blind assent to opinions which they do not understand, or to think that there is any virtue in an implicit submission to any human authority in matters of religious belief. This emancipation of the public mind from an overwhelming spiritual domination, is one of the great blessings which will sooner or later result from the recent attempt to educate the poor.

Teach men the rudiments of knowledge, and they will mount higher in the intellectual scale. Instruct them in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and it will not be long before they will exercise the thinking faculty on those great questions which are intimately connected with their temporal and eternal interests. The fabric of despotism and of superstition will vanish as a dream; and men will wonder at the bondage which they once endured, and the absurdities which they once revered. No longer bowed to the earth by the double yoke of tyranny and superstition, they will once more look erect to Heaven; and every individual will enjoy the conscious feeling that providence did not design him for a slave either in body or in mind.

It will perhaps be said, that if intellectual culture should ever be thus far advanced, men will be rendered totally unfit for the common duties of life; that our fields will be untilled and no peasant left to hold the plough. But we are to consider that those who are occupied in the humbler offices of agricultural or manufacturing industry, do not engage in them from choice but necessity. There is no person, whether literate or illiterate, who would not be what is called a gentleman, if he had the means. But the world is so constituted, that however general knowledge may become, the necessity of labour must, in a large portion of the community, overpower the propensity to idleness. However great and universal knowledge may, in any future period be, it will not prevent hunger and thirst, and though a man may be a philosopher, and addicted to contemplation, he must still be under the sway of those appetites, the gratification of which is connected with self-preservation. When the alternative comes that a man must either work or starve, there can be little doubt which he will prefer even though he may have learned to

read, write, and cast accounts, and what is more, to discuss the momentous questions of politics and religion. Hunger is sufficiently potent to compel any individual to work for food when he cannot obtain food without work. Into whatever form the political institutions of man may hereafter be cast, they cannot be so disposed as to supersede the necessity of agricultural toil; and the same causes which produce a supply of men to till the earth now, will not cease to operate in all periods of after time. Men may indeed hereafter exercise their industry under more favourable circumstances; and while the actual toil may be less, the emolument may be more. A greater portion of the fruits of the earth may be appropriated to him by whom they are produced.

The supposition therefore that the diffusion of knowledge will totally subvert the constitution of society, or totally annihilate the laborious class of husbandmen and artificers, is fallacious and absurd. We must besides add that as a perfect acquaintance with the principles of an art does not unfit men for the performance, but tends to promote practical proficiency, peasants and mechanics are not likely to be indisposed to the observance of the several relative and social duties in proportion as they are acquainted with their obligations, and are taught rightly to appreciate their importance. Vice and Idleness are two sisters, and both are the children of Ignorance; but Knowledge is the parent both of Virtue and of Industry.

Mr. Ensor, p. 13, very properly notices the wish of Mr. Colquhoun to restrict the education of the poor within the narrowest limitations. 'He (Colquhoun) would,' says Mr. Ensor, 'permit the people to learn what was *absolutely necessary*; and on the same principle he would probably feed them on bread and water.'

We are so far from agreeing with Mr. Colquhoun, that the people cannot be taught too little, that we think they cannot be taught too much. The more they know, the less likely are they to make a bad use of what they know. The more men know, the more humble they usually become. The more conscious are they of their imperfections and their ignorance.

In another passage quoted by Mr. Ensor, Mr. Colquhoun says, that '*science and learning, if universally diffused, would speedily overturn the best constituted government on earth.*' Whatever Mr. Colquhoun may think, we are certain that the tree of knowledge does not bear those fruits of anarchy and insubordination which he asserts.

Knowledge renders men tractable, and submissive to civil ordinances, in all cases where those ordinances are founded upon reason, and have a manifest tendency to promote the public happiness. Where the people indeed are generally enlightened, it will be necessary for governments to be just. But does Mr. Colquhoun mean that the ignorance of the people is necessary to serve as a barrier to the injustice of the government?

‘What greater contradiction can be uttered,’ says Mr. Ensor, ‘than that the best constituted government must fall, (unless the best be extremely bad) if knowledge were universally diffused? How can citizens fully appreciate the advantages of an active police, of wise laws, of conscientious judges, of expert and upright governors, if they want intelligence, if their minds be uncultivated and unimproved?’

The moral order of society is the basis from which every good political constitution must spring. This moral order consists in the general observance of temperance, truth, honesty, and other virtues, in the general intercourse of life. But how is this moral order likely to be subverted by the instruction of the people? Is it not more likely to be improved and perfected by the instruction of the people? Or will it be said by the advocates of ignorance that men are moral in proportion as they are ignorant, and that their performance of their duty is in a direct ratio to their incapacity of understanding it?

‘For what reason,’ says Mr. Ensor, ‘should a universal diffusion of knowledge disorganize or unsettle any commonwealth, which deserved to remain undisturbed? Is it insinuated, that it would enable the lower orders to equal the higher, by affording them means for the acquisition of knowledge?’

We would ask, is not knowledge an infinite series of truths? Can any man ever know all that is to be known? Does any degree of proficiency in knowledge amongst the poor therefore furnish any just grounds for the alarms of avarice or the emotions of jealousy amongst the rich?

In all states of society, and under all the forms of which political institutions are susceptible, the opportunities of acquiring knowledge which belong to the rich, must greatly outnumber those which are the lot of the poor. For the constitution of the world is such, that we might almost as well endeavour to destroy the distinctions of day and night, as to abolish those of rich and poor. If the poor, by the means of the Lancastrian plan of instruction, or by any other means, be raised one or two degrees in the scale of knowledge, those who are more wealthy, have

opportunities of rising still higher, and of keeping as much above the level of a civilized and enlightened, as they have now above a rude and illiterate poor. However wise therefore, or even philosophical the people may become, as long as their superiors in affluence or rank become more wise and philosophical, the present inequalities of the social scheme, for which such trembling apprehensions are entertained by infatuated alarmists, would still remain. The whole would be improved, but there would be no less actual disparity in the particular parts than at present, if all were improved in the same degree.

‘ Suppose,’ says our able author, ‘ that general learning rendered the people more apt to feel, and more active to repress, even imaginary evils. What then? If learning be the bane, it is the antidote also. The well-educated and enlightened are never dangerous to any tolerable government; while the ignorant are dangerous to all.’

That public peace which is the result of ignorance, is rather the sleep of death than the serenity of life. It is the stagnation of thought, the torpor of the brain, the chilled quiescence of all the best faculties of the soul. But that peace, which is the product of knowledge, is full of activity and cheerfulness. The heart of man is illumined with the sunshine of joy; and all the best affections exert their efforts to enliven the scene.

The government, which subsists only by the ignorance and the misery of its subjects, must finally become a prey to that anarchy and destruction, which Mr. Colquhoun seems to think more likely to be produced by ‘ knowledge universally diffused.’ But such a government, as we have just mentioned, arms all the most malignant passions against itself; and the longer they are suppressed, the more terrible will be the violence when it bursts its bounds. ‘ Liberty, without wisdom,’ according to a remark of Mr. Ensor, ‘ is power uncontrolled; and superstition is only restrained from inflicting exterminating vengeance by its inability.’

‘ If the people be ignorant, superstitious, and debased, what signify the wisest laws?’ * * * ‘ Education, and its consequence, instruction, when disseminated among all the citizens of a state, acts as an universal monitor.’

We will add that whilst it forms a solid and durable basis for the best government, it tends to soften the ferocity, and to improve the conduct of the worst. All go-

vernment must, in a greater or less degree, accommodate itself to the public sentiment. But how different is the public sentiment amongst a rude and a cultivated people?

‘What are laws without morals?’ exclaimed a Roman poet. ‘But I ask,’ says Mr. Ensor, ‘what are morals without education? A baseless fabric. How can men be moral, who are not principled in rectitude? Where people are reared remissly, the state abounds with criminals; while on the contrary, where they are well educated, crimes rarely occur. Howard found few criminals comparatively in Switzerland and Scotland; which he attributed to the more regular education of the lower orders of the people; and Bradford also attributes the same consequence in New England to the same cause.’

The performance of moral duty may indeed in particular cases be produced by compulsion, or the dread of punishment; or it may be the result of habit, independent of information. But that moral agency, which is most the object of commendation and of recompense, and on which most reliance can be placed in circumstances of temptation, supposes that rational preference of virtue to vice, which arises from a just discrimination of the consequences, and is the effect not of instinct but of education. And who would prefer the forced, though orderly movements of a machine, to the pure and upright volitions of a cultivated mind?

Mr. Ensor very justly ascribes to education those differences of national character, which less profound inquirers impute to climate, and other physical causes.

‘The Roman boys were eminently prudent; which, Polybius says, many attributed to their generation. This impertinence the historian has censured, and at the same time rightly referred their prudence to their education. It is not however in the manners of children that the effects of education are most manifest; but in those of men; when early impressions through time have become fixed and habitual. In such circumstances it might be said of them in the reply of Aristippus to one who asked him what advantages philosophers had over other men, ‘that were there no laws, they would act justly.’ And how is philosophy to be obtained except by education, which of course comprehends literature? It was for this reason that the ancients inscribed on the tomb of Orpheus, that he was the inventor equally of letters and wisdom.’

Mr. Ensor next exhibits some brief sketches of the education that was practised by the Spartans, the Athenians, the Persians, and the Chinese. He then treats of endowed

schools of various descriptions in England and Ireland. He begins with Ireland, where he says, that the ‘bad things of England are uniformly debased; and first of the Irish charter-schools, which of bad things are the worst.’ It appears from a report of a board of education on the state of the schools of Ireland, that there are thirty-nine charter-schools in that country, which afford instruction only to about two thousand two hundred boys and girls, and yet cost the nation near fifty thousand pounds a year. For this sum we suppose that the whole population of Ireland might be educated on the Lancastrian plan. But Mr. Lancaster would not employ his talents in exterminating, nor lend his aid to exterminate the Catholic faith, nor the faith of any sect in Christendom. Mr. Edgeworth, who seems latterly to have obtained some *new light* into the depths of theology, says that ‘the absurdities of Popery are so glaring, that to be hated they need but be seen.’ ‘How are they to be seen,’ says Mr. Ensor; ‘Does he mean by viewing them through the lens of a dogmatist?’ If the absurdities of popery be so palpably obvious as this *great* judge of polemics, Mr. Edgeworth has declared, how happens it that the two millions of Irish Catholics, who are certainly not wanting in perspicacity, should never yet have seen the absurdity which is affirmed to be so manifest? But it appears that the bribe even of fifty thousand pounds a year is not sufficient to make the Irish Catholics open their eyes to behold the chimeras and delusions of their ecclesiastical communion.

‘To expose the baseness of education,’ says Mr. Ensor, ‘in these (Irish, proselyting) schools, two extracts from the report of the commissioners will be sufficient. “*When parents are permitted to visit their children who are confined in them, the master or mistress is always to be present.*”

And again,

“But the avowed object of the present society being to educate children intrusted to its care in the established religion, whenever the object is likely to be interrupted by the interference of the parents, the child is removed from the neighbourhood of the parents’ residence to a more distant school.” What a view of education does this present! why the Jews did not treat their proselytes, who were Gentiles, worse than these Protestants treat their fellow-Christians and fellow-citizens.’

The above certainly furnishes a most delectable picture of the *tender mercies* of a proselyting spirit, when it

mingles itself with any measures of political administration. The connection of parent and child is totally dissolved. And for what? Only that the child may profess a creed of a different hue from that of the father. Thus the course of christian instruction is begun by a deliberate violation of the fifth commandment. But, perhaps, it is thought by these sticklers for creeds, that a profession of faith in thirty-nine contradictory articles is of more value than all the charities of life.

We shall not follow Mr. Ensor in his strictures on the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, and on the vindication of the first by the learned tutor of Oriel College. Mr. Ensor's main objection is, that in these institutions, those parts of knowledge are untaught, which the citizens of a free state ought particularly to learn. But we must do Mr. Ensor the justice to say, that his remarks seem not to be influenced by malevolence or resentment. The love of truth, we have, no doubt, uniformly directs his pen; and as this virtuous independence of mind is a rare and estimable quality, it ought to procure a candid and patient hearing even when he attacks some of our fondest prepossessions. The following is a noble sentiment, and if it were generally practised, a great and happy change would soon take place in the moral state of man. 'Man's first homage is to truth; and he who swerves from truth by saying less or more than he believes, breaks his fealty to his superior lord.'

Whilst Mr. Ensor objects to the plan of study pursued at the universities, he would not wish the Edinburgh *reviewers* invested with power to introduce their scale of merit into those venerable institutions. Mr. Ensor would not place Bentley and Porson on a level 'with the discoverer of a neutral salt.'

Mr. Ensor next considers 'the bad effects of incorporated Academies, of Boards, and of the pensions and patronage of Kings, Ministers, and legislatures to learning, liberty, and truth!' Mr. Ensor argues, that incorporated societies do not contribute much to the advancement of science, and that they tend to generate an *esprit de corps* which causes the prejudices of individuals to be adopted as the sentiments of the body, and is unfavourable to impartial investigation. All those great discoveries, which have shed most lustre on genius, most promoted the happiness and meliorated the condition of man, have not been the work of incorporated societies, but of individual sagacity and exertion.

Our author contends, that the patronage of kings and ministers has not promoted literature and the arts. It appears to us, that though this patronage does not promote the growth nor increase the fruits of literature and the arts, it is, at least, usefully employed in remunerating those whom untoward circumstances have involved in indigence and misfortune. To procreate genius is beyond its power; but it may be of great avail to soothe or support in poverty, in sickness, or in age. The patronage of kings and ministers might thus be very beneficial, if it were placed under the direction of Humanity. At present, while there is but little of the thing itself, that little is usually only a sordid intrigue or selfish job, a truckling of money for obsequious servitude or nauseous praise.

Mr. Ensor well remarks, that where a state is so constituted, that men

‘attain estimation and power according to their acquisitions, they must improve their faculties.’ ‘Were the people treated decorously, * * * were not religion added to the many civil causes of insult, all would eagerly learn: did capacity and not wealth, and family, and believing, and baseness appoint to all offices of emolument and consequence, all would endeavour to distinguish themselves.’

The desire of knowledge seems as much the appetite of man’s nature as hunger and thirst, or the desire of meat and drink. There is little occasion, therefore, to endeavour to force learning up, as long as no force is used to keep it down. The best method which *governments* can pursue with respect to scholarship, is that which they have so often been urged to adopt with respect to commerce,—to LET IT ALONE. The gradual progress of civilization and the natural course of events will lend it more effectual encouragement than it is ever likely to derive from the bounties of governments or the contrivances of politicians.

Where governments meddle with education, it will be usually found, that they do it with the hope of finding in it a more ready expedient for enslaving the people not only in body but in mind. The present state of France will convince us to what an extent this crafty policy of public instruction may be carried and the despotic purposes which it may be made to serve. Mr. E. contends with much learning and ability, that neither the monarch nor his ministers should interfere in the education of the people. He, at the same time, combats some of the notions of Mr. Edgeworth on this important subject and exposes some of the defects of his plan.

Mr. Ensor very judiciously points out the education of women as an object of primary attention and the danger of neglecting it.

‘The education of women,’ says he, ‘should be regarded for every reason. First, for their own sakes, as daughters and wives. Without education, woman’s attractions seldom extend beyond the beauty of her youth and the passions of her husband. It should be regarded for the husband’s sake. He who marries one whose mind is improved like his own, is truly mated, and his house is directed by a double wisdom. An educated wife (I do not mean one of modish education, for this teaches idleness with much trouble, and at great expence), is the cause of order and economy, and ease and happiness. The wife’s endowments improve the husband’s temper, and her pursuits add charms and activity to his. The education of woman should also be regarded independently of herself and her husband, purely in respect to her children, if indeed any benefit can be acquired by parent or child without communicating good to both. In all countries, children in their earliest and most susceptible years are necessarily committed to women, and in some their preparatory education is wholly consigned to them, as among the Romans, as also in the times of chivalry, the child destined to knighthood remained till seven years old under the care of women. But it is not merely noble matrons who may confer on men the greatest advantages by initiating them in truth and wisdom; the poorest women, as nurses and servants, have often the greatest opportunity to injure or improve the first patrician’s son in the commonwealth. As she has been taught she will teach, and thence good or evil, reason or prejudice, will be irretrievably impressed on the infant’s mind.’

In that species of education which is made accessible to the poorer classes of the community, care should certainly be taken to teach that which is ‘generally useful, and in such a manner that what is useful may be attained by the greatest number. Consequently the cheapness of learning is an object of chief importance.’ Mr. Ensor is now naturally led to bestow some attention upon the plans of education which are so well known under the names of Dr. Bell and of Mr. Lancaster; but we shall pass over this subject for the present, and reserve it for the conclusion of this article, as we intend to bestow on it a more particular attention.

Mr. Ensor is ‘unfriendly to any forced contribution for the erection or maintenance of schools.’ We are of opinion, that national education will be much better promoted by voluntary contributions than by compulsory imposts.

Would our hospitals be so well managed, if they were supported by a direct tax, as they are, at present, by the spontaneous aid of the beneficent? The same remark may be applied to schools or hospitals for the instruction of the poor. The more enlightened the opulent become, the more they will find it for their *interest* that the poor should be enlightened too. Let public instruction be left to voluntary beneficence rather than become the object of *political management*. The English poor laws are already sufficiently burthensome, without any additional impositions.

Mr. Ensor says, p. 204, that education 'is not valuable if it cannot purchase its own advantage.' We have no doubt but that the cultivation of the mind, like other species of cultivation, will be increased in proportion to the demand, and the author thinks, that the wise way is to let education advance according to the demand. This is the way to put nothing out of its place, but to let the social fabric be proportionably improved and beautified in every part.

Our benevolent author is no friend to birch, as an intellectual stimulant. He is unwilling that flogging should be employed in the discipline of education, and he thinks, that it can answer no end except to render boys callous to bodily pain. Might he not have added, that it tends to debase the mind and to fit the sentiments for servitude? Severity is not the best way to manage either men or boys. All winning means should be employed in the education of youth 'that are not dishonest, for what deviates from rectitude is inapplicable to any honourable purpose.' Those who are entrusted with the sacred office of instruction, should be particularly careful not by any injudicious treatment to destroy that sensibility to shame which is such an amiable feature in the juvenile character, and the total want of which marks the last stage in the process of human depravation. In the latter part of Mr. Ensor's book, we find many very good practical remarks on education, illustrated, in his usual manner, by the fruits of much and various reading. We will now return to give some time to DR. BELL AND MR. LANCASTER.

Both these gentlemen seem anxious to claim the praise of an extraordinary discovery. But, though the real practical merits of Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster differ very much in magnitude, the high claims of discovery belong not to one more than to the other. Both are indebted for their *discovery* or their *new principle* of instruction to the ingenuity of

their predecessors in a very distant age, though both (and more particularly Mr. Lancaster), have applied it on a larger scale and to purposes of more general utility.

What is called the 'Madrass System,' as far as it consists in copying the alphabet in sand, or, in learning reading and writing at the same time, has been practised in Asia from the most remote period, and Mr. Ensor has proved, that it was not unknown in Greece by a reference to the Protagoras of Plato. We may also remark, that Philostratus makes an allusion to the practice of writing in sand.*

'Shaw likewise (Travels, p. 194), mentions an additional acquisition by the Turkish boys, among whom we should least expect a combination of this kind. He says, that when they are about six years old, they are sent to school, where they learn to read, write, and *repeat* at the same time. They make no use of paper; each boy writes on a smooth board slightly daubed with whiting, which may be wiped off or renewed at pleasure. To teach to read and write together was among the proposals of Condorcet.'

The practice of teaching reading and writing at the same time is a *discovery* to the merit of which Mr. Lancaster is certainly as much entitled as Dr. Bell, and Dr. Bell as Mr. Lancaster. With respect to the other part of the 'Madrass System,' that of abridging the labour of the master by making the boys teach one another, this is a *discovery* of rather more ancient date than the pedagogical labours of Dr. Bell at Madrass. What school ever was there in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, in which the master has not occasionally employed the elder and more learned boys to teach the younger and more ignorant? The merit of Dr. Bell consists not in having made a *new discovery*, but in having given more method, more consistency, and extension to an old practice. Dr. Bell has converted an occasional usage into the regular routine of education.

Much praise is certainly due to Dr. Bell for this improvement in the mechanism of a popular school, by which the labour of instruction is directed with more benefit both to the scholar and the master. The scholar, in teaching others, cannot but add to his own proficiency, and more scope is given for the superintendence and a wider sphere opened for the usefulness of the master.

* * * * * γράφειν ταῦτα, ὡς τῶν παιδῶν ἐν τῇ Σαμῷ. Philostr. lib. 11. c. 22. Ed. Olear. p. 74.

But the praise of facilitating the mechanical process of education, which is due to Dr. Bell, is due in a still greater degree to Mr. Lancaster. The various details, and indeed the whole conduct of Mr. Lancaster's schools are greatly superior to those which are formed on the 'Madrass System.' This superiority will almost immediately strike those who have seen the two. There is an air of cheerfulness in the schools of Mr. Lancaster which is not so visible in those of Dr. Bell.

The sensation excited by the view of the schools which have more immediately branched from the '*Madrass System*,' is tame, and dull and insipid compared with the enlivening joy and the heartfelt transport which are kindled in the soul when we contemplate the institutions under the direction of Mr. Lancaster in their present effects and their future probable results. We do not indeed deny but that *what is called* 'Orthodoxy,' may have more to hope from the schools of Dr. Bell; but Humanity and Truth are certainly most interested in those of Mr. Lancaster.

The question of merit between Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster can be fairly decided only by being brought to the test of practical usefulness. Neither of them has made any signal *discovery*, nor will posterity assign to either the high praise of *inventive* genius. Dr. Bell appears to us to be a sort of dull plodding man. Mr. Lancaster has more elasticity of mind and more force of character. But both have contributed something, though one much more than the other, to the good of the rising generation.

The scheme of education which is recommended by Mr. Lancaster, appears to us to predominate in utility on several accounts, principally because it tends to keep down that sectarian narrow-mindedness which is the bane of social life, and to diffuse a spirit of charity and forbearance among men of the most opposite persuasions and the most discordant sentiments. But the system which is strenuously maintained by Dr. Bell and his friends by restricting men exclusively to the pale of one communion, tends to produce a malignant antipathy towards persons of a different creed and contrary sentiments. The plan of Mr. Lancaster cannot but exert a benign influence on the heart, for it exercises all the best affections in the midst of the most striking diversities of theological belief.

That christianity is worthless or counterfeit which is not mingled with the spirit of universal charity. This charity thinketh no ill of its neighbour's faith which is enveloped

in the heart, and the reality or the affectation of which is known to God alone. Charity never says to its neighbour, I will consider you as a miscreant and an outcast if you adopt not my mode of worship and repeat not my formula of belief. Charity is rather indifferent to modes of faith. It heeds them not. Where true beneficence dwells in the soul, a diversity of religious belief is no impediment to its operations. Is this charity to be found more in the schools of Dr. Bell or of Mr. Lancaster?

‘Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest,’ were the words of The Inspired Teacher to the criminal, the indigent, and unfortunate of his time. And they speak the true language and breathe the true spirit of commiseration. Let us see how it is copied by Mr. Lancaster and Dr. Bell. The exhortation of Mr. Lancaster is: Come unto me ye children of ignorance and misfortune, and I will render you useful and happy members of society, teaching you fervently to adore God and tenderly to love one another, notwithstanding any contrarieties in your own or your parents’ creeds. The address of Dr. Bell is in spirit if not in the letter: Come to me all ye who are willing to profess an exclusive creed, and bow down your heads in passive obedience and uninquiring credulity to the thirty-nine articles of the Established Church.

It has been strenuously urged, that the established clergy should not support the schools of Mr. Lancaster, because Mr. Lancaster does not *exclusively* teach the doctrines of the establishment. On the same principle of reasoning, we might dissuade the clergy from subscribing to any of the London hospitals, because those hospitals are open to the sick and lame of all sects, and do not require the poor sufferers, previously to their admission, to make a confession of faith agreeable to the thirty-nine articles.

Intellectual charity is as much a virtue as corporeal. To minister indeed to the culture of the mind is even of higher importance than any other act of beneficence: but will a feeling heart, when it contributes either to the instruction or the sustenance of the poor, insist that they shall profess their adherence to a particular theological creed before they are relieved? Is a minister of the establishment, whenever he meets some houseless wretch who solicits an alms, to desire him to say Amen to the Athanasian creed before he puts his hand in his pocket for his relief?

The schools of Mr. Lancaster are founded upon the true

principle of universal charity. They are open to the IGNORANT OF ALL SECTS. Bigotry and Intolerance do not stand sentry at the door. The children are not required, like those of the Irish charity schools, to forsake the creed of their ancestors the moment they are admitted within the walls.

Mr. Lancaster neither forces his own creed nor any particular and exclusive creed on the minds of his pupils. No; he puts the Bible into their hands, where they may learn that points of practice are of more moment than points of speculation, and that to do to others as they would that others should do to them, is the whole duty of man. As far as the thirty-nine articles are contained in the Bible, the pupils may read them there; but if, as has been supposed, some of those articles are not to be found in that book, are the Scriptures to be banished to make way for the articles, or are the articles to yield the precedence to the Scriptures? If the Scriptures merit the precedence, then Mr. Lancaster gives it where it is due, and withholds it where it is not.

The prayer-book of the establishment contains three creeds. Is Mr. Lancaster to teach one or all of these? If he is to teach only one, which is he to choose? If he is to teach them all, is he to assert, that they are all the same, when each is different? Or is he to lay it down as a principle in his schools, that truth is made up of contradictions? Instead of encountering these absurdities, does not Mr. Lancaster act more like a wise and a good man, more like the friend of righteousness and truth, in teaching the children under his care to read the Scriptures and learn their duty, than in puzzling their brains with a labyrinth of theological metaphysics, or in contracting their benevolence by any of the formularies of modern orthodoxy?

The great object of Mr. Lancaster is to propagate truth, to promote usefulness, and to diffuse charity; but what is the object of his opponents? We shall leave the question to be answered by those who are so busy in elevating their own ambitious and mercenary views on the basis of existing prejudices.

Let the two systems of Dr. Bell and of Mr. Lancaster be appreciated by the standard of scriptural truth, of public utility, or of their different tendencies with respect to the promotion of individual happiness, of general knowledge, and of national liberty, and there can be no doubt to which the preference is due. Indeed it is our fixed opinion, that

there is no more comparison between them in these particulars than between the light of the sun and that of a farthing candle.

The brightest feature in the reign of his present majesty is the free, unsolicited support which he has afforded to the schools of Mr. Lancaster, and which he persisted in supporting notwithstanding the subtle intrigues and base misrepresentations of some narrow-minded bigots and alarmists, to make him withdraw his approbation. When a shade is cast over the other events of his reign, or when many of them shall be the objects of blame rather than applause, when the voice of delusion has ceased, and the tongue of Flattery is crumbled into dust, then this one glorious trait will redeem his memory from detraction, and will cause the lover of his species to cast a look of affection on his tomb.

ART. II.—*The Dramatic Works of John Ford, with an Introduction and Explanatory Notes. By Henry Weber, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. lix. 449. 506. Edinburgh, Constable and Co. 1811.*

ART. III.—*A Letter to William Gifford, Esq. on the late Edition of Ford's Plays, chiefly as relating to Ben Jonson. By Octavius Gilchrist, Esq. 8vo. pp. 45. London, Murray, 1811.*

MUCH of the labour of reviewing the former of these works is saved by the author of the latter, which is in fact a critique, or what we call a *review*, of Mr. Weber's book, *quoad* the editor's charging Ben Jonson with enmity to John Ford, a contemporary dramatist. But before we plunge into the thick of this subject, we had better inform our readers who Mr. Weber is, and who John Ford was, taking for granted only their acquaintance with Ben Jonson. The editor then is, we understand, by birth a German, residing at Edinburgh, and exercising his craft with a very laudable diligence, but with rather an inferior competence so to exercise it, under Mr. Walter Scott. He has already published to the world from ancient manuscripts, Metrical Romances of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries, with an Introduction, Notes and a Glossary, Tales of the East, collated with the Original or early Translations, and he found a place in the tail of his friend, Mr. Scott's *Comet of Marmion*, by reprinting the

old ballad of the Battle of Flodden Field. But 'the greatest is behind.' We tremble to announce it: he is now employed in editing the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, 'illustrated with *critical* and explanatory Notes, and Biographical Notices,' and including the additional play, lately produced by the Rev. Mr. Kett, of Oxford, a task which was once in the hands of Mr. Scott. Thus much at present for Mr. Weber. Now for the dramatist here edited. John Ford is one of those 'English dramatic poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare,' to whom Mr. Charles Lamb introduced the generality of the public in his excellent 'Specimens.'

'The whole period,' says that gentleman truly, 'from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the close of the reign of Charles I. comprises a space of little more than half a century, within which time nearly all that we have of excellence in serious dramatic composition was produced, if we except the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton.'

John Ford was baptized in Devonshire, April 17, 1586, and entered as a student of the Middle Temple, November 16, 1602. In 1606, when he was not yet one and twenty years of age, he published an occasional poem entitled 'Fame's Memoriall,' on the death of the Earl of Devonshire, which he dedicated to the countess, his widow. 'It is not improbable,' says Mr. Weber, 'that he had been induced by the patronage of the earl to pay this tribute of respect to his memory.' This may or may not be; but in a copy of the poem now lying before us, we read:

'Let not therfore (worthy countesse), my rasher presumption, seeme presumpuous folly, in the eyes of your discreeter iudgement, in that without your priuitie (*being a meere straunger altogether vknowne unto you*), I haue thus aduentured, to shelter my lines, vnder the well-guided conduct of your honorablen name: grounding my boldnes vpon this assurance, that true gētility is euer accōpanyd (especially in your sex, more specially in your selfe), with her inseparable adlunct, singular humanity, principally towards those *whom neither mercenary hopes or seruile flattery*, haue induced to speake but with the priuiledge of troth.'

There is nothing but mere extravagant eulogy in this poem. In the year 1603-4, Ford, in conjunction with Dekkar, produced the *Masque of the Sun's Darling*, and from this time was a regular writer for the stage, his other plays being the following eight, which, together with the *Masque*, form the contents of the present volumes, viz. 'Tis Pity she's a Whore, The Lover's Melancholy, The

Broken Heart, Love's Sacrifice, Perkin Warbeck, The Fancies Charte and Noble, The Lady's Trial, and the Witch of Edmonton, the last being only a partnership account with Rowley, Dekkar, &c.; the following four, the manuscripts of which were accidentally destroyed by Mr. Warburton's negligence in putting them in the way of his cook, and which Mr. Gilchrist conjectures were his juvenile productions, as they were the only unpublished ones, viz. Beauty in a Trance, The London Merchant, The Royal Combat, An Ill Beginning has a Good End*, and a Good Beginning may have a Bad End; and the following three, which Mr. Gilchrist justly reproaches Mr. Weber for neither naming nor printing in his, 'The Dramatic Works of John Ford,' viz. 'The Fairy Knight,' 'A late Murther of the Sonne upon the Mother,' and 'The Bristowe Merchant,' the first and third written in conjunction with Dekkar, and the second with Webster: in all sixteen. None of these plays were printed till the year 1629, when Ford ventured to the press with his Lover's Melancholy, and he afterwards himself superintended the printing of nearly all his other plays comprised in these volumes, with as much pains as Ben Jonson did, not leaving them to their fate as Shakspeare did his plays. The date of Ford's death has not been ascertained: we ourselves searched the Commons for twenty-five years from the publication of his last play (1639), without effect. The Broken Heart and 'Tis Pity she's a Whore, are, without doubt, the best of Ford's plays. In a note to the most beautiful scene of the latter production, which forms one of Mr. Lamb's Specimens, the critic, warm with those beauties, exclaims: 'Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence in the heart of man, in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds.' We have the highest opinion of Mr. Lamb's critical powers, and if Mr. Weber had not published nine long plays of John Ford, should have bowed to this judgment; but this it is to criticise from parcels and specimens. Two or three of Ford's plays have considerable merit: four or five of his scenes are highly beautiful; but when we have said this,

* This play is entered on the Stationers' Book, whence Mr. Weber gets the titles of these *dead letters*, 'An Ill Beginning has a Good End, and a Bad Beginning may have a Good End,' which Mr. Weber cautiously supposes to be 'corrupt.' There is no doubt but that the real title was as we have given it in the text.—Rev.

we have exhausted all the praise we have to bestow upon John Ford. Taking him as we find him, even in Mr. Lamb's Beauties, we do not think he deserved reprinting so well as Marlowe, Heywood, Dekkar, or Webster: taking him as we find him in Mr. Weber's volumes, and as we have been compelled to wade through him, we have found him very wearisome, and, as one of his London publishers said to us, scarcely *fordable*. For this reason, we are disposed to be quite contented with *specimens* of most of these minor dramatic poets of the early part of the seventeenth century, and are of opinion that those who call for their complete revival, are only pulling over their heads a house of such books as Weber's Ford. We know that men like Mr. Gilchrist have an aversion from scraps and specimens, and demand all or none; and it is only upon this principle that we can account for that gentleman's unjust slight of the labours of Mr. Charles Lamb, of the nature of which we are glad, for the respect in which we hold Mr. Gilchrist's judgment, to find he is completely unacquainted. In the first place, Mr. Gilchrist, in the pamphlet before us, says, that Mr. Lamb is 'already known to the world by a small tale or romance, facetiously termed, by the inhabitants of Paternoster-row, *Lamb's Tail*,' whereas that gentleman has never published a tale or romance at all, and it must be his excellent *Tales from Shakspeare* which are thus designated, if any thing; and, in the second place, Mr. Gilchrist says, his *Specimens* are in two octavo volumes, whereas they are in one volume, crown octavo. If that gentleman would condescend to look at Mr. Lamb's *Specimens*, which, we are confident, he never has seen, he would find in the 'great luminary of English literature, ycleped Charles Lamb,' as he is pleased to call him, just such a restorer of old English poetry as he desiderates, when he says:

'Many and various are the qualifications necessary to do justice to the office, such as taste, genius, a decent portion of learning, critical judgment, a mind awake to the beauties of poetry, and a thorough acquaintance with the language of the reign of Elizabeth and her successors: to these should be added patient industry to secure a correct text, as a foundation for *their* exercise.' P. 14.

But Mr. Gilchrist's prejudice against specimens ran away with his patient judgment, and he has done that against Mr. Lamb which he will be sorry for.

We shall now present our readers with a few *specimens*

of John Ford's genius, and shall then proceed to examine the editorial qualifications of Mr. Weber by the above very excellent standard.

'Tis pity she's a Whore,' was the first of Ford's plays, which appeared on the stage; and upon this Mr. Weber observes with justice:

'Few dramatic authors have commenced their career with a production which more strongly breathes the very soul of poetry; but few have chosen a more unfortunate subject for the display of their talents. The vivid glow of passion with which the incestuous intercourse of Giovanni and Annabella is delineated, has justly been termed by Langhaine "too beautiful" for the subject, and the utter wreck and degradation of two characters which are held up to admiration in the commencement, the one gifted with every qualification of a generous and philosophical soul, the other interesting for every thing which can render a female mind amiable, assails our feelings too powerfully, and renders the perusal of one of the finest plays in point of pathetic effect, even painful. The conduct of the principal plot is skillfully interwoven with the subordinate one, the interest is not suffered to cool, a defect too frequent in the plays of that age, and the catastrophe is brought about with much dramatic art. With regard to the characters, none of them are amiable without alloy of baseness, except the Friar (a well-drawn copy of Friar Lawrence in *Romeo and Juliet*), and the insipid husband of Hippolita.'

Incest has always been a favourite subject with tragic writers of strong powers. Mr. Lamb has given two or three beautiful scenes from this play: we shall not clash with his specimens in presenting our readers with the following brief passage; but the whole play is in Dodsley:—

SCENE VI.—The Friar's Cell.

The Friar sitting in a chair: Annabella kneeling and whispering to him; a table before them and wax-lights: she weeps, and wrings her hands.

Friar. I am glad to see this penance; for, believe me,
You have unripp'd a soul so foul and guilty,
As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath borne you up; but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good; weep faster yet,
Whilst I do read a lecture.

Ann.

Wretched creature!

Friar. Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
Almost condemn'd alive. There is a place,
(List, daughter) in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,

But flaming horror of consuming fires;
 A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoking fogs
 Of an infected darkness; in this place
 Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
 Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
 Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
 With toads and adders; there is burning oil
 Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
 Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
 There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
 Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
 On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
 He feels the torment of his raging lust.*

Ann. Mercy! oh mercy!

Friar. There stand these wretched things,
 Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets
 And secret incests, cursing one another;
 Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave
 Had been a dagger's point: there you shall hear
 How he will cry, "Oh, would my wicked sister
 Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to lust!"—
 But soft; methinks I see repentance work
 New motions in your heart: say? how is't with you?

Ann. Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?

Friar. There is; despair not: Heav'n is merciful,
 And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed:
 First, for your honour's safety, that you marry
 The lord Soranzo: next, to save your soul,
 Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

Ann. Ay [ah] me!

Friar. Sigh not: I know the baits of sin
 Are hard to leave; oh! 'tis a death to do't!
 Remember what must come. Are you content?

Ann. I am.

Friar. I like it well; we'll take the time.
 Who's near us there? &c. pp. 63-5.

But the noblest specimen of Ford's dramatic skill is the catastrophe of the Broken Heart, which we would transcribe at length were it not already to be found in Mr. Lamb's book. Of this, that critic speaks with a proper warmth of feeling.

'I do not know in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as this. This is, indeed, according to Milton,

* 'The present description is as sublime as any ever attempted of the infernal punishments. Most of the images are derived from popular poems describing the wanderings through purgatory, such as Owain, Tundale, &c.'

to "describe high passions, and high actions." The fortitude of the Spartan Boy, who lets a beast gnaw out his bowels till he dies, without expressing a groan, is a faint bodily image of the dilaceration of spirit, and exenteration of the inmost mind, which Calantha, with a holy violence against her nature, keeps closely covered, till the last duties of a wife and a queen are fulfilled. Stories of martyrdom are but of chains and the stake! a little bodily suffering: *these* torments

—' On the purest spirits prey
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense.'

Mr. Lamb has also been beforehand with us in giving the best specimen of Ford's descriptive talents, in the story of the contention of a bird and a musician from Strada's *Prolusions*, which is introduced in the Lover's Melancholy. Of some circumstances attending a revival of this play, we shall have occasion hereafter to speak. The play of Love's Sacrifice was certainly framed with an eye to Shakspeare's Othello; but it richly deserves that character which Dennis was profane enough to give to the noble tragedy of our divine bard, 'a bloody farce without salt or savour.' Ford has one historical play, 'Perkin Warbeck,' to fill up the gap between Shakspeare's Richard III. and Henry VIII. This is by no means Ford's worst attempt to imitate our inimitable bard. The attachment of Lord Dalyell to Lady Catherine Gordon, after her rejection of him is somewhat strange; but the character of Catherine is still amiable. Perkin Warbeck is spiritedly drawn; but Shakspeare would have represented King Henry VII. as stingy as he was: he never minced matters, except sometimes when they interfered with the court of the day. But Perkin Warbeck is altogether a good historical play, and the character of the Earl of Huntley is excellent. We quote the following soliloquy of Warbeck.

' A thousand blessings guard our lawful arms!
A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls!
Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest points,
And when they draw their arrows to the head,
Numbness shall strike their sinews! Such advantage
Hath majesty in its pursuit of justice,
That on the proppers up of Truth's old throne,
It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart
To execution; whilst the throats of traitors
Lie bare before our mercy. O divinity
Of royal birth! how it strikes dumb the tongues
Whose prodigality of breath is brib'd

By trains to greatness! Princes are but men
 Distinguished in the fineness of their frailty;
 Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind;
 For there's a fire more sacred, purifies
 The dross of mixture. Herein stands the odds,
 Subjects are men; on earth kings men and gods.'

Vol. II. p. 87-8.

There is also much fire in Perkins's reply to Lambert Simnell, who tells him, that *he* once pretended to the earldom of Warwick, but was pacified by being made the king's falconer, and adds,

' Let my example lead thee; be no longer
 A counterfeit; confess, and hope for pardon.

War. For pardon! hold my heart-strings, whilst contempt
 Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
 To this base man's foul language! Thou poor vermin,
 How dar'st thou creep so near me? Thou an earl?
 Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
 As all thy swing of slight ambition flew at.
 A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,
 By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour
 To infect the purer air, which drops again
 Into the muddy womb that first exhal'd it.
 Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
 From the base beadle's whip, crown'd all thy hopes.
 But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
 Of such a royal blood as flows in mine;
 Thou would'st not change condition to be second
 In England's state, without the crown itself!
 Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence;
 But let the world, as all, to whom I am
 This day a spectacle, to time deliver,
 And by tradition fix posterity,
 Without another chronicle than truth,
 How constantly my resolution suffer'd
 A martyrdom of majesty!

Vol. II. p. 101-2.

Warbeck goes to death thus:

' *Oxford.* Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
 To wait on you in death!

War. Why, peers of England!
 We'll lead them on courageously. I read
 A triumph over tyranny upon
 Their sev'ra foreheads. Faint not in the moment
 Of victory! Our ends, and Warwick's head,
 Innocent Warwick's head (for we are prologue
 But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder
 Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race

Of fourteen kings Plantagenets, determines,
 In this last issue male; Heav'n be obey'd!
 Impov'rish time of its amazement, friends,
 And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
 As prodigal to nature in our debts.
 Death! pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;
 A minute's storm, or not so much; to tumble
 From bed to bed, be massacred alive
 By some physicians, for a month or two,
 In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
 Might stagger manhood: here, the pain is past
 Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
 Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention
 Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er death.'

Vol. II. p. 106—7.

The Sun's Darling by Ford and Dekkar is a strange rhodomontade, but it contains some poetry; witness the conclusion.

The Sun————— ' Here in this mirror,
 Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes;
 The season of the *Spring* dawns like the morning,
 Bedewing childhood with unrelish'd beauties,
 Of gaudy sights; the *Summer*, as the noon,
 Shines in delight of youth, and ripens strength
 To *Autumn's* manhood; here the evening grows,
 And knits up all felicity in folly:
*Winter** at last draws on the night of age;
 Yet still a humour of some novel fancy
 Untasted or untried, puts off the minute
 Of resolution, which should bid farewell
 To a vain world of weariness and sorrows.
 The powers, from whom man does derive the pedigree
 Of his creation, with a royal bounty,
 Give him *Health, Youth, Delight*,* for free attendants
 To rectify his carriage; to be thankful
 Again to them, man should cashier his riots
 His bosom's whorish sweetheart, idle *Humour*;*
 His reason's dangerous seducer, *Folly*.*
 Then shall, like four straight pillars, the four elements
 Support the goodly structure of mortality;
 Then shall the four complexions, like four heads
 Of a clear river, streaming in his body,
 Nourish and comfort ev'ry vein and sinew.
 No sickness of contagion, no grim death

* All persons in the masque, of the allegory of which this is the interpretation. Rev.

Or* deprivation of health's real blessings,
 Shall then affright the creature built by Heav'n,
 Reserv'd to immortality. Henceforth
 In peace go to our altars, and no more
 Question the power of supernal greatness,
 But give us leave to govern as we please
 Nature and her dominion, who from us,
 And from our gracious influence, hath both being
 And preservation; no replies, but reverence!
 Men [man] hath a double guard, if time can win him,
 Heaven's power above him, his own peace within him.'

Vol. II. pp. 395—6.

The Witch of Edmonton by Rowley, Dekkar, and Ford, is still more interesting, and possesses comic touches, of which Ford was as incapable as Massinger; for instance, 'I heard, I know not the devil what mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a drum that had taken cold in the head the last muster;' and some good puns upon names at pp. 445, 6, 7, whereas Ford's few quibbles, like Massinger's, are wretched. The character of Mother Sawyer was well calculated to flatter the opinions as to witchcraft of King James, and much of her language is strong and poetical in a high degree. In the tragical plot of this play, there was doubtless much that spoke very plainly and forcibly to the homely feelings of our forefathers.

We now come to speak of the manner in which Mr. Weber has executed his office of editor. He has doubtless had the benefit of the assistance of Mr. Walter Scott; and it is to this circumstance we attribute whatever of critical remark there may be good in the introduction to the work. This may appear illiberal; but we are too forcibly convinced, by the various notes scattered through the volumes, and with all of which it was impossible for Mr. Scott to interfere, of Mr. Weber's incompetence, whether national or otherwise, to understand and explain his author. His own limited acquaintance with our language may have induced him to undervalue our's, and kindly to lead us from his author to the bottom of the page, for the sake of telling us that *drone* is a term of reproach, that *to demur* is *to delay*, that *idle* is *useless*, that *to prefer* is sometimes used for *to offer*, that *but* has the force of *except*, that *an anatomy* means *a skeleton*, that *to determine* is *to put an end to*, and to explain such words as *zany*, *damm'd*, *list*, *limn*, *wriggle*, *huddle*, *chary*, *tenters*, *toss-pot*, &c. &c.

Mr. Weber is quite of the modern school of commentators, and writes as many notes as possible, instead of as few; he always speaks of these gentry as if they were in the highest estimation, and refers to the variorum Shakspeare, as to the great Polyglot Bible. His comment plainly speaks the German. With all Mr. Weber's parade and worship of note-writing, it is a pity he should ever be himself wrong, or leave unannotated obscure passages. But we have detected such sins, both of commission and omission, vol. I. p. 354, if the imperative, as it obviously is, '*Quicken your sad remembrance,*' be understood in the sense of *enliven* it, we need not be under the awkward necessity of explaining the passage, '*You quicken the sad memory of your loss.*' Vol. II. p. 42, Mr. Weber needed not to have altered the text to '*quean*, the sense is, *perhaps* a queen, an uncertain and instable queen.' P. 80, we question the pun, said to be intended here. P. 175, Mr. Weber is quite wrong in assimilating the meaning of the word *contents* to the phrase *heart's content*. The latter is used for sufficiency, and obtains even now; e. g. Thomas Little:

'If wishing damns us, you and I
Are damn'd to all our *heart's content*.'

P. 195, in explaining the word *purchase*, *inheritance*, Mr. Weber has confounded one of the wisest distinctions of the English law. Vol. I. p. 276, the alteration here is entirely unnecessary; and so is that proposed at p. 331, vol. ii. Vol. I. p. 322, what Mr. Weber here calls a singularly strained phrase, appears to us a beautiful expression. P. 443, *fleshed* means *practiced*, not *cruel*. Vol. II. p. 423, Mr. Weber rightly explains *forespeak*, *forbid*; but 'cannot produce another instance of the sense required in the text.' As a witch was speaking, it is surprising he did not think of Shakspeare's

'He shall live a man *forbid*.'

P. 426, 644, the phrases '*forget the hobby-horse,*' and '*the hobby-horse shall be remembered,*' should have been illustrated by the several passages to the same effect, collected by Mr. Stevens, which shew that the phrase was proverbial. Our readers will recollect the passage in Hamlet. '*But, by'r-lady he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is for O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*' This line is also introduced in Love's Labour's

Lost. And so in Green's *Tu Quoque*: 'the other hobby-horse I perceive is not forgotten;' in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women pleased*, 'Shall the Hobby-horse be forgot then; and in one of Ben Jonson's masques; 'But see the Hobby-horse is forgot.' See Reed's *Shakspeare*, vol. xviii. p. 198. P. 436, Mr. Weber should have expunged the words *to wear her* in the second line; the repetition was doubtless an oversight, or rather a double-sight. The line would then read 'Love in this kind admits no reason;' or, as Shakspeare says in *Cymbeline*, 'Love's reason is no reason.' P. 443, 446, *Chessum* and *Chessum Street* can be no other than what are now called *Cheshunt* and *Cheshunt Street* in Herts.

Mr. Weber has, we dare say, upon the whole, produced a correct text of his author: the task of doing so was not difficult, for Ford had for the most part revised his own press. Vol. I. p. 310, *Armostes* should be *Amyclas*; and vol. II. p. 93, '*Has* Urswick, Sir Rice ap Thomas, and Lord Brook,' should be '*Have*.'

Ford's imitations of Shakspeare are very properly noticed by Mr. Weber, and his ribaldry is duly deducted from his merits. Mr. Weber allows too much, we think, to his pathos; but justly distinguishes him for his excellence in female portraiture. His affectation of originality did not strike us; if it consist in new coined words, we dare say he had them all of Jonson; if of strange machinery, look at Massinger. The heavy charge of Ford's dulness, is all that Mr. Weber has failed to notice. The reader may wish to see how Ford imitated Shakspeare; the following is not marked as such imitation by Mr. Weber:

————— Lustre of beauty,
Not to affright your tender soul with horror,
We may descend to tales of peace and love,
Soft whispers fitting ladies' closets; for
Thunder of cannon, roaring smoke and fire,
As if hell's maw had vomited confusion,
The clash of steel, the neighs of barbed steeds,
Wounds spouting blood, towns capering in the air,
Castles push'd down, and cities plough'd with swords,
Become great Guzman's oratory best.

Vol. II. p. 250.

We did not sit quite tamely while Mr. Weber talked of 'the inferior genius of Dekkar,' (vol. II. p. 392) or of 'that literary bug-bear, Dr. Johnson,' (next page). We think Dekkar quite as well worth reviving as Ford; and

as to Dr. Johnson, if he were a *bear*, it is rather too contemptuous to call him a *bug-bear*.

It is now time to come to the question, which gave rise to the pamphlet, which forms the second article of this review. In the year 1748, Macklin the player revived Ford's play of the *Lover's Melancholy* for his benefit, and in order to attract the attention of the public to this revival, a letter was published in a newspaper of the time, pretending a quarrel and rivalry between Ford and Ben Jonson, of the particulars of which the public have been long in possession, in Mr. Malone's disquisition, entitled '*Shakspeare, Ford, and Jonson.*' Nobody but Mr. Weber doubted that all this was a mere *russe de guerre* to secure Mr. Macklin a full house; but the present editor gravely 'declines deciding a question, both sides of which are supported by weighty arguments;' and follows up the idle charges of enmity in Ford to Jonson, by reducing the following verses, prefixed by Shirley to Ford's *Love's Sacrifice*, as evidently applying to Jonson:

'Look here, thou that hast malice to the stage,
And impudence enough for the whole age;
Voluminously ignorant; be vexed
To read this tragedy, and thy own be next.'

This, and more of such coinage of the brain, has induced Mr. Gilchrist, the gentleman who so ably and satisfactorily vindicated Ben Jonson from any enmity to Shakspeare, again to take up the cudgels, and defend the same much injured dramatist from any ill-will (much less jealousy) towards Ford. The present pamphlet is, if possible, much more conclusive than the former one: the verses, Mr. Gilchrist clearly proves, applied to Prynne, who had just before published his '*Histriomastix, or Actor's Tragedie.*' Prynne's *tragedy*, which was to come *next*, was his sentence in the star-chamber for publishing his '*Voluminously ignorant*' book; and how could Ben Jonson, whose profession was to write for the stage, be charged with malice towards it, or 'contempt toward studies of this kind,' the first words of Ford's dedication to the same play, which Mr. Weber quotes as a continuation of the anger against Jonson? Justly does Mr. Gilchrist exclaim, '*Ben Jonson jealous of Ford!*' Not to mention the vast inequality of their genius, Ben excelled in comedy, and Ford in tragedy; and Mr. Weber might as well talk of a rivalry between Congreve and Southern. To make assurance double sure, Mr. Gilchrist transcribes a mock-dedication

by this same Shirley to this same Prynne, of the comedy of the 'Bird in a Cage,' which was published in the same year with the above verses. This is the main strength of Mr. Weber's argument; and thus is it overthrown: the weak points meet with equal destruction. Into them we shall forbear to enter, and trust that we shall in future hear less of Ben Jonson's enmity, and more of his genius.

Mr. Gilchrist's pamphlet opens with a history of the revival of old plays, which would make an excellent introduction to a review of Mr. Weber's book, but the pamphlet is not to be looked upon as a critique at large of Weber's Ford; it is pretty plain, however, that Mr. Gilchrist agrees with us, as to the editor's unfitness for his office; the pamphlet contains many such side hits as the following:

'The haste, or pupilage in literary history, that could overlook the three dramas [by Ford] which I have mentioned, and mistake George Donne for Doctor John Donne the poet, may readily be supposed capable of any inadvertence.' P. 43.

ART. IV.—*Ovid's Metamorphoses, translated by Thomas Orger, with the original Latin Text.* London, 1811, printed for the Author. 8vo. pp. 50. No. the 1st.

SINCE the translation of the *Metamorphoses*, edited a century ago by Sir Samuel Garth, to which he, and many of the great poets of the day contributed, no successful attempt has been made to open the beauties of Ovid to the English reader. Garth's translation has never taken so conspicuous a station in the library, as the names of his coadjutors would seem to authorize: the reasons of this seem to be, as well the unequal merit of the different portions, as the circumstance, that these contributory works have never met with an equal share of public attention, as the labours of a single individual. A translation indeed of all the books of the *Metamorphoses* in blank verse, by a Mr. Howard, appeared in 1807, but although the title-page of that work is gorgeously set forth with the doves of Venus, the torch and bow of Cupid, the lyre of Ovid, bound together by wreaths of roses, the knowledge of its existence is, and will probably continue to be confined to a very few. Mr. Orger comes before us in a very unassuming garb, that of a thin

pamphlet, the first of fifteen numbers, in which he proposes to complete his work; this circumstance however will not prevent us from bestowing on him that attention which he deserves.

Ovid, says Mr. O. is of all Roman writers, the poet of antithesis, Mr. O. might have added, he is above all, the poet of imagination and fancy. Though inferior to Virgil in dignity as well of style, as subject to Horace in pleasantry and in grandeur, to his brother elegiac writers in conciseness of expression, and frequently in simplicity; his inventive faculties have no equal among the Roman poets, we may almost say among the poets of antiquity. As a poetical orator, his Ajax and Ulysses surpass any thing in Lucan, whose fame rests almost exclusively on his declamatory powers in verse. In the philosophy of nature a beam of light seems to have shot athwart the sight of Ovid, which had passed unobserved by his contemporaries; his poetry is frequently philosophical without assuming the air of the didactic. This criticism, the opening of the *Metamorphoses*, the most splendid commencement of any poetical work in the Latin language, most amply justifies. On the other peculiar beauties and defects of this author, we would willingly pause a little in this place, had we space to wander in; as our limits warn us that we have not, we return to the translator, who in this first specimen of his labours, enters the lists against Dryden, the translator of the first book in Garth's collection:

Mr. Orger is less appropriate in his expression than his predecessor, when he writes,

‘ While thus I trace the long laborious maze
From elder chaos down to modern days.’

In Ovid, ‘*mea tempora.*’ Dryden more clearly and correctly,

‘ And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduc’d from nature’s birth to *Cæsar’s times.*’

We select the following noble passage on the dissolution of chaos, as a fair field of comparison between the two translators; we prefer Mr. Orger’s.

‘ Ere earth and ocean started into birth,
Or heaven o’ercanopied the sea and earth,
A sable curtain darken’d nature’s frame,
A shapeless mass, and chaos was its name.

A sordid heap discordant to the sight,
 Of future elements yet hid in night,
 No orient sun-beam usher'd in the morn,
 No circling moon renew'd her blunted horn,
 Earth had not yet by heaven's paternal care
 Upheld her balanc'd form in ambient air,
 Nor buoyant ocean stretch'd on every side
 From shore to distant shore his billowy tide.
 Earth, water, air, maintain'd a mingled reign
 'Twas baseless earth, unnavigable main,
 And darken'd ether, each forsook its form
 To combat in one desolating storm.'—*Orger.*

' Before the seas and this terrestrial ball
 And heaven's high canopy that covers all,
 One was the face of nature, if a face,
 Rather a rude and undigested mass,
 A lifeless lump unfashion'd and unfram'd,
 Of jarring seeds, and justly chaos named.
 No sun was lighted up the world to view,
 No moon did yet her blunted horns renew,
 Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
 Nor pois'd did on her own foundations lie,
 Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown,
 But earth, and air, and water were in one.
 Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
 And water's dark abyss unnavigable,
 No certain form on any was imprest,
 All were confused, and each disturb'd the rest.'

Dryden.

The readers of verse in the present day are far more fastidious with respect to the rhymes than they were when Dryden wrote, and in consequence the modern versifiers are more correct in that particular. The words 'face' and 'mass' in Dryden's version of the above passage, would be objected to, had they come from a cotemporary writer; the rhyme of 'unnavigable' with 'unstable' could never, we conceive, have been judged harmonious. The negligence of the poets of Queen Anne's reign in these points has not escaped the notice of Mr. Orger; he has been careful accordingly; we have discovered at most two instances where his ear has misled him; as in the rhymes 'flies' with 'vice,' and 'beneath' with 'Breath.' In the following lines Mr. O. is closer to his original and more concise; Dryden translates with spirit, though somewhat diffusely.

' High over these thin ether held its sway,
Purg'd from the grosser particles of clay.'—Orger.

' High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer space for heaven design'd,
Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow,
Purg'd from the pond'rous dregs of earth below.'

Dryden.

Neither of the translators have near attained the dignity of Ovid in the creation of man. There is a pause after the words 'natus homo est' in the Latin, which Dryden has not attempted to imitate. Mr. Orger has made the attempt, not altogether badly; but the fact is, the different nature of Roman and English verse almost precludes the possibility of success in such an imitation.

In the lines on the silver age, Mr. O. has, we conceive, mistaken the meaning of Ovid, nor do we know of any critic who favours his interpretation of the passage in question. Dryden has adopted the sense in which we always understood it, and the only one, we believe, which attention to the text can justify.

' Tum primum siccis aër fervoribus ustus
Canduit, et ventis glacies astricta pependit,
Tum primum subiere domos, domus antra fuerunt
Et densi frutices, et vinctæ cortice virgæ.'

Met. lib. 1. v. 120.

' Then first the air was parch'd with sultry beams,
And icy fetters bound the stagnant streams,
No more the tangled bow, the arching cave,
To weary mortals a fit refuge gave;
To brave the summer heat, the winter storm
Fix'd mansions rear'd their well compacted form.'

Orger.

Whereas Ovid evidently describes these caves, &c. as the habitations, which mankind were *now* obliged to seek, having *previously* had no occasion for any retreat whatever, and as to the fix'd mansions we hear nothing about them in the original. The word 'fuerunt' misled the translator. We hope he may have an opportunity of remedying this inadvertency, and at the same time of inserting a translation of the words 'nec scelerata tamen,' as applied to the third or brazen age, words which are wholly omitted, but which are very important to mark out the discriminations between these ages as existing in the creative mind of the poet.

Ovid has overlaid his account of the deluge with description, and descended into minute particulars infinitely too much. This may be regretted, but cannot be avoided by the translator; the present version is spirited and faithful, and only becomes puerile when the original is so likewise. There is one instance where Mr. O. has copied Dryden in a fault; that author introduces a miserable play upon words,

‘One climbs a cliff, one in a boat is borne,
And *ploughs* above, where late *he sow'd* his corn.’

Dryden.

Not only is the pun very bad, but to plough is a very forced synonyme for to sow, without any additional circumstance to justify the metaphorical use of the word. Mr. O. does not sink so low as his predecessor, but imitates him, when he writes,

‘One grasps the pliant oar
And *ploughs the wave*, where late *he plough'd* the shore.’

Ovid simply says,

‘Et ducit remos illic, ubi nuper ararat.’—Lib. 1. v. 294.

Our limits forbid us to pursue a comparison farther. As a whole, we think this version of the first book superior to Dryden's, which bears about it many marks of haste and negligence. Both translators are diffuse, and increase the number of the lines by nearly one third; a greater compression is perhaps difficult, but certainly desirable. Auguring therefore from this specimen, we have every reason to promise ourselves a version of the *Metamorphoses* generally superior to that published by Garth; for had Mr. O. only equalled Dryden, and preserved an even tenor throughout the whole work, his translation would have excelled that of his predecessors as a whole, as much as a few of those predecessors excel their own coadjutors in different portions. As it is, there are some passages, where Dryden soars above him; these are however rare and detached; in fidelity Mr. O. equals Dryden; in smoothness of verse, and exactness of rhyme, much exceeds him. We shall defer noticing the other numbers of this work, as they appear, until the whole is completed; in the mean time Mr. O. is preparing to break a lance with Addison.

ART. V.—*An Account of Tunis; of its Government, Manners, Customs, and Antiquities; especially of its Productions, Manufactures, and Commerce.* By Thomas Macgill. London, Longman, 1811.

WE pass over the first chapter, which contains a brief notice of the revolutions in Tunis, since the government was usurped by the Beys. We have next some account of Hamooda Pasha, the present Bey. After some qualified praise of his character, Mr. Macgill says of him, that

'he must be considered as a *barbaresque* prince, who governs a state without any knowledge of that policy, which *directs enlightened nations*. Considering him in this *light*, we must give him the praise of ability; for he certainly *holds a tight rein of government*,' &c. &c.

Without repeating any more of Mr. Macgill's observations on the court and government of Tunis, we shall proceed to some subjects, with which he is likely to be better acquainted, or of which, at least, he possessed better opportunities of acquiring information.

The Bey is said to be erecting a palace 'in a dirty narrow street,' and the ground-floor of this prince's residence is 'intended for shops.' The streets of this capital are represented as 'narrow, dirty, and unpaved,' and the wretchedness of the inhabitants shows the oppression of the government. Mr. Macgill supposes the population not to exceed one hundred thousand. The city of Tunis is badly supplied with fresh water. The inhabitants collect in cisterns the rain which falls during the winter; but this luxury cannot be universally enjoyed. Most of the springs in the country are said to be either salt or hot; but Mr. Macgill informs us that, in many places, the inhabitants prefer the water of their salt-springs, 'to that which is fresh, and experience from it no inconvenience.'

'The black cattle about Tunis are very small. They resemble the small cows which are driven from Scotland to England; and in the flavour of their flesh, they are also very like them. The mutton of Tunis is not esteemed; the sheep are all of the broad-tailed breed; and their flesh tastes strongly of wool. The flesh of the lambs, however, is very good. Goats are also eaten by the people of the country, who are not much accustomed to make distinctions in the quality of their food.

'The whole of the regency abounds with game; the red-

legged partridges in particular are abundant, but they have little flavour. Indeed, neither their game nor their fish are of a superior quality.

'The Barbary courser seems to have changed his place of residence. It is very rare to see at Tunis, a horse of even ordinary figure. The mares are in general well made, and appear of almost a different breed; but even they are much inferior to those of Europe, and particularly to those of England.

'The mules are good, and are trained to a particular amble, by putting lead on their hind-feet at the fetlock joint. This forces them to move the fore and hind leg on the same side at the same time, and produces a very easy and quick pace in those which are properly trained.

'The asses of Tunis are also good, and much used.

'The prices of all these animals are very high. A good horse will cost from seven hundred to a thousand piasters; a fine mule not less, and often more; and an ass, very frequently from four hundred to fifty piasters.

'Camels are generally used throughout the whole regency. They are certainly better adapted to the climate than any other animal; and both carry a greater load, and are more easily maintained.

'Dromedaries are now very rarely to be seen. The Bey used them formerly to carry his dispatches; but it would appear that the breed is now lost in this country. The pace taught the mules, is the natural pace of the camel and dromedary, in which the latter travels with an astonishing velocity.'

The European slaves, at present, at Tunis, are subjects either of the king of Sardinia, or of the king of Sicily. The king of Sardinia is said to have omitted no endeavours to ransom those unfortunate persons who have had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the '*barbaresque*' Bey of Tunis. When Mr. Macgill wrote, the number of Sardinian subjects in bondage was not more than twenty-five. But the conduct of the king of Sicily has been far less humane in this instance than that of his Sardinian majesty. The number of subjects of his Sicilian majesty at present in slavery at Tunis,

amounts to nearly two thousand; and let it be confessed with shame and sorrow, that upwards of one hundred of them have been taken, navigating under the protection of British passports. In vain has the consul of his Britannic majesty used his efforts for their relief. While his endeavours are frustrated by others in power in the Mediterranean, who, from some strange policy, are afraid of offending the powers of Barbary, though they would not, but through fear, give a single bullock to save the British navy from starving, they must remain in

slavery, and carry disgraceful ideas of the British nation into the minds of every one who hears of their situation.

‘ Among the number of those who suffer from this torpor of feeling, are several unfortunate females of respectability, particularly a Sicilian lady with five daughters, who are at present in the hands of the Kaiya of Porto Farina, or first minister of the Bey’s marine. As they have come to age, the unhappy mother has had the affliction to behold her daughters sacrificed to the barbarian.’

The King of Sicily is said to turn a deaf ear to the anxious importunities of his subjects to assist them in rescuing their friends and relatives from the most calamitous situation, in which a human being can be placed. But this is the man, to preserve whose power and dominions the blood and treasure of Britain have so long been so inconsiderately lavished!

The *evil eye* is said to be a prevalent superstition in this as in other Mahometan countries.

‘ If the horse, mule, or other animal belonging to one person, be praised by another, it is immediately set down as lost, and a child that is admired, is expected with certainty to meet some misfortune.’

The Tunisians, if we may believe Mr. Macgill, are prepared for marriage in the same manner as our Darking fowls are said to be qualified for the table.

A girl after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room. Shackles of silver and gold are put upon her ankles and wrists, as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dispatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore, are put upon the new bride’s limbs; and she is fed until they are filled up to the proper thickness. This is sometimes no easy matter; particularly if the former wife was fat, and the present should be of a slender form. The food used for this custom, worthy of barbarians, is a seed called *drough*; which is of an extraordinary fattening quality, and also famous for rendering the milk of nurses rich and abundant. With this seed and their national dish “*cuscusu*,” the bride is literally crammed, and many actually die under the spoon.’

Great Britain and France are the two foreign nations which possess most influence at the court of Tunis; but that of France has been declining since the revolution, and the intrigues of the French are not likely to be very efficacious whilst the English preserve their present maritime ascendancy in the Mediterranean.

Mr. Macgill thinks, that we ought to give more respect-

ability to our consuls at the Barbary courts; and that they should not be permitted to engage in mercantile concerns, that there may not be an opposition between the interests of the individual as a trader and a diplomatic agent. 'In Tunis, most of the consuls are permitted to trade except the French.' Mr. Macgill adds, that few of our consuls are adapted to the places which they hold, and owe their appointment more to political influence than to appropriate ability for the situation.

The trade of Tunis has declined greatly of late years.

'It was not uncommon, to see hundreds of ships lying in the roads of Tunis, and at the Goletta; also great numbers at all her out-ports, loading the rich productions of her soil, to satisfy the wants of Spain, Italy, and France.

'Spain in particular, drew from the states of Barbary a great portion of the grain which she used. Italy and France, drew from them oil, hides, and wool, both for the consumption of the inhabitants, and the supply of their manufactures; but particularly from Tunis, where these articles are better and more abundant than in any of the other states. This traffic has for some years entirely ceased. It is rare to see now more than half a dozen vessels at Tunis, and more than one at a time at any of the out-ports; and these are of a very small burthen.'

'The famine which did so much mischief in the regency of Tunis, (1805), induced the Bey to prohibit the exportation of grain from his state; and as plenty was not for some seasons restored, he has not as yet deemed it prudent to remove his prohibition. Grain being the chief article which drew ships to his ports, that branch of traffic has been entirely destroyed. Now that the crops are abundant, were he again to permit exportation, it is much to be doubted whether, under the present circumstances, it would resume its former activity. Even Malta will be more easily and more naturally supplied from Sicily, as long as the British government find it necessary to keep possession of that luxuriant island.'

The principal articles of export from Tunis, are grain, wool, hides, wax, and soap. The wheat of Tunis is of excellent quality. The wool is of various kinds.

'It is of more or less value, according to the part of the country from which it comes; on account of the quantity of dust and sand which are mixed with it, to increase its weight, and which each district has its different manner of mixing. In one part, the shepherds have a very curious method of making the wool imbibe the sand. In dry weather, before sheep-shearing, they hunt their flocks upon the sand, until they are in a high state of perspiration; the sand flying in clouds, mixes with the wool, and adheres to it in consequence of the perspiration.

This they repeat for several days, and sometimes a greater weight of sand is dried into the fleece, than the real weight of clean wool. The particles too, are so fine, that they penetrate into the pores of the wool, and cannot without the greatest difficulty, be separated from it. From this practice, the loss on washing is extremely great. It is said, that the wool of the environs of the city of Tunis, loses on washing about forty per cent.; that of Susa, from forty-five to fifty; and that of Sfax, from fifty to fifty-five per cent.'

The trade in hides has been much injured by the war with Algiers, as the greater portion of those articles which are exported, is brought from the country contiguous to the frontiers of both states.

Three caravans arrive at Tunis in the course of the year from the interior of Africa. The products consist of 'gold dust, senna, ostrich feathers, and *black slaves*.' These caravans carry in return 'cloth, muslin, linen, silk, and cochineal.' But the caravans from Constantine, which are stopped by the Algerine war, were of greater value and importance, and excited much more industry and speculation.

The manufacture of Tunis, by which most labour and capital are kept in motion, is that of 'scull-caps.' These caps are made of Spanish wool, of which they are said to have consumed three thousand bales. This manufacture is, however, reduced to one-third of its former extent. 'At a moderate calculation, it employed formerly upwards of fifty thousand persons.' Great pains appear to be taken in the fabric of these caps, and nothing omitted necessary to maintain the superiority of the manufacture. The author makes some useful observations on the imports of Tunis, and on the kinds, qualities, and quantities of goods suited to that market. Here Mr. Macgill, who appears to be a commercial agent for some house in Scotland, is quite at home, and writes on a subject which he seems thoroughly to understand.

Though the Tunisians are followers of the prophet, who prohibited the fermented juice of the grape, they are, nevertheless, said to consume annually no less than one thousand pipes of wine. The conscience of the Bey, like the conscience of his fellow sovereigns, rendered very ductile by his interest, is brought to permit the importation of this forbidden fluid under the sinless denomination of vinegar. The sect of the *Nominalists* seems greatly to out-number that of the *Realists* amongst all conditions of men, and under all forms of civil and ecclesiastical polity.

ART. VI.—*Sermons preached on Public Occasions, with Notes and an Appendix, on various important Subjects. By R. Valpy, D. D. F. A. S. London, Longman, 1811, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.*

THE first sermon in these volumes was preached ‘for the charity schools at Bury, in Suffolk,’ in the year 1779; ‘and afterwards for similar institutions in other places.’ This discourse is pleasing and animated. The virtue is well explained and the arguments for the practice feelingly and forcibly urged. The following remarks are, for the most part, just and well expressed.

‘This sentiment, in common with every original feeling of human nature, does not exclusively inhabit the breast of the virtuous. The man inured to the blackest deeds, the most inhuman tyrant, cannot always exclude every feeling of pity from his heart. Even he, who beholds with savage indifference the slaughter of thousands, which his ambition has caused, or his cruelty has dealt, will, in the contracted scenes of private misery, shed a sympathetic tear; and the current of humanity, which was diverted by the blast of war, will resume its original direction to benevolence.

‘The deviations from this principle arise from the depravity of the heart of man, of which they are a melancholy proof. Small, indeed, at first, and scarcely perceptible is this defection; but if its progress is not timely checked, it battles all restraint. If once the mind has lost its original feelings for the distresses of others, vain are all endeavours to recover them. Many other virtues may be acquired by reason and reflection; but when once the heart is inaccessible to pity, misfortune pleads in vain, the tear of anguish falls unnoticed, and the cries of distress fail to obtain the necessary relief.

‘A disposition like this is its own punishment. He, who negligently or deliberately frustrates the wise intention of Nature, by which we mean in Christian language, the God of Nature, is for ever forbidden to feel those pleasing emotions, which are the certain marks of approving conscience, and the sweetest foretaste of the rewards of virtue.

‘Charity possesses a natural beauty, which, independent of instructions and maxims, is the object of universal affection. In every circumstance it is productive of security. Benevolence alone can enable a man to enjoy the sweets of life. That alone can give a charm to power and greatness. Pre-eminence will only serve to expose its possessor to the injuries of an envious world. His advantage consists in the power of being a refuge to the miserable, a relief to the necessitous, and a father to the orphan. Excellence in public virtues excites the arts of malice

and detraction; but when to those great qualities charity is added, envy herself is dumb, or forced to join the universal applause. It exalts the merit of other virtues, and almost completes a character, even when some of these are imperfectly possessed.'

In a passage of the above extract, we suggest to the better judgment of Dr. Valpy, whether it be strictly philosophical to talk of 'negligently or deliberately frustrating the wise intention of Nature,' or 'the God of Nature?' An intention in the mind of man, is an *act designed*, which may indeed be negligently or deliberately frustrated in the execution. But an act designed in the mind of God, must be the same as an act performed. For God never designs to perform what he does not actually perform. He never really intends what he does not sooner or later accomplish. To suppose the contrary, would be to question either his wisdom or his power. It would be to contradict the most enlarged notion of his attributes. For how can 'a wise intention' of the Deity be frustrated by the foolish temerity of man? It cannot be. It is impossible. Dr. V. has, however, in this place expressed himself in the common language of divines, though he has not expressed himself with so much accuracy as might have been desired.

Dr. Valpy truly remarks, that 'the man whose soul is steeled against the impressions of benevolence, would not be convinced by all the force of reason;' and that all endeavours would be ineffectual 'to rouse him from insensibility by the force of diction.' He who does not feel benevolence to be a virtue, cannot be argued into the feeling. His sympathies are like an instrument out of tune. His moral constitution is disordered. He has only the exterior of humanity.

Dr. V. talks of charity being influenced by 'a momentary glow of ostentation.' We may say, a momentary glow of friendship, of affection, or of love. But it is not so proper to talk of the 'glow of ostentation.' For ostentation, which is always more or less imbued with selfishness, is a quality of a cold kind. The epithet 'glowing' does not accord with its operations on the nerves. Dr. Valpy should have written 'a momentary impulse of ostentation.'

Dr. Valpy says truly, that 'the natural wants which poverty leaves unsupplied, are not the greatest of its miseries.' The state of the children of the poor without moral or intellectual culture, is feelingly noticed. P. 11, the author informs us, that 'the appearance of the deepest

wretchedness is so easily assumed, and so various are the acts of moving the pity of the liberal.' * * * * The word 'acts of moving,' in the above is, we suppose, printed by mistake for 'arts of moving,' though we do not see it marked in the errata.

Sermon II. preached at the assizes, at Reading, 1792, ably combats the opinion, that the world is in a state of deterioration. The author exhibits the evidence and proves the usefulness of the contrary opinion. Were the common notion of the progressive degeneracy of the human race true, the Christian doctrine, which was designed to improve mankind in virtue and in happiness, would have been promulgated in vain. But the world, like an individual profiting by experience, is, we believe, becoming wiser as it grows older, and progressive at once in intellectual and in moral excellence. What we call the antiquity, is, as Bacon has remarked, rather the youth or infancy of the world. To this sermon, and to the others in this publication, are subjoined many instructive and interesting notes.

Sermon III. was preached at the assizes, at Reading, in 1793. This was a period when the savage cry of Jacobin was begun to be raised against every man who presumed to think for himself, or who did not join in applauding the war. The text (1. Pet. II. 13, 14,) is one which was often in the mouths of the preachers of that period; and was frequently perverted to inculcate, not rational loyalty, but unresisting servitude. Dr. Valpy, however, employed it for a better purpose. He panegyrises the British constitution, and he inculcates submission; but he calls government 'a delegated power.' It is, according to the late patriotic confession of the Prince of Wales, not a fee-simple for the sole pleasure or emolument of the possessor, but 'A TRUST', for the benefit of the community.

It is always an unfortunate thing in any popular discourse when the exordium is dry and abstract, and obscurely expressed. For by this means, the hold on the attention is relaxed at first setting off, and a state of sensation is produced not favourable to the subsequent impression intended to be made. This is, in some measure, the case with the commencement of the present discourse. What the author says on the origin of government, is not definitely nor perspicuously explained. Dr. Valpy appears sometimes to confound the terms Society and Government, as if they meant the same thing, and both rested on the basis of law. But society is anterior to the origin of laws, and may subsist without government, though go-

vernment cannot subsist without society. Society denotes a communion of sentiments and a participation of enjoyments between relations, friends, and acquaintance, which may be practised where political institutions are unknown, but cannot be protected without political institutions. Society is the comfort of the good, and government is the terror of the bad. Society is founded on liberty, but government always implies restraint. Society has its basis in the principle of benevolence, but government in that of fear. Society exercises the kind affections, government controuls the bad passions of man. Society strews the rose and the myrtle in the path of life, government brandishes the sword, and plants the gibbet on the side of the highway.

Dr. Valpy accounts for the origin of government in this way.

‘In the first ages of the world, a great diversity of dispositions and qualities was necessarily productive of great moral distinctions. The materials of discord increased with the dissimilitude: and, however this variety might be calculated by the wise decrees of providence to promote the general good, a superintending power became necessary to direct these discordant principles to the public welfare, and to engage mankind to the reciprocal discharge of those offices, which render man valuable to man, and form the first links in the chain of society. The frugal, the prudent, and the industrious saw their exertions crowned with prosperity, wealth, and influence; and were placed in a state of envied superiority above men of a contrary disposition. The latter, strangers to the habits of industry and honest application, in proportion to the imperfect, or corrupted state of their intellects, and desirous of retaining an equality, which seems to defeat the purposes of nature, adopted the unjust methods of acquiring property, from the insidious meanness of a theft to the daring crime of assassination. Whatever authority the laws of nature might claim in the reason of any individual to restrain him from acts of injustice; yet, without a stronger support, they could afford him but little protection from the machinations of others. Recourse must be had to a bulwark of superior strength for the general security of life and property. This bulwark is never obtained, until the discordant interests of men are united by one common bond of society, and cemented by a general law, destined to protect the rights and liberties of individuals, and to punish the commission of injuries.’

The first part of the above extract is certainly rather vague and confused. Dr. Valpy commences with saying, that ‘in the first ages of the world a great diversity of dis-

positions and qualities was necessarily productive of great moral distinctions.' It is not very clear what is the specific meaning in this place of 'great moral distinctions;' but allowing that to pass, we ask why is the remark appropriated more to the first, than to any succeeding ages of the world? We should suppose, that the diversities of character are much greater in later times, because there is a greater diversity of pursuits. Where men are all hunters, or shepherds or tillers of the earth, there must be a great monotony of character, or, perhaps, as Dr. Valpy would express it, a paucity of '*moral distinctions*.' Arts and sciences, the sub-division of labour and all the busy varieties of commercial and manufacturing industry multiply the occupations of man, and produce proportionate varieties of character.

Dr. Valpy having asserted, that 'in the first ages of the world, a great diversity of dispositions and qualities was productive of great moral distinctions,' proceeds to inform us, that 'this variety, however calculated by the wise decrees of Providence, 'to promote the general good,' continuing to furnish

'materials of discord,' 'a superintending power became necessary to direct those discordant principles to the public welfare, and to engage mankind to the reciprocal discharge of those offices which render man valuable to man, and form the first links in the chain of society.'

Now if the variety of '*moral distinctions*,' mentioned above, was, 'by the wise decrees of Providence, calculated to promote the general good,' why should 'a superintending power,' (by which, we suppose, is meant 'a superintending power' of human government), be necessary to direct them 'to the public welfare?' For, according to our author, 'the general good' and 'the public welfare,' are only different names for the same thing. But, if the public welfare is already promoted by the wise decrees of Providence, how can the end be better secured by any human contrivance? The truth is, that when the author wrote the passage on which we have commented, his ideas were more perplexed than they usually are at other times. This is proved by what follows, for Dr. Valpy makes this 'superintending power' necessary 'to engage mankind to the reciprocal discharge of those offices which form the first links in the chain of society.' Now, according to our notions, the first links in the chain of society, are the relations of husband and wife, father and child, with the diver-

sified connections of kindred and friendship, and all the spreading and intertwining charities of social life. But all these, though they constitute the happy ramifications of society, are independent of government, and perform their several functions without its aid. A man loves his wife, his child, his friend, and does them all the kind offices in his power, not because he is directed to do it by any political institutions, but because it is the impulse of his social nature, or, in other words, it is the agency of the benevolent principle which the Deity planted in his breast. But Dr. Valpy has, as we said before, confounded the ideas of society and government. The principles of society are fixed and immutable, but government is a fluctuating thing. That is the best government whose forms and institutions are so framed as to act in unison with the principles of society, and consequently to favour the production of the greatest sum of social bliss.

We were pleased with the following. The sentiments appear to come from the heart, and are honourable to the writer.

‘Justice is, after all, but the instrument of mercy;—of mercy, in her sublimest attitude, when she dispenses the blessings of security to mankind, and guards the general welfare at the expense of the pangs, that she feels for the miseries, which offenders incur by their crimes. Man must sympathize with man in his distress; and what form of distress can excite more horror than that of the poor supplicating wretch, who stands with trembling heart to hear the sentence, which dooms him to an exemplary death? His fault is for a moment forgotten; we consider him only in his relation of humanity, a miserable prey to the same temptations, from which the grace of God has yet preserved us: cold therefore and insensible would be our hearts if they did not feel for him in the hour of calamity. Freed from the restraints, which opinions and principles lay upon our sensibility, we disregard social distinctions, in the warmth of our benevolence, and listen only to the voice of nature. As a spirit of revenge has no place in a court of judicature, the passion of pity may be allowed to take her course respecting the man, if it interfere not with the judgment against the criminal. But when mercy considers him as a public offender, she forgets the individual: she takes a wider range of consideration; she looks to the miseries of lawless states, and demands protection in the name of society. With *truth* for her attendant, according to the beautiful imagery of the Psalmist, she solicits the aid of *justice* for the maintenance of *peace*.’

Sermon IV. was ‘preached at St. Lawrence’s, Reading, on the Fast Day, March 7, 1797.’

Dr. Valpy traces the fall of nations beyond the operation of secondary causes to the providential administrator of the world. The doctor says :

‘The effects of omnipotence are peculiarly displayed in the fall of nations. The causes of their decline are wisely rendered so manifest by the great disposer of events, that the meanest comprehension will not be at a loss to pronounce impiety and wickedness as the sole objects of almighty vengeance. In every age of the world, we find that the sins of men have uniformly prepared the way to these calamitous revolutions. Different states have arisen ; they have figured on the theatre of the world ; sin has obscured their glories ; *the wages of sin is death* ; they have disappeared.’

If this be the case, will it not be difficult to assign a reason why we should, for the space of twenty years, have been expending our blood and treasure in a vain attempt to resist the arm of omnipotence ? If ‘the fall of nations,’ be only the necessary punishment of wickedness, the just retribution of crimes, to what purpose are we striving to prevent the Almighty from putting an end to ‘intmorality, dissipation, and profligacy ?’ It gave us great pleasure to find the author representing this country as peculiarly favoured by providence, and consequently, we hope, secure from the ‘calamitous revolutions’ which have visited the continent.

‘We are enlightened by the full splendour of *the sun of righteousness*. Our religion is the Gospel of Christ, pure and uncorrupted. Our civil constitution is the best calculated for the regulation of the country. The mildness of our climate, our insular situation, that commands the productions of the land and seas, the fertility of our fields and the industry of our towns, point out this country as the happiest object of the bounty of *the giver of every good gift*.’

But after all this cheering picture, Dr. V. thinks us no better than our neighbours. He asks, p. 117, ‘what religious improvements we have made ?’ If the doctor ask this question, we must put another, and say, if we have made no religious improvements, how can we be ‘enlightened by the full splendour of *the sun of righteousness* ?’ For what can the being ‘enlightened by the full splendour of *the sun of righteousness*’ mean but the having our minds possessed of that unclouded light of Divine Truth which generates righteousness ? Can we be ‘enlightened by the sun of righteousness,’ while we are merged in those depths of vice where the day-spring is obscured and no light

is seen? But the author proceeds: 'Are we not characterized by a want of religious principle and of fervor in the service of God?' How then, we ask again, can we be 'enlightened?' &c. &c.

'Do not,' exclaims the author, 'sensuality and dissipation constitute the most striking features in the portrait of this country? In some periods the stream of wickedness hides its head, runs under the ground, and pursues a calm and secret course; but now it breaks forth like a torrent, that tears down all before it: as if the foundations of the great abyss were broken, and its prisoners had shaken off their chains, and roamed at large in the world.'

This is a frightful picture, and if it were true, would make us, instead of children of light, to be devils in iniquity. If we were so bad as the doctor depicts us, we must, according to his reasoning in a foregoing part of this sermon, be ripe for the just judgment of God, and for that 'death which is the wages of sin.' Dr. Valpy, like many others, represents the war as a 'divine scourge,' but if it be a divine scourge, why should we impute it either to Mr. Pitt on one side, or to the Jacobins on the other? The author says, 'it is the sword of Divine Vengeance, armed with tenfold fury.' Does this mean, that Divine Vengeance has armed our enemy with an irresistible sword? Before theologians talk thus, we wish that they would well consider the conclusions which legitimately follow from their reasoning. Let us not relax the sinews of fortitude or of patriotism.

The fifth sermon was preached August 13, 1798, at the consecration of the colours of the Reading Association. In this sermon, the preacher excites his auditors to '*hope that the Lord hath chosen ENGLAND for himself, and the British Isles for his own possession.*' How would our mercantile men relish this information? The VIth sermon was preached in 1802, at the Anniversary of the Royal Humane Society, &c. The VIIth sermon was intended to promote the interests of the Reading Dispensary. Dr. Valpy never appears to more advantage as a preacher, than when he is pleading for the distressed, and showing the strict union between the genuine religion of Christ and the interests of humanity. In the VIIIth and last sermon, Dr. Valpy defends the 'British and Foreign Bible Society,' with an earnestness which reflects honour on his religious temperament. The second volume of this work forms an appendix to the first. The following is a list of the contents.

'On the law of the twelve tables respecting debtors.' 'On the causes which must prevent the establishment of a republic in France.' 'On the Catholic Question.' 'The practice of liberal piety vindicated.' 'Rivalry of France.' 'On the prophecies relating to the fall of Rome.' 'On the disposition of the French government to peace.' 'Deeds without a name.' 'Defence of the Country.' 'On a state of insensibility in suspended animation.' 'On the interests of the church of England.'

Of these, the piece on the Catholic Question, which is made up of a speech in the Town Hall, Reading, in 1803, with notes on the same, occupies nearly one half of the volume, and contains many remarks worthy of serious attention.

These volumes furnish ample proof, that Dr. Valpy is a liberal politician, a fervent religionist, and a benevolent man.

ART. VII.—*The Remains of Joseph Blackett, consisting of Poems, Dramatic Sketches, The Times, an Ode, and a Memoir of his Life. By Mr. Pratt, 2 vols. small 8vo. pp. 600, 2 plates. London, Sherwood and Co. 1811.*

THE readers of poetry in Great Britain are divided into two parties, and express very opposite sentiments, when the works of self-taught geniuses, such as Dermoddy or Chatterton, Bloomfield or Blackett, become the objects of discussion. The one party extol every thing, and although they affect to praise with a reference to the difficulties and various other circumstances, under which these children of nature have come forward, their panegyrics are so warm, and their commendations so indiscriminate, that they seem to raise their protégés even above the level of those cotemporaries, who, with a superiority, or, at least, equality of inspiration, have had the additional advantages of systematic education and chastised taste. The other party will hear of nothing which is remarkable '*considering all things.*' Why, they say, should we waste our time on what is comparatively bad, when we have that within our reach which is positively good? But the sentiments of neither of these two parties, as thus delivered, are founded either in justice or with an eye to fair criticism. Mr. Pratt, one of the '*Dii minorum gentium*' in poetry, the editor of the present work, has a strong inclination to—

wards the first class of the two above mentioned, a class whose pretensions to taste must be wholly set aside, if they really admire as finished poetry what they ought only to admire as marvellous and promising better things. The injustice of the second order is more flagrant; and were their opinions to become more prevalent than they are, a want of encouragement to the expansion of natural talent under discouraging circumstances, must be the inevitable and constant result. If we were to recommend a line of conduct in a matter which depends nearly as much upon the feelings of the heart as upon the judgment of the mind, and in which the former are perpetually influencing the latter, we should wish all possible encouragement to be given to the disclosure of talent in private, whether by praise, by giving or procuring pecuniary assistance, but never would recommend to force into publicity prematurely those attempts which ought more correctly to be considered as the exercises of education than the ripened fruits of it. Of these children of nature now living, one only has risen to great literary eminence in society, we mean the editor of Massinger, and, as far as we recollect, the manly, and at the same time, affecting avowal of his discouragements in early life prefixed to his translation of Juvenal, the talents of this gentleman, though known and encouraged by the circle who interested themselves in their expansion, were not injured by premature publicity, but first strengthened and directed by education.

Blackett has quitted this world, to him a world of bodily suffering. His mental anxieties were much alleviated by the benevolent exertions of his editor and other friends: his story, known already to many, but not to all, is, in few words, this. He was born in 1786, at the village of Tunstill, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, the tenth of twelve children of a day-labourer in the service of Sir Thomas Lawson. He was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, at the parish school, and at the age of eleven bound apprentice to his brother, a ladies' shoe-maker in London. His passion for reading soon began to develop itself, and he was early master of the contents of his brother's library, consisting of Josephus, Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History, Fox's Martyrs, and some religious books, but having been persuaded to accompany a friend to see Kemble in Richard the Third, at Drury-Lane, his mind had such an effect produced upon it by the author as well as the actor, that his studies, inclinations, and pursuits were decided by that accidental circumstance. Every minute which could be

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spared from manual labour, was devoted to the perusal of Shakspeare, Otway, Milton, Pope, Young, Beattie, Thompson, Rowe, &c. and many hours defrauded of rest for the same purpose, to the no small injury of a weak and sickly constitution. He continued in his trade to the year 1807, when a pressure of domestic calamity was the means of introducing him, through a Mr. Marchant, to his future Mæcenas, Mr. Pratt, to whom some of Blackett's attempts at dramatic composition were at the same time submitted. From this time until his death, in August, 1810, his studies were guided by the present editor of his works, with whom he lived considerable portions of his time, and was in the habits of perpetual correspondence with his 'Mentor,' as this 'Telemachus' terms Mr. Pratt. In 1809, some specimens of Blackett's genius were circulated, and the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Milbanke, Mr. Wrangham, and the editor interested themselves in promoting subscriptions, the objects of which were the removal of the author's pecuniary distresses, the support of his mother and daughter, and encouragement in the prosecution of his studies. The benefit resulting from the present publication, is to be applied to the former purposes. Mr. Blackett sunk a victim to a decline at Seaham, in Sunderland, whither he had gone by sea, in the hope of receiving benefit by the voyage.

We shall first offer some remarks on the present publication, as edited and methodised by Mr. Pratt, and conclude the article with observations on the poetry of the author.

In limine, we are presented with an essay from the hand of the editor on the points of similitude existing between Joseph Blackett on the one side, and Bloomfield, and Townsend, the prospective author of 'Armageddon,' on the other. Did not the editor wish to imply another parallel of characters between Mr. Capel Loft, Mr. Cumberland, and Mr. Pratt?

It is not to be wondered at, that a work, edited certainly from benevolent motives, but with the additional spring of personal éclat, should contain infinitely too much about the editor himself, and this is most peculiarly the case with the work entitled 'The Remains of Joseph Blackett.'

In the very arrangement of the list of subscribers this vanity bursts upon the readers. By a novel method of classification, they are placed in separate lists 'marked out as 'procured by the Duchess of Leeds,' 'procured by Mr. Pratt,' &c. for had not this singular method of arrange-

ment been resorted to, the public would have remained ignorant, that Mr. Pratt's list is not only infinitely the longest, but is graced with royal and noble names in a proportion very far exceeding the lists of his coadjutors.

These volumes are certainly the proper place for Blackett's verses to Mr. Pratt, but we have nothing to do with Mr. Pratt's verses to Joseph Blackett. They are misplaced, and we do not hesitate to say, notwithstanding the editor's apologies on this very point, they are intrusive. Upon the same principle, the numberless disjointed scraps of letters, in which the editor, in some shape or other, meets us at every turn, might very well have been spared. From the materials before him, it was in the power of Mr. Pratt to draw up an interesting account of the life of his protégé and to affix it to his works; in mentioning any particular traits of the goodness of his heart, he might have corroborated his statement by a few references. The faculties of his mind were to speak for themselves, and this biographical sketch being concluded, we should have expected to lose sight of all personages but the author himself. The present case is wholly different: a great portion of the life is to be collected scrap by scrap from unconnected passages of letters, divided into different series and spread through the first volume. This system of arrangement is, of itself, a ground of censure on the editor; but he is not contented with blazoning himself to the world as the patron of one young man, he is, it appears, the arbiter of taste, and gives the nod of encouragement to unexpected talent; wherever he can find it. Witness the following extract from his preface to series the 6th of J. Blackett's communications to him.

'The following short letters and poetical pieces find a place here, not only because they are tributary to the genius of Mr. Blackett, but because they are specimens of *precocity* of talents rarely equalled. They were written by a young lady, *now only in the eleventh year of her age*, whose mental gifts and early attainments in exercising and enriching them, whether in compositions of verse or prose, as well as a skill in music and the languages, without losing any charm of childhood's simplicity, so far surpass any thing the editor has ever yet met, as an example of premature and diversified talents, that he can scarcely regret being denied the privilege of revealing the name of the authoress.'

After this, the reader will find some difficulty in believing that no one of these pieces is in any way tributary to the genius of Blackett, or even contains an allusion to the

existence of such a person; and of the letters one only is addressed to Mr. B. while the other three are tributes to the genius of Mr. Pratt! The collection, therefore, can have been introduced for no other reason than the gratification of the redundant egotism of the editor. The very pains this gentleman takes to disclaim such a spirit, with us, adds a corroboration to the positive evidence of facts against him. As to the *precocious* young lady herself, we have only to say, that the merit of her performances is wholly foreign to our purpose; we are nevertheless not slow to allow, that she must be a very extraordinary child.

Our opinion of Mr. Pratt's editorial labours may be pretty well collected from what we have already said, and though he has intruded his company upon us during the whole of the first volume, we should feel nevertheless wanting in justice and respect, were we to omit noticing, with due applause, his exertions in the cause of charity. Other motives, as we have hinted, may have combined to rouse these exertions (and how seldom is it that they do not?) but we sincerely believe, that charity was the main-spring. Having said thus much, we proceed to Joseph Blackett, the deserving object of these attentions. The pieces here published, consist, 1st. of songs and miscellaneous poetry, 2dly. of three unfinished dramas, and 3dly. of the *Times*, an ode, written in 1809, and the only piece published by the author himself. There is an easy versification and simplicity of idea in many of the songs very pleasing; we are not surprised by much novelty of imagination, but we catch the melancholy which so frequently infects the muse of Blackett, and are easily led away into the train of feelings indulged by the poet. There are some few specimens of comic verse, of the success of which we cannot speak very highly, with the exception of the 'sketch of burlesque tragedy.' This fragment in the style of Tom Thumb is very humorously conducted. Blackett had a very clear conception of the mock-pathetic and mock-sublime. His genius takes, perhaps, most pleasure in the delineations of the horrible in poetry. Witness the opening of his ode on the birth of ingratitude.

' Rouse the lyre with horrid sweep,
 Strains of frenzied discord swell,
 Summon from the "vasty deep"
 The furies of relentless hell;
 On me let their eye-balls glare,
 Let them lash me with their flaming hair,

Fan my strings
With raven wings,
And join my song in cadence rude,
For ah! I sing the birth of black ingratitude.'

Vol. 1, p. 267.

There is an air of wild grandeur thrown over the whole ode. The exclamation 'ah!' in the last line gives a flatness to the concluding part of this stanza. This defect does not recur in any of the other concluding lines, which required especial care to be raised beyond the prior parts of the stanza. 'Bedlam, or the effusions of Madness,' displays the genius of Blackett in the same colours as the foregoing ode; indeed we are induced to dissent from the opinion of Cumberland that Mr. B.'s genius pointed more towards dramatic writing than any other species of composition; his odes seem to have flowed from his pen in a much richer current, and the freedoms of invention and sublimity of expression, which they admit, to have been more consonant to the natural wildness of his muse. 'Bedlam' requires a good deal of re-touching; it was written, indeed, almost extempore, and, we doubt not, had it received corrections, would have exhibited more marked discriminations, and nicer distinctions between the degrees and varieties of madness, than it can at present lay claim to. Some pastorals in the manner of Cunningham exhibit the mind of the author in a very different view; his ease in this department, to which we confess ourselves not very partial, proves nevertheless the extreme pliability of talent of which he was possessed. In these pieces he has attained what is the only desideratum, he is simple without being childish or vulgar; we do not conceive that the nature of the kind of poetry will admit of much higher praise.

It would be unfair to expect the same approaches to perfection in the great work of the formation of a drama from Blackett, as in effusions which more easily admit of unpruned genius. The artificial structure of a story, the choice and invention of incident, the conduct and distinction of characters, and the varieties of language necessary for their personification are difficulties which require more experience than the present author could possibly have acquired. It will be recollected that we have only one living author, who may be said to have really succeeded in tragedy, we mean Miss Baillie; failure consequently becomes less to be feared, as success becomes incalculably more desirable. As the praise which we should bestow

on these unfinished dramatic sketches would be much qualified, by bestowing it only from comparative merit, and with reference to the youth and inexperience of the writer, we shall forbear from entering into any criticism on the compositions. Mr. Pratt observes, that

‘to the lover of genius and the candid critic the surprize will be, not that these sketches should be found deficient in the trim and trickery of the modern stage, but that they should, being the work of a boy only, and born to toil, discover any connection of characters and incidents at all.’

This is a very injudicious sentence, and sufficient to draw upon the editor the whole of the class of objectors to the children of nature, whom we noticed in the beginning of our article. The dramatic sketches are succeeded by the ode, denominated ‘the Times,’ in which Blackett does not rise to the height of his flight in some of the former odes; there is an equality of dignity throughout the whole, which although it does not soar very high, never sinks.

We cordially regret the untimely death of Joseph Blackett, cut off in the very infancy of a reputation, which would, we are convinced, have taken a far wider range than what can be expected to attend on these relics of a genius yet only progressive in the refinements of poetry. The present work, while it shews us what he was, will, we trust, be taken as a pledge of what he would have been. There is one singularly promising feature of future success in poetry had he lived, which we cannot refrain from noticing. His ideas never partake of the situation in low life, in which fortune had placed him. Can this be said of Bloomfield—can it be said of Burns? we are not introducing a comparison of genius, but simply observing one plain fact. Blackett seems to have vaulted into a range of ideas in no way partaking of the objects which surrounded him. His regard to Mr. Pratt does not seem to have changed the colour of his muse: Pratt has shone most in poetry in forcible appeals to humanity, and in some feeling touches which we have formerly noticed with praise, but he is very apt to sink into a mawkish strain of sensibility. This, with all his grateful admiration of his patron, Blackett has seldom reflected; a little of it may perhaps be traced in his ‘Dying Horse,’ but not in a degree to displease. The purchase of these volumes, which we recommend with earnestness to our readers, will be an act of discerning and well-directed charity, but we.

by no means limit our recommendation to these unequal grounds; the purchasers will be possessed of the remains of undoubted genius, they will be enabled to trace its progress, to appreciate the value of the benevolent patronage of those who fostered it, and from the promises here held out to them, to figure in imagination, a melancholy gratification we allow, the success which would hereafter have attended the poet. Had this work been published during the author's life, it would have been open to some objections, for having appeared too soon, before he had made sufficient progress to lay claim to public attention, particularly in dramatic composition, and in these objections we ourselves should have joined. Under the present circumstances they fall to the ground, and we offer our thanks for what we have now received.

ART. VIII.—*Transactions of the Medical Society of London.* Vol. 1. Part 1. 8vo. Maxwell, 1810.

THE Society, to which we are indebted for the publication of this volume, and which has already given several to the world under the title of *Memoirs of the Medical Society*, intend, as we are informed, 'to publish at shorter and more regular intervals than hitherto a selection of the papers that may be laid before them.' Complaints have been made, that by publishing at distant and uncertain periods, the interest of many communications has been diminished or wholly lost. We conceive, however, that communications which possess but a temporary value are best adapted to the fugitive publications, with which the present day so abundantly teems: nor do we suppose that the Medical Society of London (the title which these gentlemen have pleased to appropriate to themselves) think so lowly of the talents of their members, or of the importance of their labours, as to put them on a level with productions, which for the most part perish at the moment of their birth. Without presuming, however, to question the judgment of the society in resolving to be much more alert than heretofore in the business of publication, we shall briefly examine the contents of the volume before us, estimating its value by what we consider to be its intrinsic worth, and prizing useful truths, under whatever garb they are clothed, or from whatever quarter they issue.

Art. I.—On Medical Technology. By John Mason Good, F. R. S. Sec. M. S.

This paper is purely philological. By technology, Mr. Good means phraseology; and considering that the dignity of medicine is derived from the place it holds among the sciences, rather than from its practice as an art, we do not think the term happily chosen.

The objections, which Mr. Good makes to the language of medicine, may be applied with equal force to the English language in general, or to the French, Spanish, Italian, and probably to every living or dead language. It is (he says) a compound of words derived from many other languages, Hebrew and Arabic, Greek and Latin, French, Italian, Spanish and German. So is our vulgar English; and yet it answers very well every purpose of oral communication. He sums up his objections in the following terms:

‘The sources then of the impurity and perplexity of medical language may be contemplated under the following heads: First, the intermixture of different tongues that have no family or dialectic union. Secondly, the want of a common principle in the origin or appropriation of terms. Thirdly, the introduction of a variety of useless synonyms, or the adoption of different words by different writers to express the same idea. Fourthly, *imprecision* in the use of the same terms. Fifthly, an unnecessary coinage of new terms upon a coinage of new systems.’

These defects or redundancies Mr. Good illustrates in their order; but many of the examples are so little in use, that it requires some research to make out what diseases are designated by them. Many diseases are exotic, as much as plants and animals; and we cannot see how foreign words are to be avoided, when speaking of foreign things.

Mr. Good complains that the Greek *para* (παρά) is used in such a variety of senses, that it leads the judgment astray, instead of serving it as a guide. But if the Greeks themselves so used it, how can this defect (if it be one) be avoided? In candour to the ancients let us look at home for a moment. Mr. Good has himself, we fancy, coined the word *imprecision*, where the preposition *im* is a negative. In his favour he has the analogy of the words *imperfect*, *impertinent*, *immoral*, &c. But then there are *impressive*, *imbitter*, *imbellish*, *impoverish*, with

many others, in some of which it is rather augmentative; and the man who should attempt to banish every word from languages, which does not square with some fancied rule of perfection which he has laid down, would undertake more than the labours of Hercules.

For Greek authorities Mr. Good very properly refers us to Hippocrates; and he adds, 'in his failure he may perhaps be best supplied from Asclepiades, Celsus, Cælius Aurelianus,' &c. We are willing to suppose Mr. Good to mean that we may find the *Greek* terms used by these latter *Latin* writers; but for the works of Asclepiades we must crave to be informed where they are to be found? Mons. Le Clerc, (a writer tolerably learned for the days in which he wrote) says of the doctrines of Asclepiades, 'Nous pourrions mieux juger de ce qu'il tenoit, si ses écrits étoient venus jusqu'à nous, mais ils sont tous perdus,' &c. It is singularly fortunate if they have been latterly retrieved, as they were probably written with much purity. He must have been no ordinary writer, whom Cicero thus eulogises:

'Neque vero Asclepiades is, quo nos medico amicoque usi sumus, tum cum eloquentiâ vincebat ceteros medicos, in eo ipso quod ornatè dicebat, Medicinæ facultate utebatur, non eloquentiæ.'

Mr. Good says that to Baglivi we are indebted for the term *hysteria*. These *nugæ difficiles* are not worth the trouble of wiping off the dust from the volumes on our shelves. But the facts lie in a nut-shell. We find that the dedication to the first of Baglivi's works, his *Praxis Medica* is dated 1696; whereas Sydenham's epistle to Cole, the latter part of which is, *de Affectionibus Hystericis*, was published in 1681. The term being in common use at this period, might doubtless be traced much farther back; but we cannot waste our time in so frivolous a pursuit.

Art. II.—Memoirs of the late William Hewson, Fellow of the Royal and Medical Societies, and Teacher of Anatomy in London. By J. C. Lettsom, M. D. LL. D. &c. Pres. R. S.

Mr. Hewson was a very meritorious and ingenious man, and we are happy to find this slight tribute of respect paid to him from the pen of the ingenuous and well-intentioned president of the society.

Art. III.—History of fatal Effects from the accidental Use of White-Lead; in a Letter to the President. By John Deering, Surgeon, F. M. S. With additional Remarks by William Shearman, M. D. F. M. S.

Nothing can be more useful than the record of accidents such as befel the unfortunate family, whose calamity is related in this paper. The disease with which they were successively attacked, bore well-marked symptoms of saturnine colic. A summary of the event is comprized in the following extract:

‘Of nine persons in this family, who were more or less indisposed, four died, and the effects of the poison appear to have been nearly in the ratio of their respective ages.

‘The infant, fifteen months old, was attacked, and expired within the space of twenty-four hours; the child six years of age survived a fortnight; Mrs. R. aged forty, lingered three months before the fatal event took place; and the mother-in-law, aged sixty-seven, died four months after the attack.

‘The symptoms in each were very similar. The vomiting, pain in the stomach, and costiveness, marked the attack of the disease; and the soreness of the epigastric region in those who recovered was not removed by medicine, but seemed rather gradually to wear away by time and change of air. The matter vomited was usually of a dark yellow colour, though sometimes green; the fœces were in general dark coloured; but in the case of Mrs. R. they were completely white during the space of twenty-four hours only.

‘The countenances of all the patients exhibited a pale, sickly, wan aspect. The pulse in each was slow and regular, rather indeed sluggish, and generally below the natural state; but in no instance was there any symptom of paralysis.’

This accident was, after much ineffectual research, traced to the use of sugar, which had been put into a cask, that had previously contained white-lead.

Dr. Shearman relates, in the observations appended to this paper, that in a small sea-port town in Essex, an epidemic colic was traced to the use of Hollands gin, impregnated with lead. It appeared, that the officers of the excise had seized the spirit from the smugglers; and that previous to its sale, it had been impregnated with sugar of lead, for the purpose of depriving the spirit of the colour which it always obtains by being kept for some time in the tubs in which it is brought over sea by the smugglers. The loss of this colour enhances the price by three

or four shillings a gallon. This fact affords a useful hint to those who drink such liquors; though probably they are mostly of a description of persons, who are little heedful of the consequences of their habits.

Art. IV.—History of a Case resembling Hydrophobia, from the Bite of a Cat. By Joshua Dixon, M.D. of Whitehaven, Corresponding Member of the Medical Society.

The subject of this accident was a young woman of the age of eighteen. She was bit on the hand by a rabid cat, on 22d January, 1809, and was seized with the symptoms of hydrophobia on the 7th of April following. The malady seemed seated more in the stomach than about the fauces; every thing she took being rejected by vomiting. There was no horror of water, but the mode of swallowing was neither easy nor natural. ‘She appeared to open her throat widely, and greedily gulped down by a very small quantity; the strong convulsive spasms preventing free deglutition, and perceptibly interrupting her breathing.’

The violence of the disease was ushered in by convulsions; and it proved fatal in the course of fifty-eight hours.

It is needless almost to observe, that no medicine had the slightest effect. In fact, it seems that death in one sense may be said to have taken place from the first attack, all the symptoms being merely the phenomena of dying. If the future industry or good fortune of medical practitioners should attain to a mode of obviating the effects of the hydrophobic poison, it must be by some treatment adopted immediately after the infliction of the wound, when the system is silently undermined; though the changes which are introduced escape the notice of the senses.

Art. V.—Reflections on the indiscriminate use of Mercurial Preparations in Medicine. By W. Falconer, M.D. F.R.S.

In this age of mercurial quackery, when calomel is administered as a panacea, we hope that the calm and sensible reasoning of this judicious physician will be duly attended to. The property which is most decidedly ascribed to preparations of mercury is that of being deobstruent. Dr. Falconer suspects that the stimulant and inflammatory qualities of mercury are more likely to lay the foundation of obstruction than to remove it. In scro-

fula and cancer it is prejudicial. In cases of decided hepatitis the doctor asserts the bad effects of calomel to be still more evident; and illustrates the position by an example, which will not, however, it is probable, appear decisive to the advocates of the mercurial practice. In jaundice, from simple obstruction of the gall ducts, the choice of calomel as a purgative is not only unnecessary but improper.

Dr. Falconer complains with reason of the indiscriminate application of the term bilious to diseases, the symptoms of which afford no clear marks with regard to their nature. These are asserted to proceed either from a deficiency or redundancy of bile, or from its depraved and corrupted state; though no marks of any of these faults appear, either in the colour of the skin, or in the colour, quantity, or other qualities of the evacuations. And upon this mere hypothesis calomel is indiscriminately applied, without regard to age, sex, or constitution, or any consideration of its ultimate effects.

Mercury Dr. Falconer charges with producing tremors, palsies, and mania.

‘I have myself,’ (he says) ‘seen repeatedly from this cause a kind of approximation to these maladies, that embittered life to such a degree, by the shocking depression of spirits, and other nervous agitations with which it was accompanied, as to make it more than commonly probable that many of the suicides which disgrace our country were occasioned by the intolerable feelings which result from such a state of the nervous system.’

There are those who prescribe mercury in almost every complaint, even in acute inflammations; and ascribe to its effects the recovery of the patients. Between statements so discordant, how can an unprejudiced person discern the truth? Probably it lies in a middle point. Most of its curative powers are perhaps imaginary: whilst the mischiefs ascribed to it are often traced to a wrong source, and ought more justly to be accounted the consequences of constitutional derangement, or of erroneous habits of life.

Art. VI.—On the Staphyloma, Hydrophthalmia, and Carcinoma of the Eye. By James Ware, Esq. F.R.S. and Vice President of the Medical Society.

We find it impossible to abridge this paper, but we cannot but recommend it to the attention of professional readers. The diseases described are such as do not fall

much under the observation of those engaged in the common duties of the profession; and are on that account the more interesting.

The disease called *fungus hæmatodes* of the eye we believe Mr. Ware considers as essentially the same as cancer, only affecting persons in an earlier stage of life, and happening most commonly in infancy. Mr. Ware has given a very good description both of this form of disease and of the more common carcinoma. The only relief hitherto obtained is by extirpation of the diseased part. Of this operation, he says, 'although it be a melancholy truth that the operation has too often failed, this does not lead to the conclusion that its performance is always improper, since it certainly has not unfrequently succeeded.'

Art. VII.—Case of extensive Suppuration of the Liver, with Appearances resembling Ascites, and which terminated favourably. By Mr. John Burns, C.M.S. Teacher of Anatomy and Midwifery in Glasgow.

Art. VIII.—Observations on the Hare Lip. By Isaac Rand, A.M. M.M. S.S. C.M.S.

Art. IX.—Histories of two extraordinary Cases. By W. Norris, Esq. Surgeon to the Charter-House, and Vice-President of the Medical Society.

The first of these histories records a singular disease of the cranium. Tumours appeared successively on various parts of the head, which were found to contain matter: when exposed, a piece of bone was observed either detached, or nearly so from the parts beneath. At first the outer table of the skull only was affected; pieces separated, and the wound healed. After two or three months the bone separated through its whole depth; the dura mater was generally exposed by the separation of each piece, and the wounds in the scalp no longer peeled. The dura mater itself was apparently sound. This disease lasted rather more than a twelvemonth, when it proved fatal. A plate is given of the cranium, as it appeared after death.

It is proper to remark that there was no suspicion the subject of the disease (a respectable woman, aged 51) either was or had ever been exposed to the syphilitic poison.

The second of these cases is an account of a satyriasmus. Mr. Norris has very properly clothed his narration in the Latin language. The same motive which suggested

this precaution precludes us from giving the detail; it is, however, both curious and instructive.

Art. X.—On the Medicinal Properties of *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, or Blood Root. In a Letter to the President from Dr. N. Smith, Hanover (North America.)

Dr. Smith informs us that this root in doses of four or five grains acts as a strong emetic. It is likewise an errhine and escharotic. The doctor has used it in cases of hæmoptysis, and in coughs; giving it both as a vomit, and in smaller doses. ‘Given in this manner,’ he says, ‘if the patient has not a confirmed hectic, it generally cures the cough.’ He has found it useful likewise in inflammatory rheumatism.

Art. XI.—Case of Tic Doloieux, or painful Affection of the Face. By Anthony Fothergill, M.D. C.M.S. late Physician at Bath, now of Philadelphia.

This case resisted a host of doctors and surgeons, who prescribed respectively

‘Leeches, blisters, anodyne fomentations, lotions, embrocations, and issues; internally ether, volatiles, valerian, asafoetida, guaiacum, wolfsbane, cicuta for ten months; also bark, steel, extract hyoscyam. nigr.; and lastly Perkinian tractors.’

The patient refused to have the nerve divided; probably she was in the right.

Art. XII.—Remarks on the Land Winds and their Causes. By William Roxburgh, M.D.

The land winds on the coast of Coromandel blow at particular seasons from the western hills, commonly called the ghauts, towards the Bay of Bengal. They generally commence in the latter end of April or beginning of May, and they last to the earlier days of June, during which period they exert their violence generally from ten or eleven o’clock in the morning, till three or four in the afternoon. These winds are distinguished for their intense heat and singular dryness. The thermometer is at 108° or 112°; it has been known to rise to 115°, and, as it has been said, even to 130°. Shades, globes, tumblers, then very often crack and break to pieces; and the wooden furniture warps and shrinks so much, that even the nails fall out of the doors and tables, &c. This wind has the same pernicious effects on animal bodies as the sirocco and samiel. Dr. Roxburgh says,

‘The continuance of this wind causes pain in the bones, and a general lassitude in all that live; and in some, paralytic or hemiplegic affections. Its sudden approach has, besides, the dreadful effect of destroying men and animals instantaneously.

‘It is not very uncommon to see large kites or crows, as they fly, drop down dead; and smaller birds I have known to die, or take refuge in houses, in such numbers, that a very numerous family has used nothing else for their daily meals than these victims of the inclemency of the season and their inhospitality. In populous places it is also not very uncommon to hear, that four or five people have died in the streets in the course of a day, in consequence of their being taken unprepared. This happens especially at the first setting in of those winds.’

After refuting, and we think, satisfactorily, the common hypothesis, that the extraordinary heat which distinguishes these winds is owing to the absorption of caloric in their passage over an extensive tract of country, at a time when the sun acts with peculiar power, Dr. Roxburgh proposes another of his own founded upon chemical principles. It is sufficiently known that bodies in passing from a state of rarity to one of condensation, produce heat; or, according to the theory of latent heat, emit caloric. Dr. Roxburgh, applying this principle, proposes as a solution of the phenomenon the heat given out by the water that had been held in solution by the air, and deposited in form of clouds or rain.

‘The clouds formed on the ghauts, charged with water and electricity (by causes I am not now to investigate) are driven to the westward, whilst the heat which during the formation of these clouds, must necessarily be discharged, is carried to the east or to the lower parts of the coast and causes the properties for which the land winds are so remarkable.’

Art. XIII.—Cases illustrating the Effects of Oil of Turpentine in expelling the Tape-Worm.

The cases here related are communications from different members of the society. We do not think that the evidence in favour of the medicine is very strong; since the oil of turpentine appears to act simply as a purgative; and we cannot discover that it is better than those already in use. It is proved however that very large doses of this fiery oil may be taken, commonly with impunity; nine drachms was the quantity given by Dr. Lettson; and one gentleman administered an ounce and half. It is said to produce a degree of giddiness like intoxica-

tion, but which goes off as soon as the oil has passed out of the stomach. In most of the cases it simply imparted to the urine a terebinthinate smell without irritating the organs; but it is allowed, that in one case it produced violent retchings, tenesmus, strangury, and great pain of the back; the urine was also tinged with blood. The strangury and tenesmus continued nearly a week, and the patient was unable to work for several days.

We should require stronger proof of the superior efficacy of this substance to those in common use, before we should venture to substitute it for them.

Art. XIV.—Some Account of the Life and Writings of Nathaniel Hulme, M. D. F. M. S. late Physician to the Charter House. By H. Clutterbuck, M. D. F. M. S. &c.

Dr. Hulme was, in his day, a respectable inoffensive member of society. But we doubt whether there was any thing either in his character or his acquirements so striking as to require or even to justify the printing of this memorial of him. If every man, such as Dr. Hulme, who lived a retired life, enjoying a plentiful income, and amusing himself with not very important philosophical experiments, were to receive an *elogé*, societies such as the London Medical Society, might publish an annual folio.

With more propriety is there added to the narrative of Dr. Hulme's life, an account of a truss which he invented for the relief of sufferers from hernia, a malady under which he laboured. He was very anxious, in his last illness, that the account of it should be published for the public benefit. This trait does real honour to his memory. The works of men are the most proper monuments of their name and character.

ART. IX.—*An Essay on Human Consciousness, containing an original View of the Operations of Mind, sensual and intellectual.* By John Fearn. London, Longman, 1811, 4to.

THOUGH the hypothesis which Mr. Fearn has developed in this work, may be doomed to share the fate which has attended the labours of other theorists on the nature and constitution of the human mind, yet he has certainly supported it with no small share of ability and penetration. He appears to be a calm and patient inquirer after truth;

not fond of novelty for novelty's sake, but not afraid of divulging a new opinion, when he thinks that it is established by the force of evidence.

Notwithstanding the accumulated labours of metaphysicians, the science of mind is still in its infancy; the different phenomena have not yet been observed with sufficient nicety and discrimination, nor collected with sufficient copiousness for a comprehensive induction, nor even for the formation of any satisfactory hypothesis.

Mr. Fearn argues, that the mind is an extended substance of a definite shape. He thinks, that great errors have been occasioned by those who have defended the immateriality of the mind, and at the same time supposed its '*non-extension*.' Its extension, in the opinion of Mr. F. is necessary to render it capable of acting on the body. According to him, there can be no interaction of mind and body unless both have this common property. But though Mr. Fearn believes, that mind is an extended substance, he argues, that it is '*immutable*,' and so far his theory is in unison with that of the immaterialist, and favourable to the supposition of a future state.

As the mind, in this hypothesis of Mr. Fearn, is an *immutable* substance, he has provided for its permanent identity, the supposition of which is not so easy, if we maintain that the intellectual principle is constituted of the same fluctuating and fugitive particles as our corporeal frame, or if, with the more gross materialists, we imagine mind only a mode, or property of a material organization, which is in a state of perpetual change.

Mr. Fearn is not a materialist who thinks, that the organization of the brain produces consciousness, nor does he support the '*mental non-extension*' of the immaterialists. The substance of the author's theory is, that '*mind operates by extension, distinct from brain*,' and that '*brain cannot be the agent of thought*.'

When the author supposes the substance of mind to be different from that of matter, and yet to have the common property of extension, he does not pretend to define what either is; but mentions in what respects he believes them to differ or agree.

The author allows, that the '*mind is indebted to the physical organs which belong to it for all the knowledge it possesses*.' He appears, at the same time, to make the consciousness of the mind more dependent on the body than the facts warrant, or than his own hypothesis required. '*We have no ground*,' says he, '*to suppose, that the mind*'

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ever moved *consciously* until the body moved it.' Did the author reflect, that the body itself is a mere inert substance without the mind, and that the principle of motion, at least of all voluntary motion, is in the mind? Sensation, says Mr. Fearn, is 'requisite to set the mind first in motion;' but can sensation exist out of the mind? Is it not clearly demonstrable by experiment, that sensation does not exist in the corporeal organs, but in the sensory or mind itself, in whatever part of the brain it may be supposed to be placed?

Mr. Fearn does not imagine, that the 'mind grows with the body;' but he says (p. 14), that it 'nevertheless depends for its *due* action upon the growth of the body.' The meaning of the author in this passage is not very definite. The growth of the body means an accretion of parts and an increase of dimensions. Of such a species of growth, the mind is certainly not susceptible, unless we suppose it to be only an organization of perishable matter, or a mere mode or property of the organized brain. This is not the meaning of Mr. Fearn, who represents the mind as an immutable substance, distinct from the body, but possessing the common property of extension. If, then, the mind 'does not grow with the body,' according to the opinion of our author, what is his specific meaning when he says, that it 'depends for its *due* action on the growth of the body?' The mind certainly cannot operate without external means. It cannot walk a journey without feet, nor build a house without hands. But it can think without either hands or feet. If the word 'growth,' be used in a less restricted sense, and be taken for a gradual increase and maturation of powers, the mind certainly grows for a much longer time than the animal body to which it belongs. It often, indeed, becomes more vigorous and robust, when the body has long passed its highest point of increase, and even exhibits symptoms of decay. It grows in knowledge many years after the body has ceased to grow in length, breadth, or strength.

The body is improveable by culture, but the mind is improveable to a much greater degree, and for a much longer period, and instead of 'its *due* action' being dependent 'upon the growth of the body,' it appears, in its most important operations, an independent and self-moving power. Though Mr. Fearn supposes mind 'a reality, distinct from body,' he adds (p. 14), 'we have no ground to think, that mind can either *act* or *feel* in any state without the condition of some *adapted* or *organized* body.' But can this

really be the condition of mind? Can that which alone feels, perceives, and thinks, be so entirely dependent on that which is naturally insensate and inert? When it is said, that the intellectual functions are suspended during sound sleep, this is no proof, that the action of the mind is dependent on the corporeal organs, for the mind appears, even according to the confession of the author, to have been made subject to this condition, that sensitive beings susceptible of fatigue, and exposed to suffering, may have periodical intervals of rest.

What Mr. Fearn says on consciousness, is sometimes rather indefinite and obscure. He asserts, p. 16, 'from the beginning of human life to the end, *all our knowledge* is received by *consciousness*.' He here makes consciousness another term for the mind itself, rather than a particular state or position of the thoughts. When he says, that '*all our knowledge* is received by *consciousness*,' is not this the same as to say, that consciousness is the percipient of all our ideas, or, that we know only what we are conscious that we know? This will be readily granted by those who are convinced, that knowledge is not ignorance, or that they cannot know any thing, and not know it at one and the same time.

Mr. Fearn proceeds to acquaint us, that this consciousness is 'absolute feeling of affections present in the mind, including revived feeling of those affections which have formerly been present in it.' He goes on, in the next paragraph, repeating much the same thing with a little diversity of expression. 'Consciousness,' says he, 'is that feeling which gives conviction of any affection being present in the mind, whether it be intelligence from sense, intelligence of intellect, or a remembrance of any intelligence, sensual or intellectual.' Here are certainly rather more words than were requisite on the occasion. We should have been perfectly satisfied, if Mr. Fearn had in this place said no more on consciousness than what is to be found in one short sentence of Locke. 'Consciousness is the perception of what passes in a man's own mind.' Essay on Human Understanding, l. 19.

Mr. Fearn arguing, that 'consciousness includes perceptions of sensations and ideas,' informs us, that it is 'the *sole universal sense*.' It is certain, that the sensations which proceed from the excitement of the different organs of sense, all find a point of coherence or union in the consciousness of the individual; and hence man is constituted one indivisible self. But, though this be clear, what distinct ideas

have we of Mr. Fearn's assertion, that consciousness is 'the sole universal sense?' We suppose, that he means the sensory of the whole corporeal machine, or, that he intended only to repeat what he had in effect said before, that consciousness constitutes the whole mind, or, that 'all our knowledge is received by consciousness.'

Having thus shown the great latitude in which Mr. Fearn uses the term 'consciousness,' there is little occasion to remark, that the title of his work, 'An Essay on Human Consciousness,' might have been exchanged for the title of Mr. Locke's book, 'An Essay concerning Human Understanding.' Indeed the word 'understanding,' as comprehending the whole intellectual state of man, as opposed to his more gross, animal nature, would have been more appropriate and less liable to mislead.

Mr. Fearn talks, p. 18, of treating 'of the *several divisions of consciousness.*' He should have used the word modes or properties, rather than *divisions*; for how can we divide that which is indivisible, and which he himself, in some parts of his work, seems to consider as one immutable whole?

We cannot always approve the terms which are employed by Mr. Fearn. They are occasionally too corporeal to express the fine and impalpable operations of mind, or too metaphorical for a philosophical treatise. Thus, p. 19, he calls the 'will,' 'a sort of mental *disjunctive conjunction*,' by which 'feeling and action are divided or articulated,' or 'a *hinge* upon which feeling *turns* to action.' This is certainly very ambiguous and obscure.

The leading or titular proposition of Section V. cap. iii. is, that 'ALL KNOWLEDGE IS FEELING.' Mr. F. had before made sensation the origin of all intellectual agency, and had said (p. 12), that 'the mind is indebted to the physical organs for all the knowledge it possesses,' and we should suppose, that he means here, that all knowledge is ultimately derived from the senses. But as we proceed in Mr. F.'s developement of the subject, if such it may be called, we are bewildered in a confusion of terms, till we almost lose our way in the labyrinth of metaphor and metaphysics. We will quote part of this section as a specimen of the work and an exemplification of the reasoning.

'However it may at first appear, I think, feeling and action *playing on the articulation*, will or desire, comprehend every change incident to mind. The boundless fields of human thought and enterprize, the never ending trains of sensations, ideas, reasonings, and results, elaborated, by the mind itself, into

passions and morals, and extending their courses throughout all the difficult regions of science; all these will be found not to proceed from, but to be themselves, in every step of their processes, either feeling or action.' * * * * "Reasoning is an alternation of feeling and action. Throughout the longest induction, will performs the very similar part that it does when we are trying by the eye to discover, at a distance, whether a certain visible object be a man or a horse. In this case, we voluntarily bend the organ upon the object, and endeavour, by every change of posture and energy, to embrace any moment of light that may permit discernment. At length, when we have succeeded, the discovery is *gratuitous*, and we *only suffer* it, though will has been so very industrious to enable us to *suffer* it. In reasoning, the mind perceives the equality or difference in two ideas, and then acts, by will to compare one of these with some other, that is, will puts us in a new situation to perceive the result of the sought comparison, and *then* we *do* perceive it, and so on. It has been laid down by a learned author, that reasoning requires *two* different mental powers. Now what I offer is, that one of the two powers is *mere* will to look in various directions, and the other only a passive capacity to perceive equality or difference, between two things, which last power, is like the power of wax to be *melted*, being no other than suffering. The mind of a philosopher patiently traversing the untrod fields of science, operates radically in a similar way to that of a boy shut up in a closet full of holes watching the flight of a number of pigeons round him. The boy desires to see them, and having caught a glimpse of one, lo! it is blue: he then watches to see others, and having succeeded with a second, it is white. He had in his option to watch or not to watch; but having watched until the pigeons crossed his attentive eyes, he could not avoid seeing them, neither could he make the blue pigeon white, nor the white pigeon blue. These conscious *truths* he *suffers* irresistibly. Thus all knowledge acquired by *design*, is nothing but accession of new facts in consciousness, which the voluntary acts of the mind had put us in a situation to *suffer*; and all knowledge acquired *without design*, consists in similar conscious *sufferings*, through *chance*. The mind is often truly active in *search* of knowledge, but always as passive in *finding* it as in receiving a blow which we put ourselves in the way to suffer.'

Mr. Fearn calls the above an 'extremely simple view of the mind,' which he seems to think it of importance for us to remember. Mr. Fearn not only supports the hypothesis, that the mind is an extended substance, but argues, that the *shape* of it is that of 'a flexible spherule.' He thus illustrates this curious theory.

'If a man take any *inflated flexible ball* between his hands and

press it, on *all*, sides, with the *ends* of his *ten divided* fingers, each acting with a *different* degree of *force*; he shall find, that the *finger* which presses *strongest* will make the *deepest flexure* in the ball; and all the *other fingers* will be deep in proportion each to its *own* degree of *pressure*, and, if the man *varies* the *pressure*, and also *increases* it, he shall observe, that by urging any *one* finger, very *much*, the *flexures* made by the *other fingers* will begin to *lessen*, until at length the *smallest flexures* will *wholly disappear*, and all the *others in succession* (*the weakest or smallest continually going first*), although their *respective pressures* are still acting upon the ball. In other words, by *variously* applying the pressures upon *different* points of the ball, it will follow with *mechanical precision*, that *strong forces* affect, *lessen*, and, at length, *obliterate* the impressions or *flexures* made by *weaker forces*; in a *similar order* to what takes place in cases of *present* and *pressing* external affections in the *mind itself*. Again, if the different forces be still applied to the flexible ball, and if the *strongest* pressing force is made to *relax gradually*, we shall then have the *weaker* forces *re-producing* the same *flexures* or hollows which they had lately lost, *precisely* in the *reverse order* of their *departure*. Being in the very *same way* that weak affections *re-impress* the *mind* (if their impulses be present), on the *gradual* relaxation of *strong* affections, the *similar* order of these *facts*, as *governed* on the *physical organ*, to the order of *perceptions* governed in the *mind*, is so *correct*, *striking*, and *undeniable*, that I think it will be admitted without hesitation.

No small part of Mr. Fearn's book is printed in italics, of which the above extract is a notable specimen. We know not the reason which caused the author thus to disfigure his page. While Mr. Fearn supposes, that the mind, like the ball which he has mentioned, is '*flexible in surface*,' he asserts, that it is '*immutable and impenetrable in substance*.'

'The surface of the mind,' says he, 'when not affected, is *perfectly uniform*, and is in contact, throughout, with nervous influence, or perhaps some elementary matter, this last being the medium of its co-operation with the body and external world, Mind possesses a limited or qualified motivity, moving not until nerve has acted upon it; but, being duly moved, it displays a peculiar limited power of varying and regulating its own motions and of giving new sorts of motion to the body which first moved it. When the external force wholly ceases, the action of the mind is necessarily included, and it moves no more until nerve stimulates it again. If, during a state of rest, any nervous stimulus press strong enough to produce any motion, this must occasion inequality or flexure in the surface of mind, and

such flexure is accompanied by an instance of perception, whereby mind is apprized of its own existence, or waked to feeling and action.'

'If the mind be supposed to possess the figure and texture of a flexible spherule, it appears admirably adapted to receive any number of co-existing or synchronous flexures, on both sides of its surface, and to entertain all conceivable varieties of them, in number, form, and degree, so long as any capability of flexure remains. It is equally adapted to receive any or all of these varieties of flexures in succession, with a rapidity, greater or less, in proportion as the motions of such flexures are, in themselves, physically greater or less.'

Mr. Fearn supports this hypothesis, fanciful as it is, with considerable acumen and ingenuity, and he endeavours to show how it may be employed to account for the different intellectual phenomena. But it is too gross and mechanical, and leaves the nature of sensation, perception, and thought, as much involved in mystery as it was before. It renders the mind itself motionless and inert till, as the author expresses it, 'nerve has acted upon it.' Thus it makes all intellectual activity originate in the body, and indeed so far represents the mind only as a sort of subordinate appendage to the corporeal organs. According to Mr. Fearn, 'perception takes place on the surface of the mind,' and from the definite shape, which he has ascribed to the mind, of a flexible spherule, all intellectual changes can be nothing more than certain undulations occasioned by pressure or distension. There may, indeed, be nothing more absurd in this hypothesis than in Hartley's doctrine of vibrations, and the phenomena of ideas in the hands of an ingenious metaphysician, may perhaps be explained no less satisfactorily by the one than by the other. Hartley indeed, did not, like Mr. Fearn, assign any specific shape to the mind, yet his book does not excite any higher idea of the intellectual faculty than of a complex piece of mechanism. The 'spherule mind' of Mr. Fearn, though it is pourtrayed to us as an indestructible substance, is nevertheless not endued with that independent energy which we have been wont to attach to the THINKING PRINCIPLE, and which fits it for a separate existence without the necessity of any corporeal integuments. But these integuments, according to the notions of Mr. F. appear necessary to its activity in every stage of its existence. 'Though,' says Mr. F. in his second chapter, 'the sentient faculty may have existed from earliest creation, we have no ground to suppose, that it ever moved consciously till the body

moved it. Is it not rather more true, that the body would have been quiescent 'from the earliest creation,' if it had never been endued with the sentient faculty? And though the mind itself may be conscious of corporeal impulses, yet is it not absurd to say, that those impulses are the indispensable condition of its consciousness? In another passage, which we have quoted above, Mr. Fearn has stated, that 'when the *external* force wholly ceases, the action of the mind is *necessarily included*, and it moves no more till nerve stimulates again.' The hope of immortality would not be very strong in our breasts, if it had no more vigorous stay than the theory of Mr. Fearn. It certainly was not the intention of Mr. F. to repress that hope, for he evidently cherishes the agreeable expectation; but we much doubt whether those persons whose only argument in favour of a future state rests on the '*spherule mind*' of Mr. Fearn, will anticipate that event with much constancy of conviction. The truth is, that we are at present too much in the infancy of knowledge to form any thing like a satisfactory theory respecting the nature of mind. It is our duty to accumulate facts and to make observations; but we must leave it to some distant age to develop the nature either of the vital or the intellectual principle.

ART. X.—*Isadora of Milan*, 5 vols. London, Colburn, 1811.

MR. COLBURN has furnished the readers of novels with some variety of entertainment. Wieland and Ormond lately claimed our attention; and now *Isadora of Milan* presents herself before our critical tribunal. Though this last may not possess the power of thrilling us with horror so effectually as some passages in the above mentioned publications, yet it has mystery enough to excite curiosity, and character sufficient to diversify the interest.

The chief merit of *Isadora of Milan* is the natural display of foreign female character. In particularly specifying the female characters, we do not intend to find fault with the male; they are well executed, but the female character marks the prominent features and interest of the whole. It also presents a good but fearful picture of the ebullitions of temper and the passions of youth. The hero of this novel holds out a very instructive admonition to parents and guardians, not to give way to weak and tender *overlookings* of those bursts of passion and those *self-willed*

tempers which are too often exhibited in the frowardness, petulance, and ardour of youth. These unfortunate propensities, when once indulged, give rise to those strong and uncontroled emotions of the mind which lead to misery and all the bitter ills which render the remainder of our lives irksome to ourselves and useless to our fellow creatures.

The character of Isadora of Milan is boldly conceived, and is executed in a masterly manner. It may seem unnatural to *English minds* and *English readers*. But it is a highly natural and well portrayed image of *Italian daring*, and the furious temperament of *Italian revenge*.

The hero of this novel is first brought on the stage in a very interesting point of view. He is a boy, tenderly nurtured by a female friend (Madame de B.) on the borders of the Lake Constance, in Switzerland. By the domestics of the house he is called *Master Walter*, and universally spoken of and acknowledged as the protégé of Madame de B. He is sent to school, and on offending one of his comrades, he is told by his playfellow that he is a nameless brat, and ought to be humble, for if his parents had not blushed to own him, he would have been denominated by something more than *Master Walter*. Master W. is very tenderly alive to the suggestions of pride, which had been fostered by indulgence, and after an interval, he demands of Madame de B. to whom he belongs? She tells him, that he is an orphan, and that his name is Grosvenor. This is uttered in a manner and with a voice which escape not the penetration of little Walter: he sees in his mind's eye, that there is some mystery in the case, and his heated imagination supposes, that some disgrace lurks beneath, which he is determined to unfold.

Walter Grosvenor is, from the effect of constitution, not regulated by the force of education, a youth of ungovernable passions, though not without what is called a good heart. Stigmatised at school as a base born brat, he becomes a reflecting animal: the supposed error of his parents sinks deep into his heart. In fact, he is a wounded deer of no ordinary character. As he grows up, he is furnished with every thing requisite for a man of consequence and fashion. Yet the mystery of his birth presses heavily on his breast. At Paris, to which place he goes with his tutor, he is summoned to an interview with a gentleman who calls himself Brownlow, and who, from the warmth of his greeting and the visible effort of suppressed emotion, Grosvenor feels persuaded, is the father whom he sought.

Though his heart bounded to meet the overflowings of parental tenderness, yet indignation, that the knowledge of his origin had been so long withheld from him, urges him to inquire in rather intemperate language to whom he belongs? Mr. Brownlow's agitation and some expressions which he unguardedly drops, make our hero persist in his endeavours to gain a knowledge of his parents, and he assails the stranger so forcibly, that he is obliged to shorten his visit, though not before Grosvenor finds out, that the name of Brownlow is a deceptive one, and that the stranger is a *My Lord Somebody*.

Grosvenor gives way to all the ebullitions of his irritable temper, and mistaking mortified pride, resentment, and disappointment for a hatred of the world, he retires again into Switzerland, secludes himself from society, and applies to his studies, his pencil, and his music. After a lapse of a few years, our gentleman revisits Paris, and with an income unlimited, but derived from this Mr. Brownlow, who still remains behind the curtain, and arranges his supplies through the medium of Madame de B. He now enters on a career of dissipation. Endowed with violent passions, which had never experienced any salutary controul, he plunges, with secret dissatisfaction at his heart, into every species of fashionable folly. Incapable of resisting the dangerous temptations of pleasure and an ardent admirer of the fair sex, he becomes a willing slave at the Altar of Vice.

In this part of the work, the author greatly excels in his display of the French female character. It is here the merit of the book chiefly lies. The various intrigues of French women of fashion, the arts which they practise to inveigle young men of fortune, and the artifices to retain their affections, which only French women are so *au fait* at, are very ably developed and very faithfully portrayed. French mistresses, and when we say French mistresses, be it known, we mean not only respectable married women, but women of family, fortune, and education, have the skill to throw over an intrigue the colouring of passion which they do not feel, and by their wit vivacity and powers of *badinage*, forge such fetters as are not easily broken by their enslaved enamoratos. Their influence over the hearts of their lovers is a sort of invincible despotism.

The characters of Madame Lucerne, la Comtesse de Châtillon, &c. are faithfully sketched, but to an English mind they present very revolting portraits. Grosvenor, with quick and ardent feelings, is represented as susceptible of all the

enthusiasm of love, but not meeting with an object to inspire a proper and pure passion, with every reason to believe himself without a single legitimate tie,

‘all the finer feelings of the heart,’ says he, ‘with which nature, unfortunately for me, had been so prodigal, had been nourished and cultivated with assiduous care, without knowing even whence my resources were derived, my purse had been liberally supplied; the attention, tenderness, and delicacy with which I had ever been treated, the respect and deference of my dependents, and the kindness of my early friends, had not prepared me for the insults of the world, or the rebuffs to which my equivocal situation in society exposed me. Credulous and compassionate, I had ever been the tool of others, while the consciousness of unmerited insult roused all the turbulent unchecked passions of my nature, which, from indulgence, had acquired strength, and spurned at controul.’

Tired of dissipation, frivolity, and female intrigue, Grosvenor applies to his pen and produces a petite piece for the stage, which is received with enthusiasm. Ardent in all his pursuits, he next composes a tragedy and repairs to the house of the Comtesse l’Etoile, whose mansion is the receptacle of *beaux esprits* and amateurs of *Les belles lettres*, to read over this performance to a circle of friends.

‘The circle,’ he says, ‘had become somewhat more numerous than expected by myself, when the door once more opened and gave entrance to two females; the one was of considerable senior appearance to the other. She was tall even to excite observation on her height, and singularly erect: repellant rather than hauteur marked her air; her features were still strikingly fine, her teeth unimpaired, and her countenance untinged by rouge, which in France is so universally worn by every female after marriage: this singularity was the more observable from the contrast it formed to those displaying an almost ghastly pallidness, yet, with even this disadvantage of complexion, the stamp of beauty was not to be effaced—its perfect mould stood the test of time with uninjured form; she scarcely appeared to see those around; certainly she did not view them with the slightest attention; her very soul seemed as an interior fixture, which never roamed to meet that of another, but nought imbecile, nought that was insipid, dwelt in the general expression of her features; they were marked by strong and powerful traits of mind, but they were traits which seemed to baffle the scrutiny of human analization.

‘Such was the senior of these females, but the junior was *The Mourner of the Convent of St. Urseline*, whose peculiar carriage, whose marked step, and the lofty grandeur of whose air were not for an instant to be mistaken, although her coun-

tenance had been but slightly surveyed, registered more on the tablet of imagination than that of critical memory.

‘Of her person I dare not trust myself to speak: those who have not beheld her would accuse me of having dipped my pen in the ink of romance; those who have would turn with indignation from the vain, the powerless, inefficient attempt to delineate her exquisitely peculiar beauty in all its luxuriant perfection.

‘I eagerly inquired of the person who stood next me the name of this stranger; the reply was:—

‘Signora Miartini, oftener distinguished as Isadora of Milan; the lady whose arm rests within her’s is the Baroness Hermanstadt, who in her fifty-third year captivated the affections and became the bride of one of the most ancient nobles of Germany. She is now a widow, and has already numbered, I am told, her seventieth natal day. She has not been unaptly styled the German Ninon: but of the subject of her own family and connections no one seems informed; the Signora Miartini, her grand daughter, being the only relative known to the world, and she resides constantly with her.’

After Grosvenor had read his play, the younger of these females seemed to be asking some questions respecting him, when suddenly turning to the Baroness Hermanstadt, with a quick emphasis and a peculiar air of triumph, she exclaims, ‘he is an Englishman, my mother.’ Her whole frame was animated, and she seemed borne away by an involuntary

‘ebullition of soul, which appeared to rest on the term Englishman. The searching orbs of the baroness fell upon her glowing features with an expression I could not interpret; it seemed peculiarly comprehensive, pregnant with meaning. One sound of reply passed her lips; it was in the form of an ejaculation; it was not impressive of reproof or of anger, but it was emphatic; still it was only the simple pronunciation of the name of the beautiful Italian. Isadora! was all her lips breathed.’

Grosvenor soon becomes sensible of the seducing powers of the beautiful Milanese. She taught him to estimate that wide difference between licentious passion and those feelings of tenderness which mark a purer flame. She is represented as possessing

‘that touching excess of sensibility, that tenderness of voice so seductive, so *subsiding* to our hearts, which eminently distinguishes the Italian females, were all in an eminent degree the properties of Isadora of Milan, while born beneath a warm and glowing atmosphere, she largely imbibed from its effects that light and playful vivacity which is to the general mass of creation a charm of exquisite value; but with all the inspiration of

an Italian temperament, her mind appeared to have inhaled the chastity of England's colder clime. In the carriage of her figure there was much of lofty dignity—a dignity that would have awed the speaker, had not her address softened its excess: that address, never haughty, never proudly arrogant, always appearing gratified to have interested, never commanding, but entwining round the heart like the ivy clinging to the elm, as if nature had destined it to the embrace, and that a higher power than mortality decreed man should yield to the instinctive enthralment.

The baroness continued to treat me with that sameness of cold civility which she equally extended to the acquaintance of the day, as the associate of lengthened knowledge; and as it never varied in its degrees to others, I had no reason to be personally mortified at the circumstance. Indeed, the slightest mark of disapprobation was never perceptible, nor an attempt to suppress those attentions I decidedly and involuntarily tendered to her grand daughter; yet there was a revolting sternness in the character of her countenance that created a nameless fear in my bosom, lest she should interfere to prejudice Isadora against me; for with astonishment, apprehension, and grief, I beheld the very evident and unprecedented influence she possessed over the mind of the Milanese, an influence that I could scarcely have believed a mind, firm, strong, energetic, and glowing, as that of the Signora Martini, would have suffered to maintain such despotic power; yet have I seen a look, a word, unmeaning in its signification to another, yet apparently understood by another, check as if by magic the half-uttered sentence of her young relative. I have seen this superior offspring of Milan anxiously hang on the expression of this woman's countenance, as if to catch a guidance for her conduct in the most trivial actions, yet with this devoted deference, an independence of soul emanated from the eyes, and issued from the lips of my beauty's idol, with a natural eloquence that art could not feign. Ah, no! she had feelings to the most enthusiastic excess, yet was she not the child of Romance in any sense, but she was often the visionary of fanciful delusion, the fanaticism of singular, most extraordinary, yet wonderfully acute sentiments, which dwelt in her bosom. Oh, Isadora Martini! magnet of resistless attraction, what hours of happiness were those enlivened by your presence in the days of early hope! Memory lingers over the blissful moments when all was ecstasy, all was love! You seemed to my admiring view like the radiant glowing sun, which illumines the darker scenes of this to me otherwise gloomy world: you seemed true to the nature of your resembling planet to thaw the encrusted frost which enveloped the mind of your own powers, the flower of affection arose through the melting ice—while a smiling beam played from the executive source, as if in gratified delight it blessed the tender produce.

Isadora always addressed the baroness as "my mother."

These words from her lips had an accent peculiarly plaintive, sensitively tender; with it seemed associated some secret yet melancholy idea. Certain I am, she never pronounced that appellation devoid of a peculiar feeling.

‘I could not divest myself of the impression that mystery dwelt nigh the Baroness Hermanstadt.’

Grosvenor at length makes his offers to Isadora of Milan, and is refused with politeness, yet she evinces that he is not indifferent to her. It will be remembered, that the word *mother* is always pronounced by Isadora with peculiar tenderness and effect, which, when joined with the Baroness Hermanstadt’s eyes, figure, and peculiar manner, excites a dread, a fearful something, a presage of we know not what, which is excellently kept up. The scene between Isadora and Grosvenor, where she bids him adieu in the words, *native of England farewell for ever*, with the mysterious cross, and the half uttered vow, has every thing about it that a lover of novel reading can desire.

Grosvenor embarks for England and hears of Isadora’s marriage with the English Duke of Guilford. Grosvenor is claimed by his father, the fictitious Brownlow, who proves to be a Lord St. Aubin and brother to the Madame de B. who brought up the hero of the tale. The history of each, though very interesting, and well interwoven into the tissue of the story, we must pass over. Grosvenor marries a Miss Vernon, daughter to his maternal friend. And though his enthusiastic passion for Isadora still reigns triumphant in his breast, yet he masters his feelings sufficiently to appear calm and almost happy. Strange circumstances combine to make him believe, that his wife is unfaithful, when Isadora, as Duchess of Guilford, makes her appearance in England, and is the blazing comet of fashion. Grosvenor, now Lord St. Aubin, by the death of his father, is again the enslaved, the enthusiastic, and madly impassioned lover. He tries to fly from the presence of Isadora and as often by some unforeseen incident, which is not to be avoided, is impelled again into her society. Yet all is honourable warfare on his part. Till having, as he thinks, convincing proofs of the infidelity of his spouse, he gives himself up to the indulgence of his passion, and parts from his wife. In one of his wild enthusiastic moments of admiration for Isadora, he ventures to hint his unholy wishes, which are rejected with horror. He quits the house of the duke, her husband, where he had been on a visit, and meets in a fatal moment the person whom he had suspected of an unlawful inter-

course with his wife. This man assures him of Lady St. Aubin's innocence; but a duel ensues, and the supposed adulterer, who is known only as the wanderer of the Thuilleries, proves to be the brother of Grosvenor's wife. Stung with remorse, he hastens to his wife with the intention of asking something like a forgiveness from her; but he finds her dead of grief.

It seems that Isadora is the descendant of the noble family of Calderona, in the city of Milan, whose wealthy fortunes settled in a young heiress, by name Eleaser. This lady was seduced by an English gentleman, who thought, by this means, to secure the consent of her haughty father to his marriage. But the father enraged that his daughter should thus tarnish the honour of his house, cruelly casts her off, and the lover finding his plot fail, decamps and leaves the poor victim of error to provide for herself as well as she can. She flies from her native city, and brings into the world a female infant under a wretched hovel that was a covert for cattle. The poor babe was found in the morning, but the mother was dead. This child is brought up by the noble family of the Di Centilles; who name her Rosalba. She also falls a victim to their son Leone, who seduces her by the artifice of a false marriage, and then abandons her with atrocious perfidy. Rosalba is delivered of a daughter; and, being driven to distress, becomes the mistress of a Venetian, by whom she has another female child. But hating life on such disgraceful terms, she retires with her children to a convent, determining to consecrate her daughters to a monastic life. The day however before the momentous ceremony, the eldest elopes with the younger brother of Leone; but, in passing over the Alps, they wandered into a dangerous track and were engulfed in an abyss of those tremendous mountains. The youngest meets with a more awful death; for after taking the veil she becomes also the victim to the arts of an English monk of the name of St. Aubin, and gives birth to this Isadora of Milan. Isadora was secreted by Rosalba; but the unfortunate mother was enclosed between walls as is the custom upon such violation of the vows of celibacy. Rosalba marries the Baron Hermanstadt, keeping her history a secret. She makes Isadora swear upon the cross eternal enmity and revenge against mankind, but most of all, to extend her destructive hate to England's sons. Many are the persons who are made wretched by the witchery of Isadora, and though she loves Grosvenor, afterwards St.

Aubin, she determines to render him miserable. Her marriage with the duke is understood to be a Platonic union; but she at last falls by the arts of a French marquis, who despairing of winning her to his base purposes, executes a scheme which succeeds in making the duke believe she had dishonored him. A divorce is procured and Isadora departs for Leghorn. On her passage she is overtaken in a storm and buried in the waves. Thus ends this intricate but altogether interesting history. It contains a useful but melancholy moral. It particularly exhibits the disastrous effects, attendant on the early, unrestrained indulgence of ardent passion, and an extravagant sensibility, which in maturer years are apt to leave behind them nothing but bitter reflections and unavailing regrets.

ART. XI.—*The Pains of Memory, a Poem in two Books, by Peregrine Bingham.* London Anderson, 1811.

MR. BINGHAM's good sense has spared us the unpleasant task of reading a preface or advertisement, which it is the fashion in these days to place before every silly production, giving many frivolous and absurd reasons why, and wherefore, and how it all came about, that the authors have been prevailed on to favour the public with their wise or foolish lucubrations, making an affected parade of their modesty and timidity, and begging for mercy, candour; &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Bingham however appears to be a poet of some worth; and it is with much pleasure that we have perused his little volume on the pains of Memory, in which whatever defects may be found, there are certainly many beautiful passages. The subject which he has chosen, is painfully true; there is, indeed, more pain than pleasure in looking back on days that are past, never to return, on beloved objects buried in the cold and narrow tomb, on slighted affections and all the sad variety of human ills. These things, are what cause memory often, very often to embitter the present moments of life. Memory, at best, is but a fond deceiver, as Mr. Bingham evinces in his pretty little poem. Mr. B. delineates with a skilful hand the influence of memory on guilty minds, and shows in vivid but true colours, that

‘ Scenes recalled are woe,
Shame, sorrow, love, new griefs in mem'ry know.’

The poem is divided into two books: the first of which

treats of the 'Effect of memory on minds which are not afflicted with the consciousness of guilt. The second, 'the Effect of memory on guilty minds.'

We were pleased with the following lines, not because we thought them the best in the work, but because they exemplify the pains of memory with that plain truth, which must strike every mind that reads them.

'How oft, in scenes of solitude and night,
The soul will wing to other days her flight,
Unbidden mark some thoughtless hour's disgrace
The failure see, the sneering group retrace,
Till ridicule recall'd, confusion, shame,
Now fire the cheek with indignation's flame.
How oft, when nature sleeps and silence reigns,
Will sorrow weep at thought recurring pains,
Trace the sad moment when a spirit fled,
And every virtue of the absent dead!
Who has not heard the bell of midnight toll
Appalling accents to his sickening soul,
Wake up the strings of long forgotten woe,
Divided friends and parting anguish show!
Who has not sigh'd at Time's swift-ebbing stream,
Or moments flown of love's delusive dream!

Mr. Bingham also well describes the exiled Swiss, whom torturing memory, on hearing a celebrated national air played, impels to suicide.

'With wilder'd brain
He flies regardless from the tented plain,
And madly hopes from neighb'ring steep to view
The distant scenes that fancy fondly drew,
In vain he gazes on the boundless sky,
No home in sight, no well-known landmark nigh.
No faithful maid, no greeting friends appear,
But sighs the night-wind in his startled ear.
Then to his troubled brain wide oceans rise,
High barrier mountain, giddy precipice,
Black gathering clouds conceal the cherish'd scene,
And all the gulf of distance yawns between.
Haste! Help, he falls—the aim that scar'd the foe,
'Turn'd on himself has laid the conqueror low.'

The simple and pathetic tale of Agnes and Rinaldo is the best part of the poem. We give the following as a specimen of Mr. Bingham's descriptive powers. He appears to improve as he proceeds in this affecting little story.

' October's sun shines weak and pale
 Through dazzling haze upon the vale;
 Along the path curl'd up and sere,
 Meet emblem of the sinking year,
 The frost-nipp'd leaves unnumber'd lie;
 Unnumber'd streaks the hedges dye,
 Of dusky red, or yellow bright,
 Or wild-hop tendrils fleec'd with white,
 The last pale tint of fading green
 Still lingers on the mellow'd scene,
 While, floating on the midway air,
 Wantons the idle gossamer.
 Upon the high grove's swelling breast
 What mingled hues and shadows rest!
 It seems as though a wizard's wand
 Had wav'd its magic o'er the land,
 As shifted by the passing gale,
 Alternate colouring prevail.'

Mr. Bingham loses nothing of his poetic spirit in describing the effect of memory on guilty minds. The victim of seduction is feelingly, naturally, and, in some parts, beautifully pourtrayed, as well as the horrors of the murderer. The emperor of the French with all his crimes upon his head is not forgotten; he describes him at the feast in the following manner:

'Laughs the gay feast within his glittering halls,
 Ten thousand trophies deck the wond'ring walls,
 According sounds the notes of joy impart,
 Let all be mirth

—What! did the tyrant start?

Why rolls his wand'ring eye with fitful glance
 Nor heeds the crowded banquet?

Yes! in trance

The fearful groan of Jena's murd'rous plain
 Rose deep and sullen on his troubled brain,
 Where mingled sadly, wounded with the dead,
 Devouring lime on smarting sores o'erspread,
 The writhing heap shriek'd out its useless strife
 As clos'd the tomb on unextinguish'd life.
 Ha! from his cheek the startled life-blood flies,
 Now mounts again, and hues more livid rise.
 That was the howl that burst from Jaffa's vale,
 While murd'rous bands the sinking Turk assail;
 Whose bones unnumber'd, bleaching to the wind,
 In vengeful vision scare his wand'ring mind.
 Then in the still of night his empress bride,
 While yet he sleeps unconscious at her side

Trembles at stifled groans and boding cries
 From harass'd spirit that unbidden rise,
 As bleeding spectres round his pillow wait,
 And poison'd comrades all their wrongs relate.
 To blazing theatres, to proud reviews,
 To thoughtful council, memory still pursues;
 Dark on his musing brow and sallow cheek
 Sits care enthroned; triumphant dæmons speak
 In frightful accents to his conscious soul,
 And hell and horror ev'ry step controul.'

We must now take our leave of Mr. Bingham, assuring him we have read this effusion of his muse with much satisfaction, which would probably have been increased if he had written his poem in one uniform measure, instead of intermingling so many diversities of versification.

ART. XII.—*The Elements of Linear Perspective, designed for the Use of Students in the University.* By D. Cresswell, A. M. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 66. Deighton, Cambridge. Longman, London, 6s.

THE doctrine of perspective, by which the outlines of objects, as they appear under given circumstances and situations, are delineated upon given surfaces with demonstrable certainty, is a very curious speculation. It is one, among many, of those remarkable exertions of the human mind by which a few propositions of elementary geometry are extended, through an ingenious chain of reasoning, to the investigation of subjects which appear, at the first view, to have no visible connection with that science.

The due preservation of the perspective is so obviously necessary to render the picture a resemblance of the original object, that it may be concluded, perhaps too hastily, that a knowledge of the theory of perspective must be the first requisite to those employed in drawing. It may however be doubted whether a theoretical acquaintance with this art is essential even to an artist.

Perspective affords to the artist nothing more than a mechanical process to assist or correct a draught formed from vision. It was the practice of Gerhard Douw, and probably of others, to call in the aid of mechanical contrivances in painting portraits; but the usage of modern artists seems to be a confirmation of Pilkington's remark

(Dictionary of Painters p. 164) that 'the eye of a good artist seems to be a more competent rule than mechanical assistance.' If this remark be just as applied to portrait painting, it will be difficult to believe that the same correctness of eye, and nicety of execution, which is able to mark and distinguish the delicate and almost indefinable variations of complexion and proportion of features in the human countenance, would not be able to delineate with sufficient accuracy the more obvious differences in the directions and magnitudes of straight lines in a building or a landscape. It may be objected also that the application of perspective rules to the delineation of any object of complex and irregular boundaries, even when all the requisite *data* are obtained, (which sometimes cannot be done, and would frequently be laborious) is so exceedingly complicated and tedious that it cannot reasonably be expected to be often adopted in practice; and is less to be desired, because the representation, in general, can only be imperfectly determined. Considered with reference to such objects as are defined by straight lines, the principles of delineation are so few, and so simple, that they may be perceived with no other aid than that of experience confirmed by attentive observation. Rules for perspective can (generally speaking) be applied only to such parts of a picture as may be most easily effected without them; the human figure, the most important and the most difficult of all subjects upon which the pencil is employed, cannot without very great difficulty be sketched from perspective.

There is however one branch of perspective which appears to be essential to a certain description of artists: we allude to the case in which the delineation is made upon a curved surface as upon a dome. This is a case in which the representation is much more sensibly affected by the position of the point of view than those made upon plane surfaces, and in which the eye, accustomed to delineate upon a plane, cannot unassisted, judge correctly; the perspective principles are also much less obvious, and the execution of them far more difficult. To Francesco Melozzo, who flourished in the fifteenth century, is ascribed the merit of having discovered and taught the rules of perspective in paintings on arched roofs; but whether he was enabled to demonstrate his rules upon geometrical principles, or was satisfied merely with the practical results obtained by observation, we are not informed. Those who have since undertaken to teach the doctrine of per-

spective have usually neglected this branch on account of its difficulty, and the complicated constructions it requires. This case has been unnoticed by Mr. Cresswell.

It does not legitimately belong to the province of a review to write a dissertation upon any topic connected with the book under examination upon different principles, or (to speak the language of our present subject) to examine it in a different 'point of view,' from those in which the author has considered it. We shall therefore forbear to pursue our remarks, which are not however we conceive, irrelevant, inasmuch as they have been suggested by the author's preface.

'perhaps no subject, within the whole range of mathematical enquiry, is in itself more attractive. The bare enunciation of the problem, *so to represent an object upon a given surface that the picture and the original shall excite the same sensations*, is sufficient to stimulate the curiosity of a young and *ingenuous* mind. Whether it be considered as a remarkable instance of ingenious speculation, or as forming the basis of correct design, and instructing the judgment of the connoisseur in painting, it comes sufficiently recommended to the man of liberal education. . . . it undoubtedly exhibits so luminous and useful an application of geometry, as to claim the attention of every well educated person; its principles are universally worth knowing.'

If the author was borne out in the assertion that perspective could enable the delineation to excite the same sensation as the original, we should allow it a much larger meed of praise than we are disposed to do: but, unfortunately, he has himself shewn, by an example given expressly for that purpose, 'how very insufficient a mere delineation, however accurate, is to excite the idea of the original object,' page 34. Respecting the necessity of perspective to the forming a correct judgment of pictures, the reflection will readily occur, that to many pictures it will not be in the power of the connoisseur to apply the scale and compasses: and we apprehend that those who aspire to critical judgment in painting will suppose they are sufficiently able to distinguish, from the effect of the figures, any material defect in the perspective. We will not however quarrel with Mr. Cresswell, because he entertains so exalted an opinion of the utility of linear perspective; the partiality of an author for a subject on which he has bestowed much labour and attention, may be readily excused.

Let us not however be understood to condemn the study of this art: the practice of linear perspective is un-

doubtedly useful, if upon no other ground than that the exercise of it will correct the judgment in drawing from nature. There is one class of artists to whom the strict application of its rules is indispensable; we allude to those who are employed in drawing architectural elevations and designs. Nor are we prepared to contend that the theory may not be useful to the artist. Considering this theory as a curious speculation, and an ingenious appendix to the elements of geometry, we have no wish to repress the ardour of those inclined to study it. But our young readers must be cautioned not to undertake the study of theoretical perspective from a too sanguine expectation of the use to which they may apply it, either as a means of improvement in drawing, or as enabling them to decide on the merits of pictures. Sufficient knowledge of this subject may be acquired from the simple and easy machine of Mr. Wood, and from practical treatises, to answer the purposes of the art of painting, which has never in any other respect been considered theoretical. A close observation of nature and of the great masters form perhaps the best study for the artist or the connoisseur in perspective; and to borrow a phrase from this fascinating art, practice must leave theory *in the distance*.

Upon the execution of this work, much comment is not required. The propositions, generally speaking, are correctly and explicitly demonstrated, and the book contains all that is requisite to be known concerning the perspective representation of objects contained under straight lines upon a plane surface. The first section contains the principles of perspective delineation, comprized in thirteen propositions: the next section consists of what the author terms inverse problems, or the methods of ascertaining the situations and magnitudes of the original objects from their perspective representations, and some practical rules and observations are added which may be useful to students.

The third section professes to treat 'on the appearance of pictures when seen from a point which is not their proper point of view.' The manner in which Mr. Cresswell has treated this part of his subject cannot be commended. His object should have been to shew in each case what geometers term the *locus* of the point of view, so that the representations of the same objects may remain the same, and further to prove that any point, not in that *locus*, assumed for the point of view, would give a different representation. This he has not done; for, of five

propositions which he has given in this section, he has investigated in three the conditions under which the representation will remain the same, but has not shewn that the representations taken from any other point of view must be different. In the other two propositions he has attempted nothing further than to prove that the representations of rectangles made from different points of view situated in certain given straight lines will be different. He has in no case shewn the cause or investigated either the quantity or tendency of the variation thus produced. It must strike every observing reader that the demonstration given to prop. 4, page 52, is obscure and unsatisfactory.

The following remarks, concerning the proper mode of fixing pictures, are made by the author as deduced from the propositions contained in the section, although to us, no proposition appears from which they can be inferred.

‘If the picture be hung up at too great an height, what was the vanishing line of the horizon, becomes the vanishing line of an inclined plane, and what was intended for the ground will appear an acclivity. This circumstance often gives an absurd appearance to portraits, where the principal figure is represented as in a room, the floor or carpet of which is also a part of the picture. The person drawn seems, in this case, to be in danger of slipping down the inclined plane presented to the eye.

‘If, on the contrary, the picture be hung up below the usual height of the eye, what was intended for the ground plane will seem to be a declivity, and to slope from the eye like the side of a mountain seen from its top.

‘It is most necessary for the eye to be situated in the true point of view, when the picture is drawn upon an inclined plane, or upon a curved surface. In these cases, lines which are meant to be the copies of objects which we know to be necessarily perpendicular to the horizon, will not appear to represent such originals, unless they be seen from the point assumed by the painter.’

The last part of the work contains two problems, and the construction of several examples, concerning the delineations of shadows upon plane surfaces.

We are glad to see a book in any sense practical issuing from Cambridge. It has been a frequent complaint against this learned body that any mode in which the elements might be applied to practical utility has been discouraged; we have met with even wranglers whom we have wished ‘to send to the Basket maker.’ It is proper and becoming the dignity of an English University, and

the character of its students, that theoretical instruction should obtain the chief regard; but it should also be remembered that an occasional application of the Elements to practice may relieve the tediousness of study, and invigorate the desire of learning.

ART. XIII.—*A Defence of the Ancient Faith; or Five Sermons in Proof of the Christian Religion. By the Rev. Peter Gandolphy. London, Faulder.*

Mr. GANDOLPHY's Five Sermons are, 'on the necessity of revelation;' 'on the evidence of a new dispensation;' 'on the evidence of the prophets;' 'on the evidence which events offer for Christianity;' 'on the divinity of Jesus Christ.'—We have not discovered any thing new in the matter of which these discourses consist, nor at all interesting in the manner in which they are treated. We commend, however, the sincerity which the author has manifested in the defence of revelation. But we wish, that Mr. Gandolphy had not, in some instances, suffered his zeal to impair his discretion, or to extinguish his charity. We have always been inclined to look on goodness, as belonging exclusively to no one particular period of, or country in, the world; to no particular people, nor to religionists of any particular denomination. There appear to us to have been, and to be, good men in all ages and countries, and amongst every description of believers. The truth is, that a man's faith is independent of his volition. A man does not believe so much as, or no more than, he wills to believe; for he must believe, whether he will or not, *according to the evidence and his capacity of apprehending it.* The operation of evidence in producing conviction is not optional; it is irresistible in proportion as it is clear to the understanding of the individual: When no opposite propositions are placed before the mind for its assent, it is not optional with the mind to feel a conviction of the truth either of the one or of the other, according to its inclination or caprice. For the conviction is the effect of evidence; and that proposition, which is supported by the strongest evidence, will force its conviction on the mind in spite of every obstacle. The mind may dissemble its conviction, as a man may assert what he knows not to be true; but the conviction will nevertheless be internally felt, and is so far as real as where there

is no dissimulation. A man may shut his eyes to the light, which, if he open them, he must see as long as the visual organ is not impaired.—A man does not see because he wills to see; but his eyes, ears, &c. are acted upon by their proper objects independently of the will. The perceptions of the sight, hearing, &c. do not wait to ask leave of the will to be admitted to the senses; they obtain an entrance without any passport from the faculty of volition. In the same manner, when the evidence of any particular truth is made an object of the attention, the effect is always according to the force of the evidence considered in conjunction with the capacity of the person. The will has no share in the ultimate result. But if belief or disbelief be independent of the will, and the necessary effect of previous circumstances, neither the one nor the other is a proper object of moral approbation or disapprobation, of censure or applause. Much less can any moral turpitude attach either to belief or disbelief, *considered in itself, and independently of other considerations.* A man, who fairly examines the evidence on any particular question, even though it may be the important topic of revelation, is not answerable for the impression which it makes on his mind. It is the intention, which constitutes the essence of crime; and criminality of conduct is, in a moral view, synonymous with criminality of intention. What we do not will to do, we cannot morally be accountable for doing. A mere piece of mechanism might, otherwise, be called accountable, and a stick or a stone might be brought before a court of judicature as objects of punishment. But, we are sorry to remark, that divines in general, in the jargon which they talk about faith, seem to decide without any hesitation, that there is great moral efficacy in an involuntary act, and that a man may ‘perish everlastingly’ (we use the charitable language of a most charitable creed) for a conviction which was impressed on his mind by the force of evidence, and in which there, consequently, could be no co-operation of his will. The Rev. Peter Gandolphy appears to belong to that class of divines, who think that faith is a spontaneous act, and that a man can, at his option, either believe or disbelieve any dogma which he chooses to propound, however mysterious it may be, and however contradictory the terms in which it is conveyed. And what is more, Mr. Gandolphy plainly tells his auditors, p. 121, that ‘they will have faith when they cease to have vice!’

If this had been true, we should not have had any instances of probity and beneficence in the annals of skepticism, nor of insolence and cruelty in those of faith. But search the pages of ecclesiastical history, and see whether vice vanishes as soon as faith appears! Mr. G. did not consider that volition has more power in the formation of virtuous habits, than of doctrinal opinions; and that, while belief is more the effect of necessity, action is the object of choice: that, consequently, the latter is the more proper object of praise, or blame, of reward or punishment.

Mr. Gandolphy talks, in one part of his work, of believing in mysteries which he does not understand! Without staying to examine the nature of this belief in a philosophical point of view, we shall remark, that this is not proper language, as far as it regards a belief in revelation. For we must repeat what we have often repeated before, and what we may often have occasion to repeat again, that a mystery and a revelation are incompatible terms. There may and there must be mysteries in nature, owing to the scantiness of our knowledge and the imperfection of our faculties; but there can be none in revelation; for a revelation, as far as it merits the name, is a gracious accommodation of the divine mind to the imbecility of human apprehension. In his other works, God may, and often does, shroud himself in clouds and darkness; but, in the Christian revelation, light and light only is come into the world. But men, who wish to make a trade of religion, love darkness better than light, or what they call mysteries better than plain and simple truths. What mysteries, however, particular sects still find in the revelation of Christ, are not a divine communication, but the work of human artifice.

It may be argued, that the existence of God is a mystery; and it may be asked, Is it not then an object of belief? We reply, that the existence of God, as a first cause, is not a mystery, but the plainest, simplest, and most universal of all truths. But the *mode* of his existence is a mystery; and therefore is not an object of belief. 'The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handy work;' they clearly evince that he is, but they do not manifest *how he is, or in what manner he exists*. The latter is beyond our comprehension, and can constitute no necessary part of our belief, though some sects have the folly or the effrontery

to make an implicit faith in their own absurd jargon respecting it, an article of the last importance even to salvation.

To believe is, in our vocabulary, to assent to the truth of any fact or proposition on sufficient evidence. Belief, then, as far as it is the assent of the mind to any credible fact or proposition, or, as far as it is the effect of evidence, and the result of examination, implies clear ideas. But is it possible to have clear ideas of a mystery? Those who contend for mysteries in revelation, and assert the necessity of belief in those mysteries, talk, in fact, as if faith were a state in which the mind was destitute of ideas. This state of mind may, for ought we know, be most congenial to the *saints*; but we, who are no *saints*, have no hesitation in asserting, that a state of mind in which there is a total dearth of ideas and a torpor of all the intellectual faculties, cannot be suited to those who feel it a duty to worship God with the understanding. And we should be glad to be told by the advocates for mystery, how we can, in any other way, worship God in spirit and in truth, as Christ has directed us, but by worshipping him with the understanding?

ART. XIV.—*A Vindication of the Reign of his present Majesty King George III.* London, J. J. Stockdale. 8vo. pp. 90. 3s. 6d.

IT is said in the preface, that it was intended to publish this pamphlet 'on the last jubilee-day, the 25th of October, 1810;' but that the publication was postponed, owing to the domestic misfortunes of the royal family at that time. The author, however, thinks that the present is a very auspicious period for the appearance of such a work. He seems rather doubtful whether the Prince Regent will tread as scrupulously as he could wish in the footsteps of his royal father's political measures; for he tells us, that there are 'some reasons for apprehending' that the Prince may consider 'the policy of his father's reign to have been a mistaken policy,' and may consequently think that a different system would be more for the interest of the community. We confess that we hardly see how the Prince Regent can entertain a different opinion, if his royal highness have, from a very early period of his life, constantly cherished an affectionate regard for the political sentiments of Mr. Fox, and if he

have, as has been reported, carefully instilled a respect for those sentiments into the bosom of his daughter. It is not necessary for us to state what the political sentiments of Mr. Fox were; but it is well known, that, whatever they were, they were generally adverse to the measures which have been pursued in this country for the last fifty years.

In considering this subject, we feel it our duty to pay every tribute of respect to the exemplary domestic virtues of the sovereign; but it is certainly very possible for a man to act very virtuously as the father of a family, and yet sometimes to conduct himself a little injudiciously as the chief of a nation. We do not say that this has been the case; for we may ourselves have formed an erroneous opinion on the subject; but this we do say, that to err is human; and that kings are not more exempted than other men from the imperfections of humanity.

It is the great maxim of this country, that 'the king can do no wrong,' and out of obedience to this rule, it behoves us to consider all the unfortunate measures of half a century, not as the acts of the sovereign but of his ministers. Now we ask, what appears to have been the constant object of all the administrations for the last fifty years, with two or three brief but brilliant exceptions, but to diminish the liberty of the subject and to extend the influence of the crown? Is this vague hypothesis or plain matter of fact? May it not be read in the history of the times, in the progress of taxation, in the multiplication of places and pensions, and in the diffusion of a corrupt influence over the whole surface of the realm? Have virtue and talents been considered in the distribution of public patronage? Or has the preference been given to servility and ignorance? How many literary men have been rewarded with the sweets of competency who did not previously prostitute their talents to some sordid purpose or some factious scheme?

If any system have been pursued by most of the ministers for the last fifty years, which has been directed to the diminution of public liberty and the reduction of every individual to a state of dependence on the crown, would the prince do wisely to make such a system the pattern of his policy or the standard of his imitation? Would he not rather consult his own glory and the happiness of the people, by pursuing a different course, and by choosing ministers who will zealously promote and vigorously execute his patriotic views?

One of the broad features in the physiognomy of the present reign is the American war. In this ill-advised contest, it is not a little curious to find the author of this pamphlet asserting, that '*though the Americans were not wrong, Britain was quite right.*' To whom then does the blame belong? Is the author acquainted with any third party who set the combatants by the ears? We do not mean to write the history of the American war; but if we were, we should say at the conclusion of the whole, that it was begun in the lust of domination, conducted with impotency, prosecuted with obstinacy, and terminated with disgrace.

In what the author says on the French revolutionary war, we have discovered no vigour nor novelty of remark. The same sentiments have been repeated a hundred times by the 'great statesman now no more,' and his numerous *clèves*. The time is not yet come, when it is possible to form a correct and impartial opinion on the subject; or, at least, we are not living in a period, when it can be freely and fully canvassed, when the writer may not only think what he pleases, but speak what he thinks.

The Roman Catholic question is a distinguishing trait in the events of the present reign. In this, as in all other respects, the author thinks, that his majesty's ministers have 'acted rightly.' We do not understand what 'rightly' means in the vocabulary of the author; but if it include the idea of honesty and of truth, we ask whether it were consistent with the truth and honesty of statesmen to make promises of emancipation to the Catholics, and then to frustrate their expectations? The conduct of ministers towards Ireland has, throughout, been of that weak and vacillating kind which marks men of little and contracted views, whose policy is directed rather by present exigencies and fugitive expedients, than by enlarged and comprehensive minds, which are instructed by the past, while they provide for the present and look forward to the future. The prince regent will, we trust, find ministers who merit this high praise, and who will know how to steer the vessel of the state through the present storm, without the necessity of recurring for a guide to the delusive lights, which are held up by the author of the present '*Vindication.*'

ART. XV.—*Poems, by William Robert Spencer.* London, Cadell and Davis, 8vo. p. 240.

IN the publication which now lies before us, the poems of Leonora and the Year of Sorrow, have long since been

submitted to the eye of criticism, and have received their just award of approbation. If some portion of failure in the execution still rests upon our memory, we recur with more pleasure and delight to those reflections which attach themselves irresistibly to the many bold and soothing passages with which they abound, and which variously display the energies and feeling touches of a master's hand. Indeed, these reflections naturally lead us to wish, that the present publication had dispensed with some of its less interesting and less valuable furniture, and that its place had been supplied with materials less showy, but of higher estimation, and with such ornaments as the hand of time impairs not, but improves.

In the present dearth of poetical genius, and the fanciful application of its powers, we must regret the ballad-sonnet, stanza-mania of those authors who, by the strength of their natural faculties, the literary treasures of their minds, and a taste refined by nice discrimination and pure judgment, seem born to rise to higher flights, and to assume as their professed principle, '*penna non tenui ferar.*' Rigid critics, it may be said, are more alert in exploring the defects and beauties of poetical composition, than the charms of female loveliness, and having been more exposed to the repulsive frowns than alluring smiles of the fair, have never felt the enthusiastic fervour which, kindled in the young poet's brain, bursts forth at last into brilliant coruscations of fancy to play around, and to adorn, with every character of peerless excellence, the idol of his adoration. However we may feel disposed to submit with patience and philosophy to such insinuations, we must still maintain our right to censure the misapplication of powerful talents to inferior purposes, and though in the sequel and by quotations from our author, we shall prove, that very few bards, if any, among the numerous trifles which he has composed, could have exceeded him in neatness, terseness of phrase, harmony of verse, or point in application. Still, from this very proof, must arise a conviction, that from the subjects he has chosen, and the contracted space in which he has condemned himself to move, he has checked all bolder flight, and descending from what is general to what is particular,

'*Affligit humo divinæ particulam auræ.*'

But we shall now present to our readers some selection from this miscellany of sufficient character and excellence to warrant the opinions we have formed of their author and

of his poetical ability. Combining, as we do, with these opinions, the earnest expectation, that he will cease, for a time at least, to attach by his wit, and captivate by compliment the few that he may flow with a more expansive tide of song, and whilst he extends his own fame, secure to himself the interest and applause of *all*.

• DEDICATION TO SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

‘ On beauty’s smiles for *selfish gain*
The bard is ever an encroacher,
Aware that happiest flows his vein,
When most permitted to approach her.

• When first the lark the morn adores,
His strain is weak, his voice uneven,
But still improving as he soars,
He sweetest sings, when nearest heav’n.

‘ Ere yet with manhood’s vain desire,
My vows for fortune’s gifts I breath’d,
Fancy bestowed a play thing—lyre
With roses and with cypress wreath’d.

‘ Dearly I priz’d the tuneful toy,
Nor could my fond ear ascertain,
If most I lov’d its notes of joy,
Or sweeter thought its plaintive strain!

‘ Whene’er my novice hand presum’d
To wake the chords of grief or glee,
The cypress gloom’d, the roses bloom’d,
And all was tears or smiles for me.

‘ Neglected long, I lately tried
This charmer of my infant days,
Alas! each gay sound it denied,
And murmur’d only mournful lays.

• Too soon I found the cause: my eyes
Upon its lessen’d garland casting—
E’en fancy’s rose deciduous dies,
Why is her cypress everlasting?

No one caught with the love of poesy will read these lines without emotion. The cast of thought, the softened melody of the verse pre-eminent throughout the whole, with the exception of *even* and *heav’n* in the second stanza, is peculiarly pleasing, and the melancholy hue and complexion of the conclusion, with the spirited, abrupt, but tender interrogation of the last line, has a charm more easily felt and acknowledged, than defined; and *murmured only mournful lays*, may be considered as a fair

parody of Anacreon's *ἔγωγε μόνον ἄδει*, and it most happily furnishes the place it occupies. If gaiety and sprightly love gave its most fascinating charm to the lyre of the Grecian bard, we may distinctly affirm, that our author's muse, by its soothing turn of melancholy, which seems its chief, though not its sole characteristic, can soften the heart, interest its passions, and make even sorrow pleasing. Let us draw the attention of our readers to a passage extracted from the Year of Sorrow, p. 53, of the present edition. They were applied to Lady Harriet Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn, who was shortly to have been married to the Marquis of Waterford, Earl of Tyrone.

• 'Tis past—and thou hast struck, disastrous year!

Thy master-stroke of desolation here—

'Tis past—young fair, and faultless Harriet dies,

Lovely in youthful death the slumberer lies,

Still hope and peace her gentle features speak,

Life's farewell smile still lights her fading cheek,

Soft was the voice, which call'd her spirit hence,

Death wore no shape to scare her parting sense,

A white-rob'd messenger of light he seem'd,

His looks with smiles of heav'nly promise beam'd,

Skyward were spread his wings of feathery snow,

And lilies wreath'd his alabaster brow.

Stanmore through all her joy-deserted seats

No lamentation hears, no sigh repeats,

Silent like thee, whose virgin bier they dress,

Silent like thee, whose pale-rose lips they press,

Thy mourners speak no grief, no dirge prepare,

Thy dirge is silence, and their grief despair.'

The picture of death is here drawn with ability and taste. All his asperities are softened, devoid of terrors, he assumes an angel's shape, a white-rob'd messenger of light, whose smiles beam with the promise of joys to come. It were perhaps unnecessary to mark the four last lines of this quotation, which, in beauty, in sentiment, and compression, will rarely be exceeded.

In the following plaintive stanzas there is originality of thought blended with much tenderness of language :

TO MISS

• Moravians their minstrelsy bring,

The death-bed with music to smooth,

So you, lovely comforter, sing,

My pangs of departure to sooth.

- ' You sing—but my *silent adieu*,
 A sorrow still keener will prove;
 You lose but *one friend who loves you*,
 How many I lose, whom I love!
- ' When we go from each pleasure refin'd,
 Which the sense, or the soul can receive,
 With no hope in our wand'rings to find
 One ray of the sunshine we leave.
- ' *An adieu should in utterance die,*
Or if written but faintly appear,
Only heard through the burst of a sigh,
Only read through the blot of a tear.'

In the Sybilline verses, fancifully so called, the stanza addressed to Lady Crewe is a neat and pointed epigram.

TO LADY CREWE.

- ' What! has that angel face receiv'd
 No hurt? has time forgot his duty?
 Poor Time! like mortals you're deceiv'd,
 It is not youth—'tis *only beauty*.'

We will not detract from the merit of this trifle, whilst we remind our author of the old epigram written on the performance of *Lear* at both houses, by Garrick and Barry; where the affected depretiation of excellence is stamped in the same mould.

- ' The town's divided different ways
 Between the different *Lears*;
 To Barry they give loud huzzas,
 To Garrick *only tears*.'

The ballad on Beth-Gelert, or the Grave of the Greyhound, has been printed before if we are not misinformed; the story is well told, and in that easy familiar style of ballad verse, which aiming at no high pretensions, must rest satisfied with bays of less verdure and expansion, well adapted to the brows of the sing-song fraternity, whom the giant Johnson in the plenitude of his spleen has laid prostrate by that impromptu, which marked his contempt for the composers in the facility of their composition. We could willingly entertain our readers with *Good-Bye* and *How-d'y do*, which is happily conceived, and executed in a very sportive playful manner; but having other objects in view, we are eager to present them with a description of the Viscountess Villiers, now Countess of Jersey.

' Two eyebrows of such coal-black dyes,
 They look like fuel for her eyes,
 But nature took such pains to tinge 'em,
 Said eyes have not the heart to singe 'em,
 Item—two eyes from which you find,
 What angel partners share her mind;
 All reading them the firm may know,
 Wit, Feeling, Fancy, Love, and Co.;
 Item—two cheeks so soft and fair,
 Who'd think such danger harbour'd there?
 But on *those blush-rose cushions* spread
 With down from Cytherea's bed,
 Two sentry Cupids ever stand,
 The sharpest shooters of their band!
 Item—two lips, some rhyming booby,
 Would liken them to rose or ruby;
 But nature thought no common stuff
 Of flow'r or gem was rich enough;
 She stole to make them, (Heav'n protect her)
 Love's coral play-thing dipp'd in nectar!
 Item—those lips with pearls are lin'd;
 Not such as Caspian divers find;
They from some weeping cherub eye,
 ('Tis said that cherub's sometimes cry)
Dropp'd, when he saw, at Sarah's birth,
A lovelier cherub born on earth!
 But, oh beware! (the coral theft
 Is yet without reprisal left)
Lest Venus, charm'd with gems so speckless,
Steel the white wonders for her necklace!
 Item—but truth says, 'no invention,'
 God knows what two you next would mention;
 All hitherto you've fairly stated,
 At least you've nothing over-rated—
 But check your muse's saucy tongue,
 And unseen beauties leave unsung.'

These lines are evidently written *con amore*, and no bard has more happily exhausted his quiver of compliments, or more successfully attained his end: far be it from us to insinuate, that any feature has been *over-rated*; we have the poet's age, and the painter's affirmation to the contrary. And here both characters are happily combined; but we also venture to affirm, judging from such mortal beauties as pass day after day in review before us, that however just the delineation of feature, and true the colouring, the resemblance will daily become fainter, and the son or grandson at least of this beauty, who shall read these highly polished lines, comparing 'the blush-rose

cushions' of description, with the time worn, and faded beauties of old age will admire the muse's fancy and extol its wit; but we lament that it should have elevated female vanity at the expence of truth, and have combined its powers rather to impair, than to improve the understanding. It is nevertheless just to our hard to remark, that a memento to this purpose is thrown out in the song which follows, viz. 'Times hand which wrinkles every face.'

Amongst the numerous minor effusions of Mr. Spencer, consisting of prologues, epilogues, epitaphs, &c. we cannot help noticing a very animated translation of a chorus from the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripedes, which was composed as a school-exercise when the author was at Harrow, and before he was fifteen years of age. Our limits will not permit us to quote this juvenile production; but we must say that it gave a promise of future poetical excellence, which we trust that Mr. Spencer will still realize by some work which will immortalize his name. Hitherto he has been rather toying with airy playfulness round the skirts of Parnassus, than making any grand and vigorous effort to ascend the top. His present volume contains many frivolous ditties, and evanescent trifles which may and will delight the loungee on his couch, or the lady at her toilette, but which, at the same time, are likely to be forgotten with the fashion and courtesy of the present generation. We are truly anxious that Mr. Spencer, instead of wasting his talents in forming a bouquet of beautiful but fugitive flowers, should weave some wreath of more lasting materials, which may excite not only temporary admiration, but procure unfading renown.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 16.—*A Defence of a Critique on the Hebrew word 'NACHASH,' in answer to some Observations made in the Sixth Number of the Classical, Biblical, and Oriental Journal. By Dr. Adam Clarke, in which it is proved, from the Hebrew Text, and the Oriental Languages, that a Serpent, not an Ape, deceived Eve. By D. G. Wait. London, Sherwood, 1811.*

WE lately noticed Mr. Bellamy's 'Ophion,' in which we stated the singular opinion of Dr. Adam Clarke, respecting the

serpent which tempted Eve. We have no inclination to enter farther into the subject, as we consider it to be a mere philological question of little interest to the general reader. But at the same time we must say that the present pamphlet reflects great honour on the various erudition of Mr. Wait. The learning which he displays will delight the scholar, and the conclusion which he supports, will please those who do not wish to have the old opinion disturbed that a serpent was the tempter of Eve, and the consequent author of the fall. There are some persons, who have thought that the first chapters in Genesis are a mere allegory. Dr. Geddes, we believe, for we have not his Bible at hand, supposed the history of the creation to be a sort of *mythos*, or apologue invented on purpose to give more solemnity to the moral institution of the Sabbath. With respect to the circumstances of the temptation, we are acquainted with some who think that they were copied, as accurately as possible, from hieroglyphical, into common language. This they think accounts for the important part which the serpent performs in the catastrophe of the fall. We do not ourselves wish at all to innovate on the common hypothesis on the subject; and therefore we leave the question to the discussion of those learned theologians, who think it more connected than we do, with the essentials of belief.

Before we conclude this article, we must remark that the typographical execution of the work is very creditable to Mr. Valpy. Mr. V. has provided himself with fonts of Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and other oriental characters, which are remarkably distinct and clear.

ART. 17.—*School of Instruction; a Present or Reward to those Girls who have left their Sunday School with Improvement and a good Character. By a Lady. Second Edition. London, Ryan.*

THIS good lady says that she has employed herself 'in teaching female children in a Sunday school, more than fourteen years;' and that she is now 'seventy-four years old.' These circumstances entitle her to much respect from us; and we should be very sorry either to depreciate her services, or to offend her age. Her Sunday instructions, which are contained in this work, evince her praiseworthy solicitude to improve the morals of the rising generation, and to impress the necessity of good habits in the juvenile part of the female poor, in whom it must be of inestimable advantage to the whole mass of society to establish the great virtues of truth, probity, sobriety, and cleanliness. How much is the character of persons even in the highest stations, in the power of female domestics, particularly at that period, when there is the greatest susceptibility of impressions, and when impressions are continually making, which though they seem too faint and minute to be observed, gradually extend their influence to the mind and heart, and constitute the

basis of the future character? The direction which is given to the sapling, is retained when it becomes a tree. It may seem ridiculous to suppose, that the character of a man is at all in the power of his nurse; but is not this often the case?

ART. 18.—*A Sermon, preached at the Tron Church of Edinburgh, May 17th, 1811, before the Society incorporated by Royal Charter for the Benefit of the Sons of the Clergy of the established Church of Scotland. By Thomas Somerville, D. D. F. R. S. E. One of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary and Minister of Jedburgh. Published by desire of the Society. To which is added, an Account of the Objects and Constitution of the Society. Edinburgh, Creech, 1811.*

THIS is an animated and sensible discourse. The sermons of the Scotch clergy are, we believe, in general, less affected by the fashionable cant of the times than those which issue from the press south of the Tweed. This cant is gradually insinuating itself into every part of our national literature. Several even of our late novels have been largely imbued with it; and it threatens to substitute a sort of whining hypocrisy for frank and downright virtue throughout the land.

POLITICS.

ART. 19.—*Considerations on the present State of Bank Notes, Specie, and Bullion, in a Series of Letters, addressed to the Right Honourable ———. In two Parts. By Mercator. London, Arnot, 1811, 8vo. 2s.*

THIS thin pamphlet contains more sensible remarks than are to be found in several works of much greater bulk, which have been published on the important question, which, originating in the report of the bullion committee, has been warmly discussed from one end of the kingdom to the other. Mercator proposes two expedients as the means of preventing the continual diminution of our precious metals and the like increase of our paper currency. These are, briefly to stop the exportation of gold, except for the purposes of government, by subjecting it to a duty equal to the price it bears in the market, above £4 per oz.; and secondly, to prevent our own coin from being withdrawn from circulation by raising the value of it somewhat above the price of bullion in the market. The latter expedient might in one respect answer the purpose, but would it not only more rapidly accelerate, while it would strikingly exemplify the depreciation of bank notes? And besides, is not the evil beyond the reach of expedients? Mercator very properly combats an assertion which was made in one of the debates on Lord Stanhope's bill, 'that it is the royal *impression* upon our coin which gives it currency, and might be as efficaciously applied to Paper, Lead, Leather, or any other substance of no comparative intrinsic

value.' This doctrine would be much better suited to the genius of a despotic government than to that of a free constitution. Under an arbitrary government, the despot may do any thing or every thing; and may cause the sole of an old shoe to pass for a piece of fine gold; but under a free government, where the volitions of the monarch are subordinate to the law, the first magistrate cannot make such a mockery of his image and superscription. 'The royal impression upon our coin,' says Mercator, 'is the *sign* of *real* value,' and therefore our laws 'have made it death to counterfeit that sign.' It matters not, indeed, what signs or tokens of money government may issue, as long as the sign can at any time be exchanged for the thing signified. Whether it be a piece of paper, or a piece of leather or a piece of wood, it is of little consequence, *as long as it is convertible into gold*. We do not regard the *intrinsic* value of the sign, when we can, at our option, obtain for it the intrinsic value which it represents. But when the sign is forcibly made to pass for the thing signified, for which it cannot be exchanged, then depretiation must take place in proportion to the difficulty of exchanging the sign for the precious metals which it professes to represent. The royal impression cannot alter the nature of things. It cannot convert a stone into a loaf of bread. Nor can it by any process of state-alchemy convert a ream of spongy paper into a bar of gold. Within the last twenty years, we have often heard a savage outcry against innovation, but what innovation can be more perilous than that which attempts to annihilate that Standard of Value which for ages has constituted the principle of commercial exchange between man and man?

POETRY.

ART. 20 — *The Battles of the Danube and Barrosa*. London, Murray, 1811.

THE Battles of the Danube and Barrosa are inscribed with all proper respect to John Wilson Croker, Esq. M. P. secretary to the Admiralty, &c. &c. &c. Whatever dignity may be derived to the work from such inscription, we are compelled to think, that the first few lines of these pages, called poems, are not only very unfortunate, but give strong indications of the nonsense that follows.

'Spirit of the north! whose hoary head
Lies pillow'd on the snow,
Whose stormy voice, so loud and dread,
Is heard in southern climes below.'

It appears, that this gentleman finding he can make head and dread, past and blast, more and shore, chime together, without much study on his part, has taken it into his head that he has a genius for poetry. We hope he will not be distressed, but we

must beg leave to inform him, we find not any thing which can justly be called poetry in these battles of the Danube and Barrosa. Our author is profuse in his invocations of Mr. Henry Kirk White, of Mr. Campbell, and of all the birds in the air. Mr. Croker too is desired to tune up his pipes in the following lines.

‘ Then Croker, seize the vaulted lyre,
And glowing with the warriors fire,
Record the tumult dark and dire
That round Barrosa rung.’

The secretary of the Admiralty glowing with the warriors fire! We know not what sort of a song Mr. Croker might have made of it, had he complied with the desire of the author, and ‘ seized the vaulted lyre;’ he might have succeeded better perhaps, had he left ‘ the vaulted lyre’ alone, and

‘ With a withering look
The war denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne’er prophetic sounds so full of woe.’

Mr. Croker seems to us to have as much upon his hands to do at the Admiralty as his capacity is equal to, without being called out in this merciless manner to aid his friend in describing the battles of the Danube and Barrosa. We would advise our author to let Mr. Croker follow unmolested his present lucrative employment, which is much more to his taste than courting the muses. For, though Mr. Croker has shewn the world how very *au fait* he has been in courting ministers, he will find the muses, we believe, more coy and more fastidious to win to his interest than Messrs. Perceval and Co. But this author of our’s requires a deal of help, for he not only enlists Mr. Croker, but more than once calls on the ghost of Mr. Henry Kirk White to lend a hand. This latter gentleman is desired also to ‘ bend from his starry throne,’ and ‘ fire’ our author. He calls all the spirits of the north, the south, the east, and the west, and then regrets, that with the aid of all those gentry, he is not able to equal Mr. Campbell, who, he says, is

‘ Often heard to sing
At midnight, on the *mountain wave*!’

Now this is a propensity of Mr. Campbell’s, of which we own, that we were entirely ignorant; but we will not fail to recollect this curious resting place of the Scotch poets. Singing ‘ on the *mountain wave*!’ very well! there is no accounting for taste, no more than for the spirit of the north *pillowing his head on the snow*, or Mr. Croker *seizing the vaulted lyre*, or any other fantastic and absurd freak, of which we may live to hear the older we grow. Our author says, in his advertisement, that he has been particularly attentive to the facts related in the various official

papers, and he has accordingly given us in his *own peculiar way* the different charges of rank and file, by cavalry and by the bayonet, the clang of arms, the trampling of horse's hoofs, 'the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.'

ART. 21.—*Squibs and Crackers, serious, comical, and tender.* By Jasper Smallshot. London, Harding, 1812, price 7s.

IF beautiful paper, clear letter, and superfine ink, be sufficient recommendation to sell a book, the author of *Squibs and Crackers* may be excused for the affront he has put on the understanding of the public, by the volume he now presents to their notice. We will just give a specimen of its contents, and leave the reader to determine, according to his own taste, whether the rest is worthy any further attention.

‘LADY PALFREY.

‘Sal Walker was a widow left,
Her husband suited not her,
She chose to go a merrier pace,
—So married—Mr. Trotter.’

This elegant *morceau* swims at large in a wire-wove and hot-pressed page, as does the following.

‘QUAND ‘UN ET UNE.’

‘Can *One* and *One* in love resolve
To make but *Two*,—no fears involve,
Their gentle hearts desire?—
But if too prone to gallantry,
This *One and One* should cook up *Three*
The fat is in the fire.’

ART. 22.—*Translations from Ancient Irish Manuscripts, and other Poems.* By James Martin. London, Sherwood, 1811.

THE Translations from Ancient Irish Manuscripts are four in number. Their great want is the want of interest; and as the end of poetry is to please, this is a defect which is hardly susceptible of compensation. The other poems are of a mixed kind, both serious and jocose. We cannot say much in their favour. They cause us neither to weep nor to laugh; and, if they do make any particular impression, it is rather of the soporific kind. Mr. Martin's diction is sometimes stiff and affected. Thus:

‘While one rich universal sheen
Pours joyousness o’er all the scene,’
* * *

‘The hills with purple panoply
Are richly crown’d,’ * * *

* * * ‘and given

‘To man the anticipation of heaven.’

Some of Mr. Martin's poems cannot boast a plurality of ideas. The following may serve as a sample, which we produce, because it does not occupy much space; but there is still more space than is filled by sense.

‘TO MEMORY.

‘Thou, memory, art a busy thing;
And many a joy, and many a sorrow
Thou dost in quick succession bring,
But memory, canst thou bring to-morrow?
‘Thou to the incautious bard canst say,
“Thou’st let time pass, and time’s a treasure;”
But memory caust thou o’er to-day
The fair beam shed of coming pleasure?
‘No memory, thou canst only scold,
And scolded I’m enough already;
So memory, when my blood grows cold,
To thee I’ll listen, and be steady.
‘Meanwhile to fancy, goddess bright,
I bow, and own that she can please me;
She pours around me floods of light,
Whilst thou, dark memory, dost but teaze me.’

In ‘The Viceroy’s Festival,’ and some of the other pieces, the author has attempted to be facetious; and we are very sorry that we cannot compliment him on the success of his efforts to promote merriment. His intentions are, we have no doubt, very good; but intention cannot supply the want of capacity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 23.—*Cicero de Senectute et de amicitia, from the Text of Ernesti, with all his Notes, and Citations from his Index Latinitatis Ciceronianæ, with the Explanations of various Passages from Gesner’s Latin Thesaurus, and from Books of more recent Date, as well as Grævius, and all the Commentators cited by him; with Quotations from Palaiet’s Latin Ellipses, and much Original Matter, both critical and explanatory; Facciolati’s Notes: and a New Collation is added. And an Appendix, in which will be found, Remarks on the Origin of the Latin Conjunctions and Prepositions; also some curious Matter on the Affinity of different Languages, Oriental and Northern, to the Latin; including Two Essays on the Origin, and the Extinction of the Latin Tongue, communicated to the Author by the Rev. D. Patrick, Vicar of Seuloates, Hull. By E. H. Barker, of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, Longman, 12mo.*

THE title-page, which we have just quoted, contains such an ample advertisement of what is to be found in the work, that it will spare us the trouble of enumerating the contents. Where we have such a copious title, we have seldom found any thing to correspond with it in the book itself, or to answer the expecta-

tions which it is designed to excite. In the present instance, however, though the title-page promises much, it does not promise more than the book really performs. It is indeed a publication which contains multum in parvo; and the classical student will find in it no small store of useful philological erudition. We have been much pleased both with Mr. Barker's critical annotations, and with Mr. Patrick's learned essays.

ART. 24.—*Elegantia Latinae; or, Rules and Exercises illustrative of elegant Latin style: intended for the Use of the middle and higher classes of Grammar Schools. Third edition, considerably improved and made easier.* London, Valpy, 1811.

THE learned author of this excellent guide to the composition of good Latin, has made some corrections and alterations in the present edition, which are likely to render it more easy and perspicuous than the preceding. He who has made himself perfect master of these exercises, will have obtained no small proficiency in Latin style.

ART. 25.—*Trial between the Governess of a Lady's Boarding School, and the Mother of a Pupil committed to her Charge; with Hints at the Rev. B. Carpenter's late Vision.* London, Longman, 1811.

THIS work is ingeniously conceived, and the arguments on both sides are managed with ability and skill. A mother brings an action against a school-mistress for instructing her daughter in music and other elegant and scientific accomplishments, to the neglect of those branches of household lore in which she wished her to be a proficient. After the harrangues of the counsel and the summing up of the Judge, a verdict of NOT GUILTY is pronounced in favour of the schoolmistress.

ART. 26.—*Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Sumbel, late Wells, of the Theatres-royal, Drury-lane, Covent-garden, and Haymarket, 3 Vols. written by herself. Including her Correspondence with Major Topham, Mr. Reynolds the Dramatist, &c. &c. &c.* London, Chapple, 1811, price one Guinea.

THESE memoirs furnish us with another melancholy instance of the vicissitudes of theatrical life. This unfortunate lady was long a favourite with the public, and very deservedly so; for she possessed much comic genius, and will be remembered as long as the Agreeable Surprise, the afterpiece of the Fool, the Midnight Hour, and the Comedy of the Dramatist keep their station on the Stage. Mrs. Wells was always very deservedly admired in the characters of Jane Shore, and of Isabella, in the Fatal Marriage. In the latter instance the town was much divided; and very many, who so ardently admired our inimitable Melpomene, could not help giving a preference to Mrs. Wells in her representation of this character. Her countenance was so well adapted to Isabella's distresses; it was so soft, so pensive, so engagingly beautiful, that however she may have fallen short of the

excellences of Mrs. Siddons in Isabella, you could not help dwelling with interest and pleasure on the lovely representative in Mrs. Wells. These memoirs shew Mrs. Wells, just as she always was, very giddy, very indiscreet, and an enemy only to her own interest. It is an awful lesson to all young women who enter on a theatric career, particularly where they possess beauty, for without prudence, and *very rigid prudence* too, it proves a lure to folly and dissipation, which involve them in difficulties and miseries, from which they can never extricate themselves. We are far from imputing deliberate vice to the unhappy subject of these memoirs. 'Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water'. Let Mrs. Wells's good actions live in brass; we wish not to record those which do not reflect honour upon herself: she is at present unfortunate and unhappy; she is in indigence, a pensioner on the theatrical fund, going down the hill of life, unattended by those essential blessings which make the evening of our days either comfortable or respectable: she is a forsaken and a lonely woman, looking back with regret on the days which she passed in frivolity, and extravagance; and anticipating the future with the sad forebodings of penury and want.

It will be recollected that the lovely *Cowslip* was, for many years, the *chère amie* of major Topham of *whisker notoriety*. By this honourable gentleman she became the mother of four children. After suffering desertion from the father of these children she, when immured in durance vile though 'unhappy was the clock that struck the hour,' and 'accurs'd the mansion where' gave her fair hand to one Mr. Sumbel, a Moorish Jew. Our readers will agree with us that a marriage in the Fleet prison did not promise any thing very delightful. However *poor Becky* did what she thought for the best, and simply hoped, that by lighting the torch of hymen, her present troubles would be dissipated, without considering what other troubles she might entail upon herself by a connection with the Moor: and a Moor he was too of *no very mild faculties*. He was moody, irascible, jealous, mean and despicable. The history which poor Becky gives of her Moor is very curious, and truly comic. This is the most interesting part of Mrs. Well's memoirs. During a vexatious but laughable dispute with the Moor and his fair and pretty *Cowslip*, a young lady, the daughter of a clergyman of the name of Ray, interfered in favour of our authoress; and on Mr. Sumbel's, the Moor, exclaiming in his ire, 'I wish I had her in my own country.' Miss Ray answered rather saucily, 'I did not know that gentlemen of your persuasion had any country.' This was an affront, never to be forgot;—and to be revenged at any expence. On Mrs. Wells's quitting the Moor, (for Mrs. Wells we call her) Mr. Sumbel asserting that he had divorced her, made love to Miss Ray; and as he had much of the good things of life, with the addition of a quantity of diamonds

and jewels of every description, he met with a favourable reception. Mr. Sumbel arranged every thing for his nuptials with Miss Ray, and brought his intended bride and her father up to his Town house, which he had taken on purpose and furnished in high style. One morning he introduced Mrs. Sumbel, the heroine of these memoirs, again to his house, who was surprised to see the side-board of plate so finely arranged, but she was much more astounded when Miss Ray entered the breakfast room. To Miss Ray the Moor advanced and addressed her in the following impetuous manner :

‘My God, madam! you are not glad to see my wife!’ — “Your wife, sir!” cried Miss Ray with emotion: “I thought you had been divorced from her!” — Her agitation at the moment is beyond description; when my husband, looking at me with an arch smile, seemed to exult in the wounded feelings of the unfortunate lady.’

‘To complete the *denouement* of the piece, her aged father came into the room, with locks as white as snow, and his aged back receiving from time that curve which human art cannot prevent. — “Give me leave,” said my husband, “to introduce Mrs. Sumbel to you, sir.” I felt for the old gentleman; he fetched a deep groan, seated himself by the fire, rubbed his knees, and exclaimed, “Oh, child! how came you thus to deceive your poor old father?”’

‘Breakfast was at length brought in; and Mr. Sumbel, with a great deal of irony, pressed Miss Ray to eat some toast; which she declining, he at length said to her — “Miss Ray, as you *have a country* to go to, I recommend your setting off for it as soon as possible!”’

‘Thus did he put himself to an immense expence and trouble, to be revenged on her for her former expression. The consequence was finding herself so disappointed, she went down to Northamptonshire, became insane, and shortly after died.’

We give this as a curious specimen of the spirit of revenge in a Moorish breast.

ART. 27. — *Sketches towards a Hortus Botanicus Americanus; or coloured Plates of many new and valuable Plants of the West Indies and North and South America. To which is annexed, a Catalogue of the Plants (and of many others, Natives of Africa and the East Indies, which have been, or might be introduced with advantage into the West Indies.) With Concise and Familiar Descriptions of many Species, shewing their various common and botanical Names, Places of Growth, Medical Virtues, or General Uses, their Classes and Orders. Arranged after the Linnæan System. Also, a Concise yet comprehensive Glossary of Terms, prefixed, and a General Index. By W. J. Titford, M. D. Corresponding Member of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. London, Sherwood, 1811.*

Mr. Titford was induced to undertake the present publication from the scarcity of books treating of the West Indian plants.

The present collection of plants was made by Mr. Titford, and arranged by him with much care and accuracy. He had opportunities also of procuring from negro doctors in Jamaica, and from the Indians in North America, such information as is likely to prove highly curious and useful. This work was compiled abroad, in which Mr. Titford very modestly says, that, from his various avocations, some errors will be found; but he submits his collections to the public just as they were brought over from the West Indies. Of whatever defect Mr. Titford may be sensible, we own ourselves to be most highly gratified by the specimen now before us. It is arranged with great nicety and perspicuity; and will no doubt prove a most useful elementary work. Though it is brief, it is sufficiently comprehensive. There is a reference to the plates, which give a just idea of the several parts of fructification, with the shape of the leaves, &c. by which all long and puzzling definitions are avoided. There is also a glossary of the terms used in describing plants. The work proceeds with a few observations on the character and habits of trees, their various classes, illustrated by some very pretty coloured and well-executed plates, with an accurate description of the various seeds and pericarps, with their classes and orders after the Linnæan system, but compressed into as short a compass as possible; and we can accordingly recommend the present as a most excellent work for persons learning botany. We are not acquainted with any publication of this kind, which is more usefully or more agreeably arranged, without any of that unnecessary ostentation of a technical phraseology, which is the means only of puzzling the learner, and making what would be highly pleasant and instructive, a dry and difficult study.

The present is the first number of this pleasing performance, and it will be completed in six only. We shall not be inattentive to the other numbers, when they come out, as, from the specimen before us, we have little doubt that they will be well worthy the notice of the botanical student, as well as of the practical florist. The work is published by subscription; and the expense is trifling when we consider the beauty of the plates and the trouble of arranging a work of this kind. The price to subscribers is ten shillings and sixpence; to non-subscribers twelve shillings.

ART. 28.—*English Exercises for teaching Grammatical Composition on a new Principle.* By John Fenwick. London, Sherwood. 12mo. 1811.

THIS work may answer the purpose as well as many others of the same kind; but we cannot say that it appears to us to have any claims to preference. We have not been able to discover what the *new principle* is to which Mr. Fenwick lays claim in his title-page. Mr. Fenwick says in his preface, that

‘you are to employ the *understanding* of the child *first*, in order of time, and the *memory* only *second*.’ But does not a wise instructor consider children as the creatures of habit, and does he not accustom them to do many things before they can possibly understand what are the reasons on which his injunctions are grounded? Do not, at the same time, children learn many things, and useful things too, by rote, before they can accurately comprehend what they mean? The learning of a language is, at first, almost entirely an affair of memory; and children must have reached a considerable maturity of understanding before they are capable of comprehending the philosophical reasons of grammatical rules. The memory is that faculty which is most improveable in children, and on the improvement of which most pains ought to be bestowed. Must not the attempt to render children good by habit precede that to keep them in the right path by the aid of the understanding?

ART. 29.—*The Æsculapian Monitor; or, Faithful Guide to the History of the Human Species, and most important Branches of Medical Philosophy; combined with Moral Reflections and enforced by Religious Precepts.* By the Rev. Edward Barry, M. D. Rector of St. Mary's, Wallingford. London, Longman. 8vo. 1811.

THE use of such a work as the present appears to be superseded by the common medical guides. The remarks of Dr. Barry contain nothing new; and his directions with respect to the treatment of particular diseases, are not sufficiently specific or distinct for much practical benefit. The work, we fear, promises more than it performs; the ‘history of the human species,’ to which the author, in his title-page, professes to be a *faithful guide*, seems to be omitted by mistake; for we cannot find any intelligence of the kind in the book itself. Some of the author's observations are not deficient in good sense; but most of them are very jejune and common place; and not so well expressed as might have been wished. We select the following from that part of the work, which affects to treat ‘of the diseases incidental to literary and sedentary persons.’

‘Nocturnal lucubrations are hurtful on many accounts: whilst a great part of the night is spent in study, sufficient time is not allowed for sleep; nor does a gentle slumber succeed meditation, for study forces the blood into the brain; and the oscillations of its fibres still continue, and that full ease of the internal senses is wanting, which alone is capable of repairing our lost strength. The injuries of watching are increased by the unwholesomeness of the night air itself, by the ill effects of candles or lamps, which infect the air with gross vapors, so pernicious to the lungs, the eyes, and the nerves.

Nocturnal studies produce all these disorders, which are the consequence of the want of balmy and sufficient sleep; the or-

gans of sense are principally affected, their strength is exhausted, the fibres are either worn or agitated by violent motions; hence arise an incoherent series of thoughts, deliriums, dreadful head-aches, and finally a total privation of sleep, scarcely to be cured by remedies. Of the highest advantage is it, therefore, to go to bed betimes, and rise early in the morning.

“Aurora favours the muses.”

It will be no objection to these remarks, that all studious men are not equally affected; *some men may, with constitutional impunity, be insatiable in wine, and others be cormorants in books: every one does not possess a Milonian stomach, and intestines of iron*, nor can bear the labor of the mind, bodily inaction, and excesses of gluttony. Some men are born with happy constitutions for study, and some owe their reputation more to extraordinary genius than to industry and application; and prevented the ill effects of their severer studies, by allowing themselves intervals of leisure, by taking proper exercise, and by the dissipation both of business and amusement. Severe studies for youth are particularly hurtful; nothing more obstructs the vigor and growth, *or overwhelms the machine with more languor, than to bear too hard upon the young in this respect*, or in bodily labor; the season which nature intended to be devoted, by wholesome exercise and rational vivacity, to the nurture of the body, and energy of the mind, should not be invaded by disproportioned application to toilsome and anxious studies, lest the powers of nature, in being thus prematurely fatigued, almost as quickly become exhausted.

‘If early studies prove injurious, in maturer age they are very hurtful: for habit becomes gradually a second nature when we begin from tender age, but in advanced life it is no longer susceptible of new customs, and the fibres of the brain, accustomed to rest, are *torn* before they can receive new and regular motions. Nor should studies of any sort at this season be continued too long. The soul that animates the body is indeed immortal; but so long as it is connected with a feeble frame, it *must be influenced by its nature*.

‘It is dangerous to *break on the rocks of too great learning—it is shameful to be wrecked upon the opposite shore.*’

The moral reflections and the religious precepts are quite as novel and interesting as the rest of the work.

*Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published
in November, 1811.*

ASIATIC Researches, Vol. XI.
2l. 2s.

A Digested Index to the modern
Reports of the Court of Chancery,
16s.

Aikin, J. M. D.—The Lives of
John Seldon, Esq. and Archbishop
Usher, with Notices of the principal
Englishmen with whom they were
connected, 10s. 6d.

Boardman, J. A. Vocabulary of
the English, Latin, German, French,
Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese
Languages, 12mo. 7s.

Bancroft, Ed. Nath. M. D.—An
Essay on the Yellow Fever, with
Observations concerning Febrile
Contagion, Typhus Fever, Dysen-
tery, &c. &c. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Bristow, Whiston, Poems, 8vo.
10s. 6d.

Biographie Moderne; or Lives of
remarkable Characters from the
Commencement of the French Re-
volution, &c. From the French.
3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Butler, S. D. D.—Christian Li-
berty, a Sermon. 5s.

Bristow, J. A. Esq.—A new Song
to an odd Tune, a Poem.

Caton, J. M. M. D. A popular
Treatise on the Prevention and Cure
of the different Species of Asthma.

Croke, Alexander, Esq. LL. D.—
A Report of the Case of Horner
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THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XXIV. DECEMBER, 1811. No. IV.

ART. I.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London for the Year 1810. Part II.*

VII—Supplement to the first and second Part of the Paper of Experiments for investigating the Cause of coloured concentric Rings between Object Glasses and other appearances of a similar nature. By William Herschel, LL. D. F. R. S.

THE former papers of Dr. Herschel on these optical phenomena, the causes of which escaped the penetration even of Sir Isaac Newton, we noticed at considerable length; and endeavoured to put our readers in possession of the train of reasoning which had led Dr. Herschel to a just solution of the problem. Instead of supposing with Newton that there were certain fits of easy reflection and easy transmission of the rays of light, Dr. Herschel has adopted the acknowledged principle of the different refrangibility of the differently coloured rays, by means of which a portion of white light incident within certain angles, becomes in part reflected and in part transmitted. To this principle Dr. Herschel has given the name of the *critical separation* of the coloured rays. The object of the present paper is to confirm and illustrate this principle, to obviate some misconceptions, and refute some objections. But as these observations cannot be fully comprehended without a perpetual reference to the doctor's former papers, we must decline the attempt to give any analysis of this communication.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 24, December, 1811.

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VIII.—On the Parts of Trees primarily impaired by Age.
 In a Letter from T. A. Knight, Esq. F.R.S. to the
 Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. F.R. S.

The experiments related in this paper are like all those of Mr. Knight's, curious and important; but we doubt whether they fully establish the inferences drawn from them by their author. It is well known that the races of trees propagated by grafting become at length extinct; the graft detached from an old tree can never form a young tree, but though inserted in a young stock, suffers at length the incurable debility of old age. In this paper Mr. Knight has attempted to investigate which are the organs which first fail to execute their office.

He says, that it cannot be the roots, as we see in coppices, which are felled at certain periods, a succession of branches produced during such a length of time. He then proceeds to relate several experiments, proving that young and healthy grafts inserted into old stocks grew freely, and

‘the roots themselves, at the end of four or five years, probably contained at least ten times as much alburnum, as they would have contained, had the trees remained ungrafted. The roots were also free from every appearance of disease or defect.’

Mr. Knight engrafted a new and healthy variety of the apple tree upon branches of the golden pippin, which were much cankered. Thus the cankered spots were placed between the stocks and the newly inserted grafts; ‘these parts have subsequently become perfectly free from disease, and the wounds previously made by the canker, have been wholly covered with new and healthy bark.’

From these and some other analagous facts, Mr. Knight is disposed to attribute the diseases and debility of old age in trees to an inability to produce leaves, which can sufficiently execute their natural office; and to some consequent imperfection in the circulating fluid. But we think it much more probable that the effect of old age is not confined to this or that organ; but extends rather to the totality of the organs, constituting the plant itself. Though the alburnum of the old roots were greatly increased by a young and vigorous graft inserted in the stocks; still it remains to be proved that this new alburnum would have the same permanence, the same innate

radical power, as if the vigorous graft had been inserted into a vigorous stock. And by parity of reasoning, though the vigorous graft destroyed the canker of the shoots in which they were inserted, it is still doubtful whether it would not break out again; whether the appearances of health would continue for the same length of time as if the vigorous graft had been inserted in a sound and healthy shoot. We must suspect that they would not. Many appearances of disease in the animal body incline us to this opinion; and we hope, therefore, this able investigator of nature will continue to pursue his inquiries, with a mind unbiassed by preconceived opinions.

IX.—On the Gizzards of grazing Birds. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.

Grass, Mr. Home well observes, is the aliment of all others on which animals feed, that requires the most preparation; hence ruminant animals are fitted by nature, through the medium of a very large and peculiar apparatus, to extract nourishment from this species of food. Mr. Home says the *greatest quantity*; but we know not on what such an assertion rests. The goose and swan being grazing birds, Mr. Home has been led to compare very minutely the gizzards of these birds with that of the turkey, a bird whose food is of a different kind.

The muscles of the turkey's gizzard, by their alternate action, produce a double effect; 1st. a constant friction on the surface of the cavity, and 2dly, a pressure upon them; and the cavity is of such a form, that no part of the sides are ever intended to be brought in contact; the food being triturated by being mixed with hard bodies, and acted upon by the powerful muscles which form the gizzard. In the goose and swan, on the contrary, the corresponding surfaces of the gizzard are intended to move upon one another, with little more than the food between them. The motion is regular and sliding, and bears a great resemblance to that of the grinding teeth of ruminating animals. The difference of structure Mr. Home has illustrated by two plates, one of the gizzard of a turkey laid open; the other of that of a swan exposed in the same way.

X.—Observations on atmospherical Refraction, as it affects astronomical Observations. In a Letter from S. Groombridge, Esq. to the Rev. Nevil Maskelyne, D.D. F.R.S. Astronomer Royal. Communicated by the Astronomer Royal.

Mr. Groombridge's observations were made with a four feet transit circle, made by Troughton, fixed on stone piers. By this construction it is not so liable to partial expansion as instruments supported on brass frames. With this instrument Mr. G. made more than a thousand observations on fifty circumpolar stars, at different altitudes to ascertain, first, the latitude of his observatory at Blackheath. A table of the observations is given with all the necessary corrections from refraction, and the result is given for the co-latitude of Blackheath $380^{\circ} 31' 57'' 897$, and the latitude therefore (90° co-latitude) $= 51^{\circ} 28' 2'' 103$.

The mean astronomical refraction at 45° , Mr. Groombridge has calculated to be $58'' 10734$. The tables of Piazzi give $58'' 01$; and the present French tables $58'' 2$.

The second part of the paper contains remarks on the problem, so important to practical astronomy, of the mean refractions; which, however, we find it hardly practicable to analyse. Several useful tables are added.

XI.—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. John Brinkley, D.D. F.R.S. Andrews's Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin, to the Rev. Nevil Maskelyne, D.D. F.R.S. Astronomer Royal, on the annual Parallax of α Lyrae.

'My observations on α Lyrae,' (Dr. Brinkley informs us) for the purpose of discovering an annual parallax, now amount to 47 in number, viz. 22 near opposition, and 25 near conjunction, and the mean of these gives a result of $2'' 52$ of the parallax of the annual orbit for that star, and I have no doubt that it exceeds $2''$.

XII.—On the Mode of Breeding of the Ovoviviparous Shark, and on the aeration of the foetal Blood in different Classes of Animals. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.

The mode in which the semen enters the penis in this fish is very unlike what is met with in other animals. Mr. Home's account is as follows:

‘The vasa deferentia are convoluted in their course, but become straight and much enlarged at the lower part, and instead of going on to the penis, terminate by two wide orifices on the posterior surface of what may be called the urinary bladder, which is of an oval shape, and partially divided into two by a septum, on each side of which the ureters enter it. From this cavity the penis is continued like the neck of a Florence flask, and the semen, before it can arrive at the penis, fills the bladder, and is propelled by the action of the muscular coat of that cavity, by which means the semen acquires velocity, and the penis is rendered turgid during the whole time that such force is applied to the liquid passing through it.’

‘This curious structure is well illustrated by a plate in which the lower part of the vas deferens is displayed, terminating in a cavity which serves as a reservoir of the semen, and as a urinary bladder. Mr. Home afterwards describes the peculiar organs of the female, and traces the embryos from the ovaria till the young fishes are completely formed. The eggs are retained in the lower portion of the oviduct, enveloped in a transparent jelly.

This jelly has some singular properties, and is very different from the gelatine of animal matter. Immersed in proof spirits, the jelly, instead of coagulating as was expected, expanded so much as to burst the bag which contained it. This, and some other of its properties indicated an analogy between this matter and the jelly which surrounds the ova of the frog; and Mr. W. Brande found the chemical properties of these two substances, and what is called star-shot jelly (a matter formed on the ground in the winter months, and on the boughs of trees) to be the same. The most striking of these properties are as follows:

In the oviduct of the frog this substance is whitish, nearly opaque and viscid. It does not mix with water, but at common temperatures slowly expands in that fluid to about twelve times its original bulk. At the temperature of 100° the expansion is much more considerable. A piece of the unexpanded substance of the size of a large pea, absorbs about three ounces of water, and a mass of jelly equal to the volume of the water is formed. A moderate heat (of 212°) expels the water, and makes it brittle; but by immersion in warm water it again expands.

Alcohol makes the matter (as found in the oviduct) brittle and opaque, and contracts it to half its bulk. This brittle matter expands in warm water as before.

But the expanded matter is not hardened nor coagulated by alcohol.

It is soluble in nitric, sulphuric, and muriatic acids.

A boiling solution of caustic potash rapidly dissolves it, the compound being imperfectly saponaceous.

None of these solutions give any precipitate on the addition of tannin, nor does water, in which the substance has been boiled, yield the smallest traces of gelatine.

XIII.—On Cystic Oxide, a new Species of urinary Calculus. By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S.

If Dr. Wollaston had done no more for science than publish his arrangement and analysis of urinary calculi, he would have merited a distinguished place among the scientific chemists of the age, and a strong claim to the gratitude of mankind. The species of calculi he has already described are, as is well known, five; we repeat them for the sake of rendering the knowledge of them as familiar as possible:

1. The *lithic acid* of Scheele, or *uric acid*.
2. The *oxalate of lime*, or *mulberry calculus*.
3. The *phosphate of lime*, or *bone-earth calculus*.
4. The ammoniacal phosphate of magnesia.
5. The *fusible* calculus, consisting of the two last species combined.

Since the publication of his former papers on this subject, he has met with two specimens of a species obviously distinct from these. These calculi have a yellowish semi-transparency, and a peculiar glittering lustre, and they do not consist of distinct laminae, but appear as one mass confusedly crystallized throughout its substance.

By destructive distillation carbonate of ammonia and fetid oil are produced. It is acted upon by the far greater number of the common chemical agents. Those, which do not dissolve it, are alcohol, acetic, tartaric, and citric acids, and saturated carbonate of ammonia. All the other common acids, all the alkalies, pure or carbonated, and lime water, dissolve it. Crystals are formed with both the acid and alkaline solutions; but the former of these have not been completely ascertained.

In denominating this substance an *oxide*, we think that Dr. Wollaston has been somewhat hasty, when his acquaintance with its properties is confessedly imperfect. It is but a flimsy reason to adduce the presence of carbonic acid, as proving that it contains oxygen. The carbo-

nic acid is an aliment of the carbonate of ammonia; but how many animal substances yield this salt, which no chemist thinks of calling an oxide?

Dr. Wollaston concludes his paper with some remarks on the diet necessary to patients afflicted with calculus, the importance of which induces us to lay it before our readers. M. Vauquelin observed the white matter contained in the urine of birds to be principally uric acid. Dr. Wollaston has attempted to observe the relation of this matter with the food used by the bird.

‘I found,’ he says, ‘that in the dung of the goose, feeding wholly on grass, the proportion did not seem so much as $\frac{1}{100}$ of the whole dung. In that of a pheasant kept in a cage, and fed on barley alone it was about $\frac{1}{4}$ part. In that of a hen, having the range of a garden and farm-yard, and consequently procuring insects, and possibly other animal food, the proportion was manifestly much greater, and combined with lime. In the dung of a hawk, fed upon flesh alone, the quantity of matter voided in a solid state bears but a small proportion to the residuum of uric acid, that is left by the urine when dry. And in the gannet feeding solely on fish, I have observed the evacuations in some instances to be mere urine, for it contained no solid matter except the uric acid.

‘It seems consequently, deserving of inquiry, what changes might be produced in the urine of any one animal, by such alterations of diet, as its constitution would permit; for as far as any inference can be drawn from these varieties, which naturally occur, it would appear, that persons subject to calculi, consisting of uric acid, as well as gouty persons, in whom there is always a redundancy of the same matter, have reason to prefer vegetable diet, but that the preference usually given to fish above other kinds of animal food, is probably erroneous.’

XIV.—Researches on the oxymuriatic Acid, its Nature and Combinations, and on the Elements of the muriatic Acid. With some Experiments on Sulphur and Phosphorus, made in the Laboratory of the Royal Institution. By H. Davy, Esq. Sec. R. S. Prof. Chem. R. I. F. R. S. E.

In his former papers Mr. Davy proved that muriatic acid can in no instance be obtained from oxymuriatic acid, or from dry muriates, unless water or the elements of water be present.

M. M. Gay Lussac and Thenard afterwards showed, that oxy-muriatic acid is not decomposable by any substance but hydrogen or such as can form triple combinations

with it. Conformably with this, Mr. Davy remarked, that charcoal, if previously freed from hydrogen and moisture by intense ignition in vacuo, effects no change in the oxymuriatic or muriatic gases, even when ignited to whiteness by the voltaic battery. This fact excited a suspicion, that the opinion of the oxymuriatic acid containing oxygen in a loose and active state was erroneous.

To investigate this point, Mr. Davy attempted first to obtain an oxide of tin, by adding ammonia to the fuming liquor of Libavius, which is formed by the union of tin with oxymuriatic acid. But it appeared, that a new compound is formed by this process: the product is a solid matter of a dull white colour, which volatilizes when heated, producing dense and pungent fumes.

The oxymuriatic acid forms compounds with phosphorus, which have been thought to be muriatic acid united with the phosphorus and phosphoric acids. The solid compound formed by this combustion, was heated with ammoniacal gas, which united with it, forming a white opaque powder.

If this powder had contained phosphoric acid, it would have been readily obtained by exposing it to a heat below redness; but upon trying the experiment, it appeared, that the compound was not decomposable even at a red heat out of the contact of the air, and it gave off no gaseous matter.

Oxymuriatic acid and ammonia, when acting upon each other, have been said to produce water: this would prove the existence of oxygen in the acid. But Mr. Davy finds, that when fifteen or sixteen parts of the acid gas are mixed with from forty to forty-five parts of the alkaline gas, there is a condensation of nearly the whole of the two gases, five or six parts of nitrogen are produced, and the result is dry muriate of ammonia.

When hydrogen and oxymuriatic acid are mixed in nearly equal proportions, common muriatic gas is generated, and there is no water deposited; or at least the deposition of vapour appeared to diminish in proportion as the gases were freed from oxygen and water.

As therefore it appears, that whenever oxygen has been procured from oxymuriatic acid, water is always present; as hydrogen uniting with this matter forms common muriatic acid, Mr. Davy regards it as an assumption not hitherto proved, that oxygen exists in oxymuriatic acid; he thinks rather, that oxymuriatic acid has not hitherto been decomposed; that it ought, in the present state of our knowledge, to be deemed a radical; and the common mu-

riatic acid to be compounded of what has been called the oxygenated acid and hydrogene.

According to this theory, the hydrogen which is produced during the action of common muriatic acid upon metals, proceeds from muriatic acid, the combination being between the oxymuriatic acid and the metal. Still Mr. Davy supposes, with the French chemists, that water is decomposed by these compounds. He illustrates by the example of the oxymuriate of tin.

‘When water is added,’ he says, ‘to *Libavius’s liquor* in certain quantities, a solid crystallized mass is obtained, from which oxide of tin and muriate of ammonia can be procured by ammonia. In this case, oxygene may be supposed to be supplied to the tin, and hydrogene to the oxymuriatic acid.’

In like manner, the compound formed by burning phosphorus in oxymuriatic acid is resolved by water into phosphoric and common muriatic acid.

One obvious objection Mr. Davy thus answers.

‘That the quantity of hydrogene evolved during the decomposition of muriatic acid gas by metals, is the same that would be produced during the decomposition of water by the same bodies, appears at first view an evidence in favour of the existence of water in muriatic acid gas; but as there is only one known combination of hydrogene with oxymuriatic acid, one quantity must always be separated. Hydrogene is disengaged from its oxymuriatic combination, by a metal, in the same manner as one metal is disengaged by another, from similar combinations; and of all inflammable bodies that form compounds of this kind, except perhaps phosphorus and sulphur, hydrogene is that which seems to adhere to oxymuriatic acid with the least force.’

Mr. Davy doubts the existence of an hyperoxygenised muriatic acid. He has attempted to obtain it from the compound, in which it had been supposed to exist, but without success. By electrizing muriatic acid in the Voltaic circle, oxymuriatic acid is evolved at the positive surface, and hydrogen at the negative surface. By electrizing a solution of oxymuriatic acid in water, oxymuriatic acid and oxygen are evolved at the positive surface and hydrogen at the negative surface.

Mr. Davy inquires, therefore, concerning this substance,

‘May it not in fact be a *peculiar* acidifying and dissolving principle, forming compounds with combustible bodies analogous to acids containing oxygene or oxides, in their properties and

powers of combination; but differing from them, in being for the most part decomposable by water? On this idea muriatic acid may be considered as having hydrogen for its basis, and oxymuriatic acid for its acidifying principle. And the phosphoric sublimate as having phosphorus for its basis and oxymuriatic acid for its acidifying matter. And Libavius's liquor, and the compounds of arsenic with oxymuriatic acid, may be regarded as analogous bodies. The combinations of oxymuriatic acid with lead, silver, mercury, potassium, and sodium, in this view would be considered as a class of bodies related more to oxides than acids, in their powers of attraction.

Supposing these inferences to be perfectly correct, it is rather cutting than untying the Gordian knot with regard to the composition of the muriatic acid. To suppose, that this acid does not contain oxygen, would be so contrary to all analogy, that we conceive, that nothing but the most rigorous demonstration could make it be admitted. If, therefore, hydrogen enters into its composition, it would seem more probable, that it is a triple compound, and that the question is rarely transferred from the common to what has been called the oxygenated acid. That it does not contain oxygen, cannot be allowed to be proved, though the source of the oxygen which has hitherto been obtained may have been mistaken. To suppose, that muriatic acid does not contain oxygen, is to suppose, that no substance in nature has a stronger attraction for this matter than those with which we are already acquainted. By the discovery of potassium, Mr. Davy has brought to our knowledge a body, the affinity of which to oxygen, is greater than that of any other known species of matter. But what probability is there, that there do not exist kinds of matter with which we are hitherto totally unacquainted? The discoveries of these latter years, particularly the brilliant ones of Mr. Davy himself, forbid such an assumption.

These researches of Mr. Davy have disclosed the existence of a compound of very remarkable qualities, and which seems to show, that the common chemical proposition, that complexity of composition is uniformly connected with facility of decomposition, is not well founded. This compound is that of oxymuriatic acid, phosphorus, and ammonia; two of them permanent gases, and the third considerably volatile; and yet the substance formed, is neither fusible nor volatile at a white heat. It could hardly have been expected, that ammonia would remain fixed at such a temperature, and that it should remain so in combination with oxymuriatic acid, would seem nearly incredi-

ble. But such is the fact. This compound is without taste or smell; insoluble in water even at a boiling temperature, nor did it appear to be acted upon by sulphuric, nitric, or muriatic acid, nor by a strong solution of potash. Combustion and the action of ignited potash were the only processes which appeared to decompose it.

‘When brought into the flame of a spirit lamp and made red-hot, it gave feeble indications of inflammation, and tinged the flame of a yellow colour, and left a fixed acid, having the properties of phosphoric acid. When acted upon by red-hot hydrate of potash, it emitted a smell of ammonia, burnt where it was in contact with air, and appeared to dissolve in the alkali. The potash which had been acted upon, gave muriatic acid, by the addition of sulphuric acid.’

This compound, therefore, resembles an oxide, such as that of silicic acid, or that of columbium in its general chemical characters. Mr. Davy, therefore, justly concludes by inquiring:

‘Is it not likely, reasoning from these circumstances, that many of the substances, now supposed to be elementary, may be reduced into simpler forms of matter? And that an intense attraction, and an equilibrium of attraction, may give to a compound, containing several constituents, that refractory character which is generally attributed to unity of constitution, or to the homogeneous nature of its parts.’

In the subsequent part of this paper, Mr. Davy has detailed his ulterior researches into the action of potassium upon sulphur and sulphuretted hydrogen, and upon phosphorus and phosphuretted hydrogen, which have enabled him to correct and extend some of his former observations. To obtain pure sulphur, perfectly free from adherent sulphuric acid, he found it necessary to procure it by distillation from iron pyrites in vacuo, and other precautions (which we cannot detail), were necessary to ensure accurate results. It appears, however, that a small quantity of pure sulphuretted hydrogen is evolved when potassium and sulphur are made to act upon each other, and that these substances combine only in one proportion, in which the metal is to the sulphur nearly as three to one in weight, and in which the quantities are such, that the compound burns into neutral sulphate of potash. In like manner, potassium and phosphorus appear to combine only in one proportion, a grain of potassium requiring about $\frac{1}{8}$ of a grain of phosphorus to form a phosphuret.

Mr. Davy seems inclined to retract the opinion he had

advanced, that the inflammable gas disengaged from them by electricity is necessary to the peculiar form in which these bodies exist.

‘Phosphorus,’ he observes, ‘is capable of forming a solid hydruret, and a part of the sulphur distilled from iron pyrites, is usually of a soft consistence, and emits the smell of sulphuretted hydrogen, and probably contains that body. It is not unlikely, that in all cases phosphorus and sulphur contain small quantities of the hydrurets of phosphorus and sulphur; and the production of a minute proportion of sulphuric acid in the slow combustion of sulphur, is probably connected with the production of water. Though the pure oxides of sulphur and phosphorus have never been obtained, yet from the doctrine of definite proportions, these bodies ought, under certain circumstances, to be formed. And I am inclined to believe, that they sometimes exist in minute quantities, in common phosphorus and sulphur, and with hydrogen, give to them their variable properties.’

XV.—Observations upon Luminous Animals. By J. Macartney, Esq. Communicated by *Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.*

Naturalists have ascribed the luminous appearance which is often so striking in the sea to various causes; as to putrefaction, to a phosphoric or electric property of the water, to the absorption and subsequent emission of light. These explanations are purely hypothetical, and it seems to be tolerably well ascertained, that the presence of living animals, which have the property of emitting light, is the sole cause of this singular phenomenon.

In this elaborate paper, Mr. Macartney has adopted the following arrangement, which we give in his own words.

‘I shall first examine the grounds on which the property of shewing light has been ascribed to certain animals, that either do not possess it, or in which its existence is questionable. I shall next give an account of some luminous species, of which some have been inaccurately described, and others quite unknown. I shall endeavour to explain from my own observations and the information communicated to me by others, many of the circumstances attending the luminous appearance of the sea. I shall then describe the organs employed for the production of light in certain species; and, lastly, I shall review the opinions which have been entertained respecting the nature and origin of animal light, and relate the experiments for the purpose of elucidating this part of the subject.’

Mr. Macartney thinks, that the faculty of exhibiting light does not belong to the class of fishes during the life

of the fish. He excludes also some species of *lepas*, *murex*, and *chama*, and some star-fish, earth-worms, the cancer *pulex*, and the scolopendra *phosphorea* from the same power, to some of which it has been given by different writers, as he believes, upon insufficient observations.

We shall follow Mr. M.'s enumeration of the luminous animals discovered by Sir Joseph Banks, Captain Horsburgh, and himself.

The cancer *fulgens* much resembles the common shrimp, but it is considerably less. A brilliant light appears to issue from every part of its body.

The medusa *pellucens* is the most splendid of the luminous inhabitants of the ocean. The flashes of light emitted during its contractions, are so vivid as to affect the sight of the spectator. It has an umbella, somewhat like a parasol, of the diameter of six inches. From within the margin of the umbella, are suspended a number of long cord-shaped tentacula. The central part of the animal is opaque, and furnished with four thick irregularly shaped processes, which hang down in the midst of the tentacula.

These two animals were discovered by Sir Joseph Banks on the passage from Madeira to Rio de Janeiro.

Captain Horsburgh caught a luminous insect in the Arabian sea, which Mr. Macartney assigns to the genus *limulus* of Muller, and to which he has given the name of *limulus noctilucens*.

On our own coasts, Mr. Macartney has discovered three species of luminous marine animals. One of these is a *beroe* not hitherto described by authors; the second is a medusa, which he conceives to be the medusa *hemispherica*, of which figures have been published by Gronovius and Muller, but who have not mentioned its luminous property; and the third is a minute species of medusa, which he believes to be the luminous animal so frequently seen by navigators, although it has never been distinctly examined or described. Mr. M. distinguishes it by the name of *medusa scintillans*.

Mr. Macartney believes (and brings some very satisfactory evidence in favour of his opinion), that this species of medusa is the most frequent source of the light of the sea around this country and other parts of the world. Their size is less than the smallest pin-head; and they have been mistaken by some writers for particles of an oily or bituminous nature. Their frame is so tender as to be broken by the slightest touch. They seem to have a natural tendency to come to the surface of the water, and thus to col-

lect together, in which case they form a body of a dusky straw colour, though the individuals are so transparent as to be perfectly invisible except under particular circumstances. As soon as the moon rises, these luminous animals retreat from the surface of the water. Exposure to the daylight took away their property of shining, which was revived by placing them for some time in a dark situation.

‘I had two opportunities,’ says Mr. M. ‘of seeing an extended illumination of the sea, produced by the above animals. The first night I saw this singular phenomenon, was extremely dark, many of the medusa scintillans and medusa hemispherica had been observed at low water, but on the return of the tide, they had suddenly disappeared. On looking towards the sea, I was astonished to perceive a flash of light of about six yards broad, extend from the shore, for apparently the distance of a mile and a half along the surface of the water. The second time that I saw this sort of light proceed from the sea, it did not take the same form, but was diffused over the surface of the waves next the shore, and was so strong, that I could for the moment distinctly see my servant, who stood at a little distance from me; he also perceived it, and called out to me at the same instant. On both these occasions, the flash was visible for about four or five seconds, and although I watched for it a considerable time, I did not see it repeated.’

This sudden flash Mr. M. attributes to the simultaneous effort of each of these animalcules to separate from each other and quit the surface of the ocean. What can be the medium of conveyance of one will through such myriads of animated beings? How much does such a question puzzle the human understanding, and its solution appear to transcend the human faculties!

The sea has been observed, on the coast of Malabar, to become suddenly of a white flaming colour all around. This has happened at midnight, and the colour has continued about ten minutes. The same phenomenon is frequently seen in the Banda sea. Mr. Langstaff, a surgeon in the city, in going from New Holland to China, about half an hour after sun-set, observed a milky appearance of the sea: the ship seemed to be surrounded by ice covered with snow. Upon taking up a bucket of water, Mr. Langstaff discovered a number of globular bodies, each about the size of a pin’s head, linked together. The chains thus formed did not exceed three inches in length, and emitted a pale phosphoric light. Mr. Macartney considers this a proof, that this light was produced by an assemblage of minute medusæ on the surface of the water.

The quantities of these animals, which have hitherto been hardly distinctly noticed, or duly arranged, are truly astonishing. A small quantity of luminous water being put into a glass jar, the medusæ formed a gelatinous mass, an inch and half thick, at the top of the jar, of a reddish or mud colour: the water underneath was perfectly clear. In the branches of Milford Haven, Mr. Macartney has found these animals collected in such numbers, that they bore a considerable proportion to the volume of the water in which they were contained; from a gallon of water in a luminous state, he has strained above a pint of these medusæ. If the extreme minuteness of each individual be considered, the number in a small part of the ocean must be such as utterly to baffle calculation.

Mr. Macartney has, at considerable length, described the organs of light in the different species of animals, which have been observed to afford it. But we find it impossible to detail or abridge his remarks on this subject.

The following paragraph contains a summary of the result of Mr. M.'s own experiments on the medusa, and common glow-worm.

‘It seems proved by the foregoing experiments, that so far from the luminous substance being of a phosphorescent nature, it sometimes shews the strongest and most constant light, when excluded from oxygen gas; that it in no circumstance undergoes any process like combustion, but is actually incapable of being inflamed; that the increase of heat, during the shining of glow-worms, is an accompaniment, and not an effect of the phenomenon, and depends on the excited state of the insect; and lastly, that heat and electricity increase the exhibition of light, merely by operating like other stimuli upon the vital properties of the animal.’

It appears, moreover, that the luminous property is not constant, but in general exists only at certain periods, and in particular states of the animal's body. The power of shewing light resides in a peculiar substance or fluid, which is sometimes situated in a particular organ, and at others diffused throughout the animal's body. The exhibition of light, however long it may be continued, causes no diminution of the bulk of the luminous matter. Mr. M. adds.

‘The luminous appearance of living animals is not exhausted by long continuance or frequent repetitions, nor accumulated by exposure to natural light; it is, therefore, not dependent upon any foreign source, but inheres as a property, in a peculiarly organized animal substance or fluid, and is regulated by the same laws which govern all the other functions of living beings.’

XVI.—Observations and Experiments on Pus. By George Pearson, M. D. F. R. S.

Physicians have in general given up the hopes of penetrating into the hidden nature of disease, and attaining accurate diagnostics from a chemical examination of excreted fluids. Dr. Pearson, however, seems to adhere with some pertinacity to the prejudices of the old school, and is unwilling even to adopt the language in use among the chemists who have recently devoted their labours to pursuits analogous to his own. Hence we have found some difficulty in following the thread of his reasoning.

Pus, the doctor finds by his experiments, consists of three distinct substances, which he thus designates.

‘ 1. An animal oxide, which, among other properties, is distinguished by its being white, opaque, smooth, of the form of fine curdy particles in water; not dissoluble in less than 1000 cold waters; not coagulable into one mass like serum of blood by caloric, alcohol, &c.; only rendered more curdy by water of 160° to 170°; but readily diffusible. 2. A limpid fluid resembling serum of blood in its impregnations and in its coagulability by caloric, alcohol, &c; in which the opaque oxide is diffusible but not dissoluble, and which is specifically lighter than that oxide. 3. Innumerable spherical particles visible only by the microscope in this opaque oxide, and in small number in the limpid fluid; not coagulable by any temperature to which (it has been) hitherto exposed, and not destructible by many things which combine (with) or destroy the opaque oxide; and these globules are specifically heavier than water.’

It has been thought a very important problem to distinguish pus from mucus. Dr. Pearson confesses, that he has in vain sought for strict chemical tests: he did not succeed with the tannin principle, gallic acid, alum, nitrate of silver, and other metallic salts, and the various acids. All these substances occasioned precipitations both of pus and of mucus, but not with observable characteristic differences. But in the following paragraph are collected characteristic marks, which will probably answer every practical purpose.

‘ The opacity; the straw colour; the greater density than mucus; the greater globularity under the microscope; the greater proportion of residue on evaporation to dryness, than from mucus; the milky liquid on heating this matter; the milkiness on agitation in cold water; are properties of pus. But the great viscosity, yet not increased by neutral salts; the less opacity than pus; the less globularity than pus; the smaller pro-

portion of exsiccated residue than from pus; the moisture or greater moisture on the exposure of the brittle residue to air, than from that of pus; the more difficult diffusibility through cold water, and less degree of milkiess than from pus; the great proportion of leafy or fibrous masses on agitation in a very large quantity of cold water; the speedy putrescency; are properties of mucus.'

We fear, that the most perfect analysis of pus and of mucus would assist us very little either in our diagnostics or our practice. Experienced physicians will judge of diseases more from the state of the sensorium and of the vital functions. Still we must give Dr. Pearson much credit for his industrious investigations of the properties of substances, the offensive nature of which is sufficient to deter less ardent inquirers.

ART. II.—*The Life of the Right Reverend Beilby Porteus, D. D. late Bishop of London. By the Rev. Robert Hodgson, A. M. F. R. S. Rector of St. George's, Hanover-Square, and one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to his Majesty.* London, Cadell, 1811, 8vo.

ART. III.—*A Letter to the Rev. Robert Hodgson, M. A. and F. R. S. containing a preliminary Refutation of his Statement of the Conduct of Bishop Porteus, respecting the Rectory of Bradwell, near the Sea, in Essex, in the Year 1789. By the Rev. H. B. Dudley, LL. D. Chancellor and Prebendary of the Cathedral of Ferns.* London, Ridgway, 1811, 1s.

IN our Number for March, 1811, we gave an account of a life of Bishop Porteus by a Lay-member of Merton College, Oxford. We suspected, at the time, that this writer's materials were not always drawn from the most authentic sources of information, and we had little doubt but that many of the errors in his work would be corrected, and many of the omissions supplied by the superior opportunities of learning the different particulars of the bishop's life which were possessed by Mr. Hodgson. It will be our business, therefore, in this article, not to give any abridged account of the bishop's life, but merely to notice those facts which were either not mentioned at all or not accurately related by the lay-member of Merton, and, at the same time, not to overlook Dr. Bate Dudley's statement relative to the proceedings with respect to the rectory of Bradwell.

The lay-member of Merton makes Beilby Porteus an American by birth, but Mr. Hodgson says, that the city of York in this country was the place of his nativity. The date of his birth is the 8th of May, 1731. His father and mother, however, were natives of Virginia, in North America, and his present biographer says, that they 'were on a footing with its principal inhabitants.'

The lay-member of Merton tells us, that Mr. Porteus, whilst at Cambridge, made no great proficiency in the mathematics, and, that '*his taste never lay this way;*' but Mr. Hodgson says, that 'whilst he continued under graduate,' his attention 'was directed chiefly to mathematical studies,' and the best proof of his proficiency is, that he obtained the situation of 'tenth wrangler amongst the honorary degrees of his year.'

After taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1752, Mr. Porteus obtained the second classical gold medal recently given by the Duke of Newcastle. The first was adjudged to the venerable Mr. Baron Maseres, whose close attention to mathematical pursuits has never been able entirely to divert his mind from the elegant literature of Greece and Rome.

Mr. Porteus had passed fourteen years of his life in college, when he went to reside at Lambeth, as chaplain to Archbishop Secker, in 1762. In 1765, he

'married,' says his present biographer, 'Margaret, eldest daughter of Brian Hodgson, Esq., of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and in the course of the same year, he was presented by the archbishop to the two small livings of Rucking and Wethersham, in Kent, which, however, he soon resigned for the rectory of Hunton, in the same county, in addition to a prebend at Peterborough, which had been given him by his grace before.'

The rural beauties of Hunton strongly attached Dr. Porteus to that agreeable situation. In 1769, he was 'appointed chaplain to his majesty, and soon after he obtained the mastership of the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester.'

'At the close of the year 1773, and the beginning of the next, an attempt was made,' says Dr. Porteus, as his words are quoted by Mr. Hodgson, 'by myself and a few other clergymen, among whom were Mr. Francis Wollaston, Dr. Percy, now Bishop of Dromore, and Dr. Yorke, now Bishop of Ely, to induce the bishops to promote a review of the Liturgy and Articles, in order to amend in both, but particularly in the latter, those parts which all reasonable persons agreed stood in need of amendment.'

* * * * 'This application was at that time made, continues Dr. Porteus, ' in a private and respectful manner to Archbishop Cornwallis, requesting him to signify our wishes, which we conceived to be the wishes of a very large proportion both of the clergy and the laity, to the rest of the bishops, that every thing might be done which could be *prudently* and *safely* done, to promote these important and salutary purposes.' 'The answer given by the archbishop, February 11, 1773, was in these words: 'I have consulted several of my brethren the bishops, and it is the opinion of the bench in general, that nothing can in prudence be done in the matter that has been submitted to our consideration.'

We could have informed Mr. Hodgson, that this same archbishop did distinctly promise a nobleman lately deceased, that something should be done with respect to a revision of the liturgy and the articles, and towards a removal of such obnoxious passages from both as would have greatly diminished the number of dissidents and enlarged the terms of communion in the English church. The nobleman to whom we allude, was well known to have had this subject much at heart, and he would at that time have agitated the question in the House of Lords, if he had not been dissuaded from it by the archbishop, who promised him, that he would himself take up the subject. The subject, however, was never taken up by the archbishop. We should not have mentioned this on slight or hearsay evidence; but we had it from the mouth of the nobleman himself to whom the promise was made.

Mr. Hodgson, after having quoted the answer of the archbishop to the application of Dr. Porteus and his friends, says, 'there can be no question, that this decision, viewed in all its bearings, was right;' but we, who have often viewed it 'in all its bearings,' are convinced, that it was wrong, and adverse not only to the cause of truth, abstractedly considered, but to the best interests of the establishment, even though viewed only as a political institution. If the question of ecclesiastical reform had been '*viewed in all its bearings,*' by Cranmer and Ridley, and other fathers of the reformation in this country, in the same manner as the reform to which we have alluded, appears to be viewed by Mr. Hodgson at the present day, we should, at this moment, have had the mass said in our churches and the host paraded in our streets.

The reasons against reformation, whether civil or ecclesiastical, are the same in all places and at all times. Interest will defend error, where error supports interest. This

so usually follows in the common course of things, that the opposite proceeding is a sort of prodigy. Thus it is, that errors are seldom removed till they have spread their roots far and wide, and have acquired a robust and stubborn growth. But we will venture to lay it down as a certain axiom, both in individual morals and in general policy, that reformation cannot be begun too soon. When we are convinced, that we have got into the wrong way, can we too soon revert to the right? Or are we to persevere in the wrong, merely because we have too much pride or too much obstinacy to allow it to be wrong? To what must such a principle of conduct lead, whether in private or in public life, in civil or in ecclesiastical policy, but to ultimate calamity and destruction?

When we are rationally convinced, that any reformation is necessary, it is either folly or wickedness to pretend, that it is unseasonable or premature, or that it is not expedient owing to '*existing circumstances*,' (the favourite phraseology of men who would put off all reform to doomsday), or to ephemeral considerations.

The moral necessity of any reform always constitutes the political expediency. We wish, that statesmen, whether in scarlet robes or in lawn sleeves, would give a little heed to this maxim, as it would prevent the ruin of states, the demolition of churches, and the subversion of thrones.

We know very well, that when error is established, whether it be the error of a popish or a protestant establishment, it will spare no pains to defend itself. It will make an obstinate resistance, and will maintain a long and dubious conflict even with truth itself. To suppose, that Error, when it is buttressed by Emolument, and supported by Power, will voluntarily succumb to Truth, is to harbour a chimerical expectation. Truth, when it opposes Error under such circumstances, has to fight under every possible disadvantage. It will be branded with the name of innovation, and all the prejudices which are wont to be excited by that invidious term, will be enlisted against it. It will be stigmatized as disloyalty, and be assailed with every opprobrious name. This has been the case from the beginning, and will probably be so to the end. Hence reformations, which ought to be the fruit of conviction, are commonly the result of violence. Establishments will not reform themselves from within, till the storm comes, which reforms them from without, and perhaps lays the whole system in ruins, which might have been preserved for ages by a timely and spontaneous correction of abuses.

If the bishops of the establishment could be brought to take a truly enlightened view of their own interest and of that of the church, they would, in good earnest, set about a revision of the liturgy and the articles, and they would render the terms of communion so comprehensive, that the good and wise of all sects would become not only sincere well wishers, but strenuous auxiliaries to the establishment. Nor do we believe, that the thing itself is so difficult as is commonly imagined, nor do we think, that it would experience so much opposition nor excite so much strife as has been anticipated by the timid and the weak. Indeed it appears to us, that any scheme of improvement in the national worship which should be sanctioned by the recommendation of the episcopal bench, would pass the two houses of parliament with as little clamour and opposition as a turnpike bill. Any proposition in favour of intolerance, or designed to contract the present, sufficiently narrow limits of ecclesiastical fellowship, would bristle up the back of every sectary in the realm; but any scheme which rendered toleration more complete and charity more general, would excite complacency in every countenance and joy in every heart. It is both wise and practicable, and safe under every possible aspect in which the subject can be viewed.

A national church ought to be free from all sectarian peculiarities. It cannot otherwise be truly called national. It is rather the church of a particular junto or faction than of a whole people. It is formed on a principle of jealous and selfish exclusion, which is totally opposite to the idea of a Christian sanctuary, which ought to unite in one communion the faithful of all sects and of all diversities of doctrinal opinion. The petitions in the Lord's prayer should be the model of a national liturgy; for all sects may repeat the Lord's prayer with equal fervour and sincerity; but can all sects repeat with the same fervour and sincerity every petition in the present liturgy of the establishment? The reason is, that the Lord's prayer, which was a pattern for the liturgic forms of individuals and of nations, contains none of that doctrinal matter which constitutes the focus of sectarian dissension. It may be repeated with equal warmth of approbation by the Trinitarian and the Anti-Trinitarian, by the Calvinist and the Anti-Calvinist, by the believer in mysteries and by the sober and rational religionist. It does not breathe any hostility to the opinions of any sect. It tends to unite men of different persuasions in the bonds of peace under the benign influence of a recipro-

cal charity. Here then is a model, and one to which no objection can be made by any believer in christianity, for the formation of a national liturgy, on the principle of UNIVERSAL TOLERATION.

In the year 1781 Bishop Porteus was instrumental in procuring a bill to be passed, entitled, 'An act for preventing certain abuses and profanations on the Lord's day, commonly called Sunday.' Mr. Hodgson has given in the bishop's own words an account of the circumstances which induced him to propose this bill. One of the leading causes was the recent institution of certain debating societies, for the discussion of scriptural and theological subjects. But the bishop, in his tender care for the morals of the metropolis, thought that the 'dissolute people of both sexes,' would convert these meetings into places of *assignation*. Such societies might certainly have been thus perverted from their original designs, and so may even the church or the conventicle. But what institution is there which we should tolerate, if we were to reason on its possible perversion from a good object to a bad? We see no particular harm likely to arise from a company meeting to discuss scriptural or literary topics on a Sunday. Sunday is the only day which a large part of the community can devote to intellectual improvement; and without this improvement how are we to fulfil the sacred injunction of worshipping God with the understanding? Is it not, taking all things into consideration, better that the tradesman or mechanic should pass his Sunday evening at a debating society, than at the public house, or in innocent chat under a tree than in smoking the intoxicating fumes of tobacco in a cellar?

Bishop Porteus, as well as many other persons, have mistaken the design of 'the Lord's day;' and have recommended it to be observed with a degree of austerity, incompatible with the nature of the institution. The bishop did not sufficiently consider that, though Saturday is the Jewish Sabbath, Sunday is the Christian festival. It is not only a holy day, but it is a holiday in the English sense of the word. The Lord's day, or as it is more commonly called, Sunday, is a weekly recognizance of the resurrection; and ought to be regarded as a day of grateful rejoicing rather than of hypocritical gloom. A part of that day cannot certainly be better employed than in the moral culture of the people, or in the exercise of the best affections of the heart in social worship. But who is there with one spark of benevolence in his soul, who would

wish to prevent the poor peasant, who has a cold dinner during six days in the week, from having a hot meal on a Sunday? Is God better pleased by the poor man's stomach being pinched with hunger, or the baker's oven being kept cold? The essence of religion does not consist in outward sanctity, but in inward purity and truth. What reverence for the Almighty do we manifest, by prohibiting the sickly mechanic, who is confined to a close garret during six successive days, to saunter in the fields on the seventh, to scent the fragrance of the flowers, and to hear the music of the grove?

We do not blame Bishop Porteus, nor any other bishop for preventing the Lord's day from being polluted by drunken uproar, or extravagant merriment. But we do not wish a Christian festival to be converted into a day of Jewish penance, or ritual vexation. We do not wish that it should be accompanied by the rigor of the ceremonial code of Moses, nor by the gloom of that system which has been substituted for the benign, the cheerful, and cheering doctrine of Jesus. Mr. Hodgson will agree with us, because in this respect, at least, we are supported by the highest authority, that, even the Jewish Sabbath was made for man and not man for it. If this were true of the Sabbath of the Jews, is it not much more applicable, in all its force of inference, to that of the Christians?

How would Bishop Porteus have conducted himself, if he had been living when King James published his 'Book of Sports,' to counteract the puritanical propensities of the age? Would he have descanted in the chapel royal, and before the Theological Solomon, on the sin of dancing round the maypole on a Sunday-eve?

We do not deny but that Dr. Porteus may have caused the Sunday to be observed with a little more exterior decorum; but what sensible addition did he make to the stock of that righteousness which does not consist in kneeling down or in standing up, but in doing right? Did he cause fewer lies to be told? Did he make backbiting, falsehood, and imposture less frequent than before? Did the tradesmen of the metropolis become more contented with small profits and honest gains? In short, have probity, sincerity, frankness, disinterestedness, and beneficence, been more prevalent amongst us since the debating societies and the tea-gardens were shut up on Sundays, and the baker's oven has been barricadoed either to the sick or the hungry after one o'clock? This is the

only way of ascertaining the moral efficacy of any ordinance, and not by the saturnine complexion and devout grimace which it may produce.

The words 'Nolo episcopari,' 'I would rather not be a bishop,' have passed into a proverb to express what may be called a hypocritical negation, or a feigned refusal of that which the person, at the same time, wishes to have, and would not willingly go without. These counterfeit refusals are not uncommon when men are offered high places either in church or state, but particularly in the church, where it is thought more decorous to affect a contempt of emolument or power. The biographer of Bishop Porteus does not pretend that he became a bishop *against his will*; but he says, p. 96, 7, that, when the bishop was presented to the see of London in lieu of that of Chester, he accepted the offer 'not without much regret, and a *hard struggle* with his own feelings,' &c. that 'he had many *substantial reasons* for wishing to retain the bishopric of Chester.' Now we could have more readily assented to these assertions, if we had not recollected a wish of this same prelate in a subsequent period, to make a journey from London to Durham; though 'substantial reasons' no doubt impelled him to prefer the keen air of the principality to the warmer temperature of the metropolis.

We commend Bishop Porteus for a proper degree of firmness on the following occasion. In Dec. 1795, an address was voted to the king by the bishop and clergy of the metropolis, and the Duke of Portland was requested to signify when his majesty would be pleased to receive it. The Duke of Portland returned an answer, that his majesty would receive the address, not on the throne, but at the levee. Upon this Bishop Porteus obtained an interview with the duke, and

'convinced him that addresses from the clergy of London were always received on the throne. He promised,' says the bishop, 'to state this the next day to the king, which he did, and his Majesty very graciously then appointed us to be received on the throne as usual.'

About this time the bishop was very active in setting a prosecution on foot against the publisher of Paine's *Age of Reason*. This book, as far as we recollect its contents, which we perused at the time, contained, particularly in the second part, more ribaldry than argument. The author had evidently ventured beyond his depth; and he was neither sufficiently learned nor sufficiently unpreju-

diced for such an investigation. We agree with Mr. Hodgson in thinking that this work of Paine was 'perfectly contemptible;' but we cannot subscribe to his opinion that 'upon the issue of this trial,' (against Williams the publisher of the *Age of Reason*) '*the credit and influence of religion were in a great measure at stake.*' How can 'the credit and influence of religion' be 'in a great measure at a stake,' on a composition which is 'perfectly contemptible?' Might we not almost as well say that the gibes and jeers of a sceptic could throw the earth off its axis?

We come now to what Mr. Hodgson calls 'the long and memorable contest' of the bishop 'with a clergyman in his diocese.' Mr. Hodgson has been less particular and definite in his account of this business than the importance which he appears to attach to it demanded, or than the character of the bishop required. Indeed what Mr. Hodgson does say on this occasion, is in such general and obscure terms, that it is impossible to make out any thing like a clear account of the transaction. Mr. Hodgson talks of a Simoniacal contract at which the bishop refused to connive; and he has said that the clergyman in question (Dr. Bate Dudley) who was charged with the simony, *suffered judgment to go by default*, and the consequent forfeiture of the living to the crown. But Mr. Hodgson should, in justice to Dr. Bate Dudley, have mentioned on what *express stipulations* between the parties, judgment was thus suffered to go by default, and under what circumstances the crown presented to the living. Dr. Bate Dudley himself says that, 'in order to terminate this wearisome contest,' it was agreed between his counsel and those of the bishop, that his brother-in-law should be collated to the living at the hands of the bishop; and it was accordingly proposed to Dr. Bate Dudley that a judgment should, *on that condition*, be suffered to go by default in favour of the bishop. But Dr. Bate Dudley, fearing that 'a claim of forfeiture of the next presentation' might be made 'on the part of the crown,'

'another understanding was come to; viz. that, should any such interposition take place, the difficulty would be removed by the bishop going down and stating to his majesty's ministers, that the Rev. Mr. Birch' (Dr. B. Dudley's brother-in-law) 'was the fit and proper presentee for the rectory of Bradwell.'

Such were the conditions on which a judgment was allowed by Dr. Bate Dudley, 'to pass without argument

in the Common Pleas.' In consequence of this, says that gentleman, 'the crown immediately issued a presentation to the Living, without the least remonstrance, that I could hear of on the part of Bishop Porteus.' If this statement be true, and Dr. Bate Dudley promises to confirm it, by 'authentic documents,' how are we to exculpate the bishop? We do not ourselves profess to know what the precise and definite meaning of Simony is; for simony is a sort of Proteus which assumes so many shapes, that it is difficult to fix it in any tangible form. But if simony, in general, mean fraud and falsehood practised in ecclesiastical matters, we must wait till the publication of Dr. Bate Dudley's documents, before we affix the epithet simoniacal either to his conduct, or to that of the bishop in the dispute respecting the rectory of Bradwell.

In 1804 Bishop Porteus made a laudable and successful effort to improve the fifty-one London Livings, the incomes of which had been fixed at sums not exceeding £200 *per annum* by the act of Charles the Second, after the great fire in 1666. In 1805 the bishop, whose attention, as his biographer says, was unceasing 'to the great concerns of religion,' made a pious effort to put a stop to the Sunday concerts in the metropolis. Mr. Hodgson inserts a copy of the letter which the reverend father addressed on this occasion, to three ladies of rank in the British capital. His biographer calls this 'an admirable letter,' and makes it, like many of the other compositions of the bishop, the subject of unqualified panegyric. We commend Mr. Hodgson most sincerely for every item of praise which he has bestowed on his relative and benefactor. It was the tribute of affection and of gratitude, and who would coldly prescribe any exact measure of eulogy where these delightful emotions are overflowing the heart? But while we applaud Mr. Hodgson for his affectionate concern for the bishop's memory, Mr. H. will, we are sure, not blame us for controverting some of his opinions, and for treating the bishop himself with the rigid impartiality of criticism. It is our duty, as far as human imperfection will permit, to distribute equal justice to all; and to show no more favour to the compositions of a Bishop than to those of a grave-digger. We are plain men; but we trust, that on many important occasions, we have shown ourselves not indifferent to the interests of truth.

However we may approve some sentiments in the

bishop's 'admirable letter,' we think that others are of an austere and Puritanical cast; and not at all in unison with the benign and cheerful genius of the gospel. For our sentiments on this subject, and for a refutation of the bishop's general reasoning, we must refer our readers to our remarks in a preceding part of this article. We will only say that the bishop in this letter too often confounds the idea of the Lord's day with that of the Jewish sabbath. The two institutions are opposite in their character; and we greatly err in appending to any Christian ordinance the severities of the Jewish ritual. We will not now enter into the discussion whether Protestants acted wisely in relinquishing the cheerful mode of spending a Sunday *afternoon*, which is practised in Catholic countries; but this we will say that there is *no species of innocent mirth*, which is not authorized by the genius of Christianity on the Lord's day; and to prohibit *any species of innocent mirth* on the hours of that day, not devoted to social worship, is to be wanting in a reasonable regard to the benevolent spirit of the Christian doctrine.

We approve what is good, and liberal, and wise amongst all sects; but we are not slaves to the dogmas of any. '*Nullius addicti*,' &c. We acknowledge no master but Christ, and no authority but that of Truth. This is not the language of the sycophants of the day, who are ready to swear Amen to any creed which may promote their interest or favour their advancement.

Mr. Hodgson says that the bishop presented a Prussian clergyman of the name of Usko to a valuable living in Essex, with a view of 'rendering a most important service to the church of England.' We do not ourselves see how this appointment was to serve the 'Church of England.' Mr. Usko may, for aught we know, possess 'prodigious stores of oriental learning;' but the bishop was certainly no judge of his poverty or his wealth in this species of erudition. And we think that he might have found some native Englishman who had at least as much willingness and ability to serve the establishment as any German auxiliary. *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis, Tempus eget.*

We pass over Mr. Hodgson's brief mention of the part which the bishop acted in the deprivation of Mr. Stone. Our opinion on this subject is well known; and Mr. Hodgson has said nothing to justify that barbarous act. The bishop, who was himself on the point of leaving the world, should have shown more tenderness to the advanced

age, the numerous family, the straitened circumstances, and the peculiar temperament of Mr. Stone. If the bishop had the capacity, it was his duty, as a pastor of the church, to have refuted the errors of Mr. Stone in that spirit of meekness and forbearance, which his great master would have practised on a similar occasion; but was it his duty to reduce that gentleman and his family to the brink of indigence? When the bishop employed persecution instead of argument, it was a tacit confession that his desire to punish was stronger than his power to refute. We do not pretend to determine whether in this act of cruelty the bishop were moved by his own natural impatience of heresy, or impelled by the vindictive spirit of some superior authority, but to whatever motive it may be ascribed, we cannot but think it disgraceful to his memory.

The transition of Bishop Porteus from this mortal coil, seems to have been attended with circumstances of peculiar felicity and ease. On the morning of the day on which he died, as he was sitting in his library,

‘the brightness of a fine spring day called up a transient glow into his countenance; and he several times exclaimed, O that glorious sun! Afterwards whilst sitting at dinner, he was seized with some slight convulsions, which were happily however of short duration; and he then fell, *as it seemed*, into a gentle sleep. It was the sleep of death. From that time he never spoke, and scarcely could be said to move. Without a pang or a sigh, by a transition so easy, as only to be known by a pressure of his hand upon the knee of a servant who was sitting near him, his spirit vanished into the realms unknown.’

This life of Bishop Porteus is much superior, both in respect to the information and the style, to that which we formerly noticed. A sense of duty has compelled us occasionally to differ, both from the sentiments of the bishop and of his biographer; but we cannot conclude this article without adding, that this production of Mr. Hodgson, is a very commendable tribute of his respect, his affection, and his gratitude, to the memory of his relative, his benefactor, and his friend.

ART. IV.—*Travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt, and Barbary, during the Years 1806 and 1807. By E. A. D. Chateaubriand. Translated from the French by Frederic Schoberl.* London, Colburn, 1811. 2 Vols.

WE reviewed the work of M. Chateaubriand, entitled, *Les Martyrs, ou le Triomphe de la Religion Chretienne*, in our Appendix to the 17th volume of the present series of our Review. To that article we refer the reader; and we must inform him that the present travels were undertaken with a view of giving more fidelity to the sketches of scenery, &c. in '*The Martyrs*.' Mr. Schoberl, the translator of this work, is under a mistake, when he says in his advertisement, that the latter publication of M. de Chateaubriand 'yet remains wholly unknown here.' Instead of being 'wholly unknown here,' we believe that it has been a good deal read; for an edition of it was printed at one of the London presses for M. Dulau, the French bookseller in Soho Square.

The following quotation from the preface to M. Chateaubriand's work, will show its origin, its nature, and the sentiments of the author himself.

'My tour,' says he, 'was not undertaken with the intention of writing it; I had a very different design, and this design I have accomplished in the *Martyrs*. I went in quest of images and nothing more. I could not behold Sparta, Athens, Jerusalem, without making some reflexions. Those reflexions could not be introduced into the subject of an epopee; they were left in the journal which I kept of my tour, and it is these that I now submit to the public.

I must, therefore, request the reader to consider this work rather as memoirs of a year of my life, than as a book of travels. I pretend not to tread in the steps of a Chardin, a Tavernier, a Chandler, a Mungo Park, a Humboldt; or to be thoroughly acquainted with people, through whose country I have merely passed. A moment is sufficient for a landscape-painter to sketch a tree, to take a view, to draw a ruin; but whole years are too short for the study of men and manners, and for the profound investigation of the arts and sciences.

'I am, nevertheless, fully aware of the respect that is due to the public, and it would be wrong to imagine that I am here ushering into the world a work that has cost me no pains, no researches, no labour: it will be seen, on the contrary, that I have scrupulously fulfilled my duties as a writer. Had I done nothing but determine the site of Lacedæmon, discover a new

tomb at Mycenæ, and ascertain the situation of the ports of Carthage, still I should deserve the gratitude of travellers.

'In a work of this nature I have often been obliged to pass from the most serious reflections to the most familiar circumstances: now indulging my reveries among the ruins of Greece, now returning to the cares incident to the traveller, my style has necessarily followed the train of my ideas and the change in my situation. All readers, therefore, will not be pleased with the same passages; some will seek my sentiments only, while others will prefer my adventures: these will feel themselves obliged to me for the positive information I have communicated respecting a great number of objects; those again will be tired of the observations on the arts, the study of monuments, and the historical digressions. For the rest, it is the man much more than the author, that will be discovered throughout; I am continually speaking of myself, and I spoke, as I thought, in security, for I had no intention of publishing these Memoirs. But as I have nothing in my heart that I am ashamed to display to all the world, I have made no retrenchments from my original notes.'

M. Chateaubriand tells us, that he quitted 'his country to travel to the Holy Land, with the idea, the object, and the sentiments of an ancient pilgrim.' Our author embarked at Venice for Trieste at ten at night, on the 28th of July, 1806. The following is the account of his passage, which is marked by several circumstances which entitle it to the fashionable epithet of picturesque.

'We had a breeze from the south-east sufficient to fill the sail, but not to ruffle the sea. As the vessel proceeded, I beheld the lights of Venice sink into the horizon; and distinguished, like spots upon the surface of the deep, the shadows of the different islands scattered along the coast. These islands, instead of being covered with forts and bastions, are occupied by churches and monasteries; the sound of the clocks belonging to the hospitals and lazarets reached our ears, and excited no ideas but those of tranquillity and succour, in the midst of the empire of storms and dangers. We approached so near to one of these retreats, as to perceive the monks watching our gondola as it passed; they looked like old mariners, who, after long peregrinations, have returned to port: perhaps they gave their benediction to the voyager, recollecting, that like him, they had themselves been strangers in the land of Egypt.'

The French consul at Trieste procured for our author and his attendant a passage to the Morea on board a ship, which was about to sail for Smyrna, on the condition, that he should land him on the Peloponnesian coast and wait

for him some days at the Cape of Attica, to which M. Chateaubriand was to proceed by land. The ship in which he embarked, weighed anchor on the 1st of August, and on the 2d in the evening was attacked by a furious storm, when 'a taper was set up in the captain's cabin, at the feet of an image of the blessed Virgin.' The captain, who was an Austrian, began a prayer amidst the roaring elements for Francis II, for himself, and 'for the mariners *sepolti in questo sacro mare*.' The sailors, partly bareheaded and erect, and partly prostrate on the deck, very devoutly seconded the captain's supplications.

On the night of the 4th, which was calm and unclouded, M. Chateaubriand tells us, that he heard the 'cabin-boy singing the commencement of the seventh canto of the Jerusalem,

'Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrese piante,' &c.

in a kind of recitative. He makes, at the same time, an observation, which, we think, shows his sagacity, that 'sailors are in general delighted with whatever forms a contrast to their turbulent life;' and that they are highly gratified by whatever excites the recollection of rural life 'as the barking of dogs, the crowing of the cock, the flight of land birds.'

Our author was landed at Modon, on the shore of Mesenia.

'The Turks,' says he, 'plunged into the water for the purpose of hauling our boat to land, and assisted us to leap upon the rock. They all spoke at once, and asked a thousand questions of the captain in Greek and Italian. We entered by the half ruined gate of the town, and advanced into a street, or rather into a real camp, which instantly reminded me of the beautiful expression used by M. de Bonald: "The Turks have encamped in Europe." It is scarcely possible to conceive how just is this expression in its fullest extent, and in all its bearings. These Tartars of Modon were seated before their doors, cross-legged, on a kind of stalls or wooden tables, beneath the shade of tattered canvas, extended from one house to another. They were smoking their pipes and drinking coffee; and, contrary to the idea which I had formed of the taciturnity of the Turks, they laughed, and made a good deal of noise.'

The Aga whom M. Chateaubriand found lying upon a 'sort of camp bed in a pent house,' undertook to furnish our author with horses and a janissary to convey him to Coron. He hired a Milanese, named Joseph, who was a dealer in tin at Smyrna, and spoke a little modern Greek, to act as his interpreter.

'This Milanese,' says the author, 'was a short, fair man, with a large belly, a florid complexion, and an affable look; he was dressed in a complete suit of blue velvet: two large horse-pistols stuck under a tight belt, raised up his waistcoat in such a grotesque manner, that the janissary could never look at him without laughing. My baggage consisted of a carpet to sit down upon, a pipe, a coffee-pot, and some shawls to wrap round my head at night. We started at the signal given by our guide, ascending the hills at full trot, and descending over precipices in a gallop. You must make up your mind to it: the military Turks know no other paces, and the least sign of timidity, or even of prudence, would expose you to their contempt. You are, moreover, seated on Mameluke saddles, with wide short stirrups, which keep your legs constantly bent, which break your toes, and lacerate the flanks of your horse. At the slightest trip, the elevated pommel comes in most painful contact with your belly, and if you are thrown the contrary way, the high ridge of the saddle breaks your back. In time, however, you find the utility of these saddles, in the sureness of foot which they give to the horse, especially in such hazardous excursions.'

Our author left Modon before the day dawned, and he compares the solitude and silence of this way to a passage through the American wilds. He proceeded in a southerly direction through woods of olives.

'At day-break, we found ourselves on the level summits of the most dreary hills that I ever beheld. For two hours we continued our route over these elevated plains, which being ploughed up by the torrents, resembled forsaken fallows, interspersed with the sea-rush and bushes of a species of briar. Large bulbs of the mountain lily, uprooted by the rains, appeared here and there on the surface of the ground. We descried the sea to the east, through a thinly sown wood of olives. We then descended into a valley, where we saw some fields of barley and cotton. We crossed the bed of a torrent, now dried up; it was full of rose laurels, and agnus-castus, a shrub with a long, pale, narrow leaf, whose purple and somewhat woolly flower, shoots out nearly into the form of a spindle. I mention these two shrubs because they are met with over all Greece, and are almost the only decorations of those solitudes, once so rich and gay, now so naked and dreary.'

When our author had crossed part of the chain of Mount Temathea, and descended into the plain, about two hours journey from Coron, he beheld a village, with a fortified castle in the middle, which was almost 'surrounded by an immense Turkish cemetery covered with cypresses of all ages.' M. Chateaubriand's guide called them Parissos. These cemeteries often form a pleasing and interesting ob-

ject in a Turkish landscape. In that which the author mentions, he says, that

'the rose laurel grew at the foot of the cypresses, which resembled large, black obelisks; white turtle-doves and blue pigeons fluttered and cooed among their branches; the grass waved about the small funeral columns crowned with a turban; and a fountain built by a sheriff poured its waters into the road, for the benefit of the traveller.'

M. Vial, the French consul at Coron, received our traveller with that hospitality which usually distinguishes the consuls in the Levant. M. Chateaubriand proceeded from Coron to Tripolizza. We shall not detail many particulars of his route except his remark, when he arrived at a 'khan,' in the midst of a defile on the confines of Messenia, Arcadia, and Laconia, that 'in Turkey all the public institutions owe their existence to private individuals; the state performs nothing for the state.' Under a despotic government, every thing like public spirit, is and must be unknown. In Turkey, the love of country, for some time, found a substitute in the spirit of the Mahometan religion, which affords great encouragement to public acts of hospitality and beneficence. But the author remarks, that the zeal of the Mussulmans is growing cool. This shows, that their political institutions, which have hitherto owed much of their support to that zeal, are on the eve of some great change.

M. Chateaubriand says, that he was not able to discover in the Morea any Greek roads or Roman ways.

'Turkish causeways,' says he, 'two feet and a half broad, carry you over low and marshy spots. As there is not a single wheel carriage in this part of the Pelepponnese, these causeways are sufficient for the asses of the peasants and the horses of the soldiery.'

On the 14th of August, our author arrived at Tripolizza, the present capital of the Morea. This town is 'situated in a very naked part of the valley of Tegea, and beneath one of the summits of the Maenalion, which seemed to be destitute of trees and verdure.' At Tripolizza, M. Chateaubriand obtained a travelling firman from the pacha, and an order for passing the isthmus of Corinth. This firman exempted the bearer from paying for his horses and entertainment; but M. Chateaubriand did not avail himself of this onerous and odious privilege.

From Tripolizza, the author proceeded into Laconia. He first stopped at Misitra, situated at the foot of the

Taygetus, where he carried a letter from M. Vial to Ibrahim Bey, one of the principal Turks of that place. Our author, on his arrival, was shown into the strangers' apartment, which was full of Mussulmans, who were travellers and the guests of Ibrahim. M. Chateaubriand took his seat among them, without any questions being asked him or any notice taken of him, owing to the courtesy of the Turks, or to their want of curiosity. When Ibrahim came into the room, he took the author cordially by the hand; and said, that he was in great affliction on account of his little child, who was dangerously ill, notwithstanding all the amulets which had been fastened about his neck.

'All Ibrahim's guests,' says the author, 'were not rich; very far from it: some even were actually beggars. They, nevertheless, sat upon the same divan with Turks, who had a numerous retinue of horses and slaves. Joseph, and my janissary, were treated like myself, except that they were not invited to my table. Ibrahim saluted all his guests with equal cordiality, spoke to all, and supplied all with refreshments. Among them were mendicants in rags, to whom the slaves respectfully carried coffee.'

'Surveyed from the castle of Misitra, the valley of Laconia is truly admirable. It extends nearly from north to south, is bordered on the west by Taygetus, and on the east by Mounts Thornax, Barosthenes, Olympus, and Menelaion: small hills obstruct the northern extremity of the valley, descend to the south, diminishing in height, and terminate in the eminences on which Sparta is seated. From Sparta to the sea stretches a level and fertile plain watered by the Eurotas.'

Our author had some difficulty to find the site of Sparta, and he tells us, that the only object which marks the spot, is the miserable hut of a goatherd! But he afterwards talks of 'the ruins of Sparta.' This surely is rather inconsistent. 'The Eurotas, at first denominated Himera, now flows forgotten under the appellation of Iri.'

'The road leading from Laconia into the country of Argos, was in ancient times, as at the present day, one of the wildest and most rugged in Greece. For some time we pursued the way to Tripolizza; then turning to the east, we descended into the defiles of the mountains. We proceeded at a rapid rate in the ravines, and under trees which obliged us to lie down upon our horses' necks.'

We shall not dwell on the particulars of our author's route through Argos, Corinth, Megara, and Eleusis to Athens, nor shall we specify the antiquities which he describes, which have so often been described before. When

M. Chateaubriand entered the plain of Attica, the first thing which struck him, was the citadel.

'It was exactly opposite to me,' says he, 'on the other side of the plain, and seemed to be supported by Mount Hymettus, which formed the back-ground of the picture. It exhibited in a confused assemblage, the capitals of the Propylæa, the columns of the Parthenon and of the temple of Erectheus, the embrasures of a wall planted with cannon, the Gothic ruins of the Christians, and the edifices of the Mussulmans.'

'Two small hills, the Anchesmus and the Museum, rose to the north and south of the Acropolis. Between these two hills, and at the foot of the Acropolis, appeared Athens itself. Its flat roofs interspersed with minarets, cypresses, ruins, detached columns, and the domes of its mosques crowned with the large nests of storks, produced a pleasing effect in the sun's rays.'

Before our author reached Athens, he entered a long wood of olives, which forms a division of the plain, on which the town is situated. The Cephissus runs through this forest, and, according to the author, 'the trunks of the olive-trees bordered it like aged willows.'

'On leaving the olive-wood, we came to a garden surrounded with walls, which occupies nearly the site of the outer Ceramicus. We proceeded for about half an hour, through wheat stubbles, before we reached Athens. A modern wall, recently repaired, and resembling a garden wall, encompasses the city. We passed through the gate, and entered little rural streets, cool, and very clean: each house has its garden, planted with orange and fig-trees. The inhabitants appeared to me to be lively and inquisitive, and had not the dejected look of the people of the Morea.'

M. Chateaubriand had a recommendation to M. Fauvel, the consul, who had resided at Athens for many years, and is intimately acquainted with its minutest vestiges of antiquity. He has long been 'engaged as a draughtsman upon the *Voyage pittoresque de la Grece*.'

M. Chateaubriand, aided by the sagacity and experience of M. Fauvel, took a complete and accurate survey of the ruins of Athens. We shall extract a few of his descriptions and remarks.

'On passing the middle of modern Athens, and proceeding directly west, the houses begin to be more detached, and then appear large vacant spaces, some enclosed within the walls of the city, and others lying without the walls. In these forsaken spaces we find the Temple of Theseus, the Pnyx, and the Areopagus.'

The hill on which the Areopagus stands, is separated from that which was occupied by the Pnyx, by a little valley, in which were the tombs of 'the two Cymons, Thucydides, and Herodotus.'

'The Pnyx, where the Athenians first held their popular assemblies, is a kind of esplanade, formed on a steep rock, at the back of the Lycabettus. A wall composed of enormous stones supports this esplanade on the north side; on the south stands a rostrum, hewn out of the solid rock, with an ascent of four steps, likewise cut out of the rock. I take notice of these circumstances, because ancient travellers were not accurately acquainted with the form of the Pnyx. Lord Elgin, a few years since, caused this hill to be cleared of the rubbish; and to him we are indebted for the discovery of the steps. As you are not yet quite at the top of the rock, you cannot perceive the sea without ascending above the rostrum. The people were thus deprived of the view of the Piræus, that factious orators might not lead them so easily into rash enterprizes, as if they had before their eyes the spectacle of their power and of their fleets.'

M. Chateaubriand does not omit to notice the ravages which Lord Elgin perpetrated on the Parthenon, which some have lamented, others have execrated, and a few have praised. We may remark in favour of his lordship, that if he had not imported these valuable relics of antiquity into this country, they would probably have either been soon removed by other amateurs, or would certainly ere long have been destroyed, like many other antiquities, by the rude hands of the Mussulmans. M. Chateaubriand says, that though the French 'have stripped Italy of its statues and pictures, 'they have mutilated no temples for the sake of the basso relievos.' We confess, that we see nothing to praise in their forbearance in this instance, which was not suggested by piety, so much as by political considerations. Had they been at Athens, where they would not have had the same motives to correct their rapacity, they would probably not have left one stone upon another which contained any ornament worth transportation. If Lord Elgin had visited Athens after a previous invasion of the French, we believe, that we should never have beheld in London any of the inimitable decorations of the Parthenon.

From the citadel, M. Chateaubriand had a fine panoramic view of ancient and modern Athens and of the contiguous scenery.

'We had Mount Hymettus on the east; the Pentelicus on the

north; the Parnes on the north-west; the Mounts Icarus, Corydalis, or Ægalæa on the west, and beyond the former was perceived the summit of the Cithæron; and to the south-west and south appeared the sea, the Piræus, the coasts of Salamis, Ægina, Epidaurus, and the citadel of Corinth.

Below us, in the hollow, whose circumference I have just described, were seen the hills and most of the monuments of Athens; to the south-west the hill of the Museum with the tomb of Philopappus; to the west the rocks of the Areopagus, the Pnyx, and the Lycabettus; to the north the little Mount Achesmus, and to the east the hills which overlook the Stadium. At the very foot of the citadel lay the ruins of the theatre of Bacchus and of Herodes Atticus.

'You must now figure to yourself all this space, partly waste and covered with a yellow heath; partly interspersed with olive groves, fields of barley, and vineyards. Your imagination must represent shafts of columns and heaps of ancient and modern ruins, scattered among these cultivated lands; and whitened walls, and the inclosures of gardens intersecting them. You must scatter over this space Albanian women fetching water, or washing the garments of the Turks at the wells; peasants going and coming, driving asses, or carrying provisions on their backs to the city.'

Before we attend M. Chateaubriand from the port of Sunium to embark for Zea, the ancient Ceos, we will extract what he appears to have designed as a general picture of the aspect of modern Greece, in which we ought probably to make some allowances for exaggeration. He describes the ordinary appearance of the country as

'uncultivated, bare, monotonous, wild, and the ground of a yellow hue, the colour of withered herbage. There are no rivers that deserve the appellation; but small streams and torrents which are dry in summer. No farm-houses, or scarcely any, are to be seen in the country; you observe no husbandmen, you meet no carts, no teams of oxen. Nothing can be more melancholy than never to be able to discover the marks of modern wheels, where you still perceive in the rock the traces of ancient ones. A few peasants in tunics, with red caps on their heads, like the galley-slaves at Marseilles, dolefully wish you as they pass *Kali spera*, good morning. Before them they drive asses or small horses with rough coats, which are sufficient to carry their scanty rustic equipage, or the produce of their vineyard. Bound this desolate region with a sea almost as solitary; place on the declivity of a rock a dilapidated watch-tower, a forsaken convent; let a minaret rise from the midst of the desert to announce the empire of slavery; let a herd of goats, or a number of sheep, browse upon a cape among columns in ruins; let the

turban of a Turk put the herdsmen to flight, and render the road still more lonely; and you will have an accurate idea of the picture which Greece now presents.'

M. Chateaubriand was hospitably received at Zea by M. Pengali, the French vice-consul, whose eldest daughter was just going to be married; and our author was requested to stay and participate in the joy of the nuptial feast. From Zea our traveller proceeded to Tino, where he embarked on board a felucca which was ready to sail for Smyrna, after touching for a few hours at Chio. He draws no very agreeable sketch of the present physiognomy of the Cyclades, which were once the scenes of so much interest and possessed so many attractions. M. Chateaubriand says, that these islands

'now wear no other appearance than that of desolation and sterility. Dreary villages rise in the form of a sugar loaf upon the rocks; they are commanded by castles still more dreary, and sometimes surrounded with a double or a triple wall, within which the inhabitants live in perpetual fear of the Turks and of pirates.'

The felucca on which M. Chateaubriand embarked, is described by him as a light and elegant vessel, having only one large sail shaped like the wing of a sea bird.

'It was the property of one family, composed of a father, mother, brother, and six sons. The father was the captain, the brother acted as pilot, and the sons were the common sailors; the mother prepared their repasts. Never did I see such cheerfulness, such cleanliness, and such dexterity, as among this crew of brothers. The felucca was swept, scoured, and decorated like a favourite apartment: it had a large chaplet at the stern, with an image of the Panagia, and an olive branch above it. It is very common in the east, to see a family thus embark its whole fortune in a vessel, change its climate without quitting its home, and withdraw itself from servitude, by leading the life of the Scythians on the bosom of the deep.'

When our author arrived at Smyrna, he found a lodging bespoken for him at an inn by order of the French consul, M. Chauderloz. Smyrna 'exhibited the appearance of a maritime city of Italy.' Here he resolved to proceed by land to Constantinople, to procure firmans, and then to embark with the Greek pilgrims for Syria. Two days after his arrival at Smyrna, M. Chateaubriand set out on this expedition. The following is a busy and characteristic scene.

'It was midnight when we arrived at the kan of Menemen. I perceived at a distance a great number of scattered lights: it was a caravan making a halt. On a nearer approach I distinguished camels, some lying, others standing, some with their loads, others relieved from the burden. Horses and asses without bridles were eating barley out of leather buckets; some of the men were still on horseback, and the women, veiled, had not alighted from their dromedaries. Turkish merchants were seated cross-legged on carpets in groups round the fires, at which the slaves were busily employed in dressing pilau. Other travellers were smoking their pipes at the door of the kan, chewing opium, and listening to stories. Here were people burning coffee in iron pots; there hucksters went about from fire to fire offering cakes, fruits, and poultry for sale. Singers were amusing the crowd; imams were performing their ablutions, prostrating themselves, rising again and invoking the prophet; and the camel-drivers lay snoring on the ground. The place was strewn with packages, bags of cotton, and *couffs* of rice.'

Our author, in his way to Constantinople, passed through Kircagach, a large and opulent town, 'celebrated throughout all the Levant for the superiority of its cotton;' but unnoticed by travellers and unmarked in the maps. When our traveller had reached the Turkish capital, he says,

'I immediately remarked the bustle on the quays, and the throng of porters, merchants, and seamen, the latter announcing by the different colour of their complexions, by the diversity of their languages, and of their dress, by their robes, their hats, their caps, their turbans, that they had come from every part of Europe and Asia to inhabit this frontier of two worlds. The almost total absence of women, the want of wheel carriages, and the multitude of dogs without masters, were the three distinguishing characteristics that first struck me in the interior of this extraordinary city. As scarcely any person walks abroad but in slippers, as there is no rumbling of coaches and carts, as there are no bells and scarcely any trades that require the aid of the hammer, a continual silence prevails. You see around you a mute crowd of individuals, seemingly desirous of passing unperceived, as if solicitous to escape the observation of a master. You are continually meeting with a bazar and a cemetery, as if the Turks were born only to buy, to sell, and to die. The cemeteries, without walls, and situated in the middle of the streets are magnificent groves of cypresses; the doves build their nests in these trees and share the peace of the dead. Here and there you perceive antique structures, harmonizing neither with the modern inhabitants, nor with the new edifices by which they are surrounded: you would almost imagine that they had been transported into this oriental city by the effect of enchantment. No sign of joy, no appearance of comfort meets your eye; what

you see is not a people, but a herd tended by an iman and slaughtered by a janissary.'

At Constantinople, M. Chateaubriand procured the firmans necessary for his voyage to Jerusalem, 'which the ambassador (General Sebastiani), accompanied with letters addressed to the superior of the religious in the Holy Land,' and to the French consuls in Egypt and Syria. He likewise gave him permission to draw bills upon him at sight whenever he might have occasion for money.

Our author left Constantinople with joy, and 'steered towards Jerusalem under the banner of the cross.' He thus describes the state of the vessel on which he embarked for the Holy Land.

'We had on board near two hundred passengers, men, women, and children; the like number of mats were seen ranged in order on either side of the ship between decks. A slip of paper pasted above each mat was inscribed with the name of the proprietor. Each of the pilgrims had suspended his staff, his chaplet, and a small cross over his pillow. The captain's cabin was occupied by the papas who were the conductors of the company. At the entrance of this cabin, two anti-chambers had been contrived: in one of these dark holes, about six feet square, I had the honour to lodge with my two servants; and the apartment opposite to mine was occupied by a family. In this kind of republic each lived as he pleased: the women nursed their children, the men smoked, or dressed their dinners, and the papas spent their time in conversation. On all sides were heard the sounds of mandolines, violins, and lyres: some sung, others danced, laughed, or prayed. Joy was imprinted on every face. Jerusalem! said they to me, pointing to the south, and I replied: Jerusalem! In short, but for fear, we should have been the happiest creatures in the world; but at the least gust of wind the seamen furled the sails, and the pilgrims ejaculated: *Christos! Kyrie eleison.*'

When our author arrived at Jaffa, he was most cordially received by the ghostly fathers belonging to the hospital at that place. After having been cooped up for some time in a Greek ship with two hundred pilgrims, he found great satisfaction in being shown by the friendly monk into a cell, 'in which was a table, a bed, ink, paper, fresh water, and clean linen.' When he was invited into the refectory in the evening, the following will prove, that M. Chateaubriand's spiritual friends were not unmindful of his corporeal comforts.

'On a small, clean, separate table, they set before me poultry,

fish, excellent fruit, such as pomegranates, water-melons, grapes, and dates in their prime; I had as much Cyprus wine and Turkey coffee as I chose to drink. While I was thus liberally supplied with good things, the fathers ate only a little fish without salt or oil. They were cheerful with moderation, familiar with politeness; asked no useless questions and shewed no vain curiosity. All their conversation turned on the subject of my tour and the measures that ought to be adopted to enable me to accomplish it in safety; "for," said they, "we are now answerable for you to your country." They had already sent off an express to the sheik of the Arabs in the mountains of Judea, and another to the father procurator of Rama. "We receive you," said Father Munoz to me, "with a heart *limpido e bianco*." This good Spaniard had no occasion to assure me of the sincerity of his sentiments; I should easily have discovered it in the benignity of his looks.

The father, *whose heart was clear as crystal*, assured our traveller, that the life which he had led in this monastic retirement for the last fifty years, seemed to him '*un vero paradiso*.'

'Would the reader like to know what sort of a paradise this is? Every day a new oppression, menaces of the bastinado, of fetters, of death. These religious having last Easter washed the linen belonging to the altar, the water impregnated with starch, as it ran away from the convent, whitened a stone. A Turk passed, and seeing this stone, went and informed the *cadi*, that the fathers had been repairing their house. The *cadi* hastened to the spot, decided that the stone which was black had become white, and without hearing what the religious had to say, obliged them to pay ten purses.'

How soon does the human mind reconcile itself to the most perilous and distressing situations, and learn to extract happiness from circumstances, which, to the casual beholder, would seem productive of nothing but misery!

Our author, with his attendants, made his way to Jerusalem in the garb of the poor Latin pilgrims, by which means he was protected from the exactions of the Turks and Arabs, which any appearance of wealth would have excited. As he approached Jerusalem, all vegetation ceased. The ground exhibited no verdure, and the mountains were sterile and bare.

'In this dreary region we kept ascending for an hour to gain an elevated hill which we saw before us; after which we proceeded for another hour across a naked plain bestrewed with loose stones. All at once, at the extremity of this plain I perceived a line of Gothic walls, flanked with square towers, and

the tops of a few buildings peeping above them. At the foot of this wall appeared a camp of Turkish horse, with all the accompaniments of oriental pomp. *El Cuds!* "The Holy City!" exclaimed the guide, and away he went at full gallop.

Our author, without stopping at Jerusalem, first made an excursion to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, when he returned to explore the curiosities of the Holy City. He stopped at the convent at Bethlehem in his way. He then set out on horseback from this place, attended by six Bethlehemite Arabs on foot, armed with daggers and long matchlocks. Three of them marched before and three behind. He pursued his route to the monastery of St. Saba, situated 'in the ruins of the brook Cedron,' after having narrowly escaped the violence of some wandering Bedouins. After leaving this convent,

'we proceeded,' says M. Chateaubriand, 'along the channel of Cedron, and then crossing the ravine pursued our course to the east. We descried Jerusalem, through an opening between the mountains. I knew not exactly what it was that I saw; I took it for a mass of rugged rocks. The sudden appearance of that city of desolations amid a solitude so desolate had something awful; she was truly the queen of the desert.'

When our author arrived at the Dead Sea, it was, he says,

'quite dark. The first thing I did on alighting, was to walk into the lake up to my knees, and to taste the water. I found it impossible to keep it in my mouth. It far exceeds that of the sea in saltness, and produces upon the lips the effect of a strong solution of alum. Before my boots were completely dry, they were covered with salt; our clothes, our hats, our hands, were, in less than three hours impregnated with this mineral. Galen, as early as his time, remarked these effects, and Pococke confirms their existence.'

M. Chateaubriand visited Jericho in his way back to Jerusalem, which is at present adorned neither with roses nor palm-trees. He passed through Bahurun, 'where David was stoned by Shimei,' and descended into the Holy City from the mount of olives. In this part of his work, our author has inserted some interesting particulars relative to the Arabs. The following is an account of the manner in which the Arabian horses are trained to hardihood. It may be called a truly Spartan education.

'They are never,' says M. Chateaubriand, 'put under shelter, but left exposed to the most intense heat of the sun, tied by all

four legs to stakes driven in the ground, so that they cannot stir, The saddle is never taken from their backs; they frequently drink but once, and have only one feed of barley in twenty-four hours. This rigid treatment, so far from wearing them out, gives them sobriety, patience, and speed. I have often admired an Arabian steed thus tied down to the burning sand, his hair loosely flowing, his head bowed between his legs to find a little shade, and stealing with his wild eye, an oblique glance at his master. Release his legs from the shackles, spring upon his back, and he will paw in the valley, he will rejoice in his strength, he will swallow the ground in the fierceness of his rage, and you recognise the original of the picture delineated by Job.

‘Eighty or one hundred piastres are given for an ordinary horse, which is in general less valued than an ass or a mule; but a horse of a well known Arabian breed will fetch any price. Abdallah, Pacha of Damascus, had just given three thousand piastres for one. The history of a horse is frequently the topic of general conversation. When I was at Jerusalem, the feats of one of these wonderful steeds made a great noise. The bedouin, to whom the animal, a mare, belonged, being pursued by the governor’s guards, rushed with her from the top of the hills that overlooked Jericho. The mare scoured at full gallop down an almost perpendicular declivity without stumbling, and left the soldiers lost in admiration and astonishment. The poor creature, however, dropped down dead on entering Jericho, and the bedouin, who would not quit her, was taken, weeping over the body of his companion. This mare has a brother in the desert, who is so famous, that the Arabs always know where he has been, where he is, what he is doing, and how he does. Ali Aga religiously shewed me in the mountains near Jericho the footsteps of the mare that died in the attempt to save her master. A Macedonian could not have beheld those of Bucephalus with greater respect.’

We shall not repeat what M. Chateaubriand has said himself or copied from others respecting the Holy Sepulchre and other ecclesiastical antiquities at Jerusalem. The following will sufficiently delineate the general aspect of the city, with the misery and oppression of the inhabitants.

‘The houses of Jerusalem are heavy square masses, very low, without chimnies or windows; they have flat terraces or domes on the top, and look like prisons or sepulchres. The whole would appear to the eye one uninterrupted level, did not the steeples of the churches, the minarets of the mosques, the summits of a few cypresses and the clumps of nopals, break the uniformity of the plan. On beholding these stone buildings,

encompassed by a strong country, you are ready to inquire if they are not the confused monuments of a cemetery in the midst of a desert.

‘Enter the city, but nothing will you there find to make amends for the dulness of its exterior. You lose yourself among narrow, unpaved streets, here going up hill, there down, from the inequality of the ground, and you walk among clouds of dust or loose stones. Canvas stretched from house to house increases the gloom of this labyrinth; bazars, roofed over, and fraught with infection, completely exclude the light from the desolate city. A few paltry shops expose nothing but wretchedness to view, and even these are frequently shut, from the apprehension of the passage of a *cadi*. Not a creature is to be seen in the streets, not a creature at the gates, except now and then a peasant gliding through the gloom, concealing under his garments the fruits of his labour, lest he should be robbed of his hard earnings by the rapacious soldier. Aside in a corner, the Arab butcher is slaughtering some animal, suspended by the legs from a wall in ruins: from his haggard and ferocious look and his bloody hands, you would rather suppose, that he had been cutting the throat of a fellow creature than killing a lamb. The only noise heard from time to time in this desolate city is the galloping of the steed of the desert: it is the janissary who brings the head of the *bedouin*, or returns from plundering the unhappy fellow.’

From Jerusalem M. Chateaubriand returned to Jaffa, from which place he had an agreeable passage by sea to Alexandria. From Alexandria he proceeded to Cairo, but he was prevented from visiting the Pyramids, as the waters of the Nile had not at that time sufficiently subsided for him to reach them on horseback, and were not high enough for him to approach them in a boat. Our traveller says, that he could have reconciled himself to a residence at Cairo, as it was the only place which he had seen which came up to his idea of an oriental city.

‘It still retains many traces of the visit of the French; the women shew themselves with less reserve than formerly; you are at perfect liberty to go in and out whenever and wherever you please; and the European dress, instead of being an object of insult, is a claim to protection.’

Though M. Chateaubriand appears to have been delighted with Cairo and the Delta of Egypt, he thought Alexandria ‘the most dreary and desolate place in the world.’

‘Modern Alexandria every where mingling its ruins with the ruins of the ancient city; an Arab galloping among them upon

an ass; a number of half-starved dogs devouring the carcasses of camels on the beach; the flags of the European consuls waving over their habitations, and displaying hostile colours in the midst of tombs—such was the spectacle here presented to my view.

‘ Sometimes I took a ride with M. Drovetti to the old town, to Necropolis, or to the desert. The plant which yields soda scarcely covered the dry sand; the jackals fled at our approach; a species of cricket chirped with a shrill and disagreeable voice, painfully reminding you of the villager’s cot in this solitude, where no rural smoke ever calls you to the tent of the Arab. This place has become still more dreary since the English inundated the spacious hollow which served Alexandria for a garden. Nothing meets the eye but sand, water, and Pompey’s eternal pillar.’

Our author encountered a most tremendous storm in his voyage from Alexandria to Tunis. He appears very narrowly to have escaped shipwreck. ‘ For eighteen days,’ says he, ‘ we lay off the east coast of the kingdom of Tunis, suspended between life and death.’ At Tunis, he experienced, for six weeks, the generous hospitality of the French consul, M. Devoise. In this part of his work, he retails a good deal of historical information about Scipio, Hannibal, Carthage, &c. which seems to have been designed to eke out this portion of his book. We cannot, however, accuse M. Chateaubriand so much as many other writers of travels, of swelling out his narrative with the repetition of stale and antiquated matter, which has already been fifty or sixty times before the public in various shapes and combinations. From Tunis, M. Chateaubriand proceeded to Spain. He landed at Algesiraz and travelled through the peninsula into France. The first part of his travels is the best written. It possesses most animation and interest. M. Chateaubriand appears to be a man of strong feelings; and his sensibility partakes much of a devotional hue, often tinged with a deep melancholy, by the reverses and misfortunes which he has experienced. He is often a nice and discriminating observer, and his sketches both of persons and of places sometimes exhibit much correctness, vivacity, and spirit of delineation. His pictures are occasionally rendered more attractive by the delicate moral touches with which they are interspersed. They are thus brought home to the heart. This is no small merit, and as this must be the product of education, temperament, and circumstances, it is what few travellers possess.

ART. V.—*Thinks-I-to-Myself. A Serio-Ludicro, Tragico-Comico Tale. Written by Thinks-I-to-Myself who?* 2 Vols. London, Sherwood, 1811, price 10s. 6d.

‘**THINK** we to ourselves,’ (on reading the aforesaid tale) a neat specimen of *clerico*-talents enough; and we give the gentleman every credit for his happy selection of quaint and fashionable phrases. What is called the wit of our modern comedies consists in an odd way of adapting some absurd phrase, to every thing that is said, and which amongst the frivolous and thoughtless is repeated as wit. As for instance, at one time, when you asked your friend ‘How do you?’ the answer was Oh! ‘*I keep moving*,’ ‘*pushing on Sir*.’ At another time, if you made any observation or remark, the answer was, ‘*Thank you for that*,’ ‘*I owe you one*,’ ‘*That’s your sort*.’ And at one time on taking leave it was all D. I. O. Such wise sentences were perpetually rung in your ears. Now the fashionable slang-term we suppose will be, ‘*Thinks I to myself*.’

Now ‘**Think** we to ourselves,’ can any thing show the frivolous, not to say depraved taste of the times so much as this kind of writing? Our serio-ludicro clerico friend, whose book is before us, has happily availed himself of this species of taste, and by stringing together some *very* common-place observations, and tacking a ‘*thinks I to myself*’ to the tail of every sentence, aptly or inaptly, rings and hackneys it in your ears, and modestly tells, and as modestly expects you to pronounce it *wit*; and perhaps his modesty is such that he will be surprized if you do not think it *sense* into the bargain. ‘**But think** we to ourselves,’ this is expecting a little too much.

The hero of this tale is represented as the only son of a mighty worthy couple, who conform to all the common formalities of society; receive and return visits; quote the Scripture; and keep the fourth commandment with all possible strictness, &c. &c. This son is more taciturn than loquacious; he sits quiet and makes observations, and keeps his remarks to himself, which always begin or end with ‘*Thinks-I-to-myself*,’ and upon this poor tattered rag of a phrase, all the merit, the spirit, and the wit of the book are hung, if merit, and spirit, and wit they can be called.

As a specimen of this wit, we will give the following: our hero is sitting with his mother, when a lady, her

daughters, a troublesome child, and two pug dogs, pay them a morning visit. The lady's name is Fidget, and she proposes this little child of four years old should let Mrs. Dermont, our hero's mother, hear how well he can spout.

'*Thinks-I-to-myself*, in some confusion, spout what? where? how? I soon found, however, that it only meant, that he should entertain us with a specimen of his premature memory, and oratorical talents, by *speaking a speech*.'

Now, '*think we to ourselves*,' what else should it be? What *dirty* ideas could Mr. Clerico-Comico have in his head that he should be *confused* at? The young gentleman's first attempt, we are told, was upon *Pope's Universal Prayer*; and that he pronounced the fourth line all together in one word in the following manner:

'Father of all, in every age,
In every clime ador'd;
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
JovaJovaLord!'

'JovaJovaLord! This was the word, and the only word that could be got out of his mouth, and *thinks-I-to-myself* it would be well if no greater blunders had ever been committed with regard to that insidious line.'

Think we to ourselves why '*insidious*,' friend Clerico-Comico?

'However, in consequence of this invincible misnomer, the Universal Prayer was laid by, and other pieces successively proposed till it was, at length, determined that what he *shone most in*, was King Lear's address to the Tempest, and this was accordingly fixed upon as his *chef d'œuvre* in the art of oratory. Some preliminaries, however, in this instance appeared to be necessary. It was not reasonable to suppose young Master could address a storm without some sort of *symptoms* at least of a *real* storm. It was agreed upon, therefore, that he should not commence his speech till he heard a rumbling noise proceed from the company present, and we were all desired to bear our part in this fictitious thunder; how we all thundered I cannot pretend to say, but so it was, that in due time, by the aid of such noises as we could severally and jointly contribute, the storm began most nobly, when the young orator stepping forward, his eyes and right hand raised, and his right foot protruded *secundum artem*, he thus began:

"Blow winds and cack your cheeks!"—

"Crack your cheeks," my love, says his sister, in great haste and agitation; "what can you mean by "cack your

cheeks?" "what's that pray?" "Aye, what is that," says Mrs. Fidget; "but I believe, Ma'am," adds she, turning to my mother, "I must make his excuses for him; you must know, he cannot be brought yet to pronounce an R, do all we can, so that he always leaves it quite out, as in the case of *cack* for *crack*."

Think we to ourselves this is as vulgar low stuff, as any body would wish to hear or to read; and we could not help thinking the author a very underbred nasty fellow. The rest of this scene is however in a much better style, and shows in rather a lively manner the absurdity of fond parents in making their children appear fools.

Our author is very severe on the mode in which the civilities of social life are carried on; as, for instance, he deprecates all morning visitings and polite acts of neighbourhood; because in his wisdom he has found out that when a lady addresses you in the usual phrase of, 'she hoped to have the pleasure of receiving a visit from you,' she was at the same time wishing you an hundred miles off.

'I soon found that people were troublesome to each other by settled compact, treaty and agreement, not signed, sealed and delivered indeed in any form, but concluded to be so, and therefore never to be violated. I soon found that none were duped, none really taken in, none really deceived:—that "I am extremely happy to see you," meant no more in reality than, "that I am come because I could not help it," and that "pray stay longer," implied little else than "I wish you were gone," or some such elegant valediction. Still I could not break myself of my soliloquies; they were for ever recurring: in the mean time, I tried to be as civil and decent as I could in my reflections; *think's I to myself*, that's a *lie*! never once passed the threshold of my thoughts; but when any thing very contrary to the truth seemed to strike me, especially where ladies were concerned, the utmost asperity of thought indulged, was no greater than, *think's I to myself*, that's a *bounce*; or a *fib*; or a *hum*; and so on."

We know not on what reasonable ground our serio-comico-clerico friend should object to those acts of social courtesy which certainly tend to produce that refinement of manners and urbanity of behaviour, which make all the difference between a well bred man and a savage, and, in our humble opinion, render individuals amiable, life pleasurable; and company elegant. If we are for ever to look surly, and perpetually to suspect the sincerity which prompts the common politeness which we experience in

our every day society, and receive with sullen reserve and rudeness, the natural and innocent common-place diction of good breeding, to what a state of uncouth barbarism is the community likely to be reduced? We should be as hoggish or as flippant in our remarks as '*Thinks I to myself*' too often appears.

Independently of all the above nonsense and cant about truth, we were much pleased with the lively account our comico friend gives of a fashionably educated lady; a Miss Twist, an heiress to a fine estate, which joins that of Mr. Dermont, who is heir to a title. The father of Miss Twist, who has made his fortune in the tobacco trade, takes every opportunity (as well as the rest of her family) of hinting in pretty plain terms that a match between Miss, and our '*Thinks I to myself*' would be vastly desirable; but '*Thinks I to myself*' prefers the parson's daughter; and the difference of these young ladies' characters is the best part of the present composition.

Miss Twist is represented as *extremely accomplished*. She has had all sorts of masters. Music, dancing, painting, were thought but trivial acquirements. She had attended all the *fashionable* lectures; and, of course, had the credit of understanding chemistry, geology, philology, and as many other 'ologies' as would turn any young Miss's brain. She is represented as proud, and not the best temper in the world. Indeed she appears to be a pert minx, and a vulgar upstart. Miss Emily Mandeville, the parson's daughter, is of course the exact reverse of the learned Miss Twist.

We must pass over all the love symptoms of Mr. Robert Dermont, which are carried to a most tedious length, and who whimsically enough consults a physical book to find out the reason of the *violent bumping* of his heart, when in the presence of the parson's daughter. Here we have as complete a jargon of nonsense administered to us on *ipicacuanhã*, *usafœtida*, Glauber's salt, Socotrine aloes, *jalap*, and senna, as any Grub-Street quill driver ever succeeded in putting on paper, with as many repetitions of '*Thinks I To Myself*,' as the author judged proper by way of making it *witty*.

The following extract is taken from the account of a ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Dermont, in which Miss Twist is brought forward and made to appear, as many an *underbred*, but rich and showy Miss often does, who exposes herself in her foolish competition for precedence.

Some preparations now began to be made for beginning the ball, and I felt quite sure that I should be too late to accomplish my end, when as good luck would have it, Mr. Mandeville made a bold push to get at them, and I followed close in the rear:—the point now seemed to me to be accomplished:—I had got close to Emily, and was just in the act of *stooping to ask her to be my partner*, (for Indian threadpapers you know are generally pretty tall) when I received such a horrible pinch just on the tender part above the elbow of my right arm, that I had liked to have screamed aloud: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, spring-guns and steel-traps, as sure as I am born!!—It was my father in fact, who leaning over two benches, said in great haste, “Bob, come here, I have engaged you to Miss Twist:—being too confused to think or say any thing to myself, as customary, I mechanically answered, “I’ll come directly, Sir,” possibly, with an appearance of joy rather than sorrow, for these contradictions were among the *symptoms* of my complaint:—I was just going to say Emily “pray dance with me the two *next* dances,” but alas! at that instant, a tall dashing young man came up to her, and asked her to dance, and she *assented, as I fancied, with peculiar satisfaction*.

I now had to find my father and Miss Twist, which I was not long in doing:—the music had begun to play, and all was in a complete bustle. I found Miss Twist standing before Mrs. Twist, who seemed to be looping up her gown, and making other preparations for dancing:—I went to her, putting on my gloves. “Miss Twist,” says I, “I believe I am to have the honour of dancing with you;”—she bobbed something at me, which I suppose she called a curtsy, and was soon ready to be led into the ranks;—but her fresh difficulties again ensued:—my mother had carefully invited all that she had met at Nicotium Castle, but being much better known in the neighbourhood, and willing that none should be excluded, *her invitations had extended upwards and downwards* to many more:—at the lower extremity, besides the Mandevilles, there was another Clergyman’s family, three young ladies who lived with an old aunt, just by, that *never went out*, and poor Miss Creep-mouse, who also seldom got such a holiday:—there were some young men, whose parents were worthy, but not over genteel, and a few officers from the barracks, particularly and respectably recommended to their notice;—(Mrs. Twist had invited them all indiscriminately);—at the upper extremity, there were the additions of Lord and Lady Charleville, the two Miss Charlevilles, a niece of Lord Charleville’s and his eldest son, a Lieutenant in the Guards;—there were Sir Henry and Lady Lydiard, their three daughters, and two sons;—there were besides, a Mr. Wentworth, and Lady Maria Wentworth, the sister of a Scotch Marquis, and their daughter, Miss Went-

worth. Lord Charleville had thought it proper to engage my sister and led her to the top of the room.

Poor Miss Twist having began her own ball, very much wished I believe, to begin our's too;—she sidled up close to my sister, and seemed evidently to wish to stand at least next to her :—the order of precedency, I believe, had never yet been duly studied at Nicotium castle:—I began to be frightened, because at one time the Miss Charlevilles, who were not what I call *high-bred*, but *thorough-bred*, seemed disposed to overlook her attempt to get above them, and to give way to her, which would have made her so conspicuously wrong, that I should have been quite distressed; my sister managed to prevent it by gently retaining the Miss Charlevilles to her, we were obliged to cast down two couple;—that brought us to the Miss Lydiards:—they were by no means so well inclined to part with their places;—they well knew that they must come next to the Honourables:—as they hung together we were here obliged to cast down three couple more:—and then came another hitch, for there stood Miss Wentworth, but the youngest Miss Lydiard, grasped so fast hold of her hand, just at the moment Miss Twist made her last effort to insert herself among the grandees, that we were compelled to cast off one more couple, and did not therefore fairly get a place till we were the eighth couple from the top.

As I had nothing to do but to keep pace with her on the gentleman's side of the party, I at length got my proper station opposite to her; *Thinks-I-to-my-self,—mortified!* as it manifestly proceeded from ignorance, I felt sorry for her, though it was well for her to gain such experience any how: Mrs. Twist feeling if possible more for her than she felt for herself, came up to her, and I overheard her whisper,—“they are the Honourable Miss Charlevilles, and Sir Henry's daughters, you know,” and so on—which I apprehend, gave her some comfort and consolation; how much I cannot pretend to say.

‘The ball had now actually began. I ventured to cast my eyes frequently down towards where the Miss Mandevilles stood, and every time it struck me, that Emily seemed particularly happy with her partner;—how much I wished her to be walking in the garden at the Vicarage! *Thinks-I-to-myself*. I'll never go there again:—as we drew near to the top, it struck me that whenever we set off, we should make a rattling like that of a team of horses with their loose harness returning from plough; for Miss Twist had on her neck such a profusion of pendent ornaments, that it looked as if in dressing she had taken no other care to but avoid leaving one trinket behind;—she had on first, an exceeding handsome pearl necklace; then, suspended to one gold chain, a locket, richly set in diamonds, in which appeared to be twisted and entwined, the

respective ringlets of her honoured parents; then suspended to another gold chain, an agate essence bottle set in gold, filled with otto of roses;—and besides that, though she was about as near sighted as a lynx, suspended on a third gold chain an eye-glass, surrounded with large pearls;—how all these things were to be safely conveyed to the end of thirty or forty couple, appeared to me to be a mystery, and as it happened I was right, for we had scarcely got down three couple, before the gold mounted essence bottle fell foul of the pearl eye-glass and broke it all to pieces;—the glass itself was of course no loss, and as it drew the attention of all the company to the splendour of the setting, it had a most desirable effect: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, that will be mended before the next ball, and perhaps the essence bottle will be left to dangle just as near to it as ever.'

As soon as this little interruption was settled which brought up Mrs. Twist, and seemed to interest her exceedingly, we went on, turning and twisting, generally so separated from each other, that I had little occasion to talk to her, (and I was heartily glad of it):—when we got to Miss Mandeville and her dashing partner, I had to set corners with her, and turn her; I had determined to give her a little gentle rebuke for her indifference, but when I touched her hand, my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth and I could not utter a word:—I had the resolution, however, to swing her off, with a remarkable air of unconcern, and I flattered myself that she seemed hurt; *Thinks-I-to-myself,—affronted!* when we had really got to the bottom, Miss Twist fanned herself, and breathed hard: I said, "it is very hot, but it was a pretty dance;"—"too crowded;"—and a number of other common-place ball remarks, which did very well, and were quite enough, I have a notion to satisfy her that I was in love with her:—we danced down the second dance together, and then she bobbed a curtsy, and I bobbed a bow, like Mother Hubbard and her Dog, and it was all very well settled.'

Mr. Dermont is next to be sent to a Scotch university. He accordingly sets off with his tutor for Edinburgh; but why our serio-comico-clerico friend should think it necessary to give us chapter and verse of every country town through which he passed to and from the land of cakes, we cannot comprehend; except that it was an easy and expeditious way of making a book. Why else should he have thought it necessary to tell us that the *China* of *Derby* was made of *earth*; and that the cutlery goods of Sheffield afforded his tutor an opportunity of giving him a 'general idea of the classification of minerals,' &c. &c.? Next follows a long prosing about what every one may pick out of Brookes's Gazetteer or the Encyclopedia.

‘Think we to ourselves,’ how very kind it is in Mr. ‘Thinks-I-to-Myself,’ to inform us that he visited Studley, Hackfall, and Fountain’s Abbey; that he went *in a boat on Keswick Lake* (what else was the lout to go on the lake in?) and let off a cannon to hear the reverberation, &c. &c. At the end of above twenty pages of this kind of edification we are brought to Durham, and as it may amuse our readers, we will give them the following specimen of the felicity with which our friend comico-clerico can flummer a bishop; and at the same time give a *broad hint* to promote his own interest.

‘We stopped a whole day at Durham. I believe Mr. Hargrave wished to examine into the circumstances of that great prize in the ecclesiastical lottery; not with any expectation of it, for though no man could be more worthy of it, yet undoubtedly no man could be less covetous or ambitious, but by way of seeing what he might have attained to in his profession had he been *less* worthy or more *covetous* or more *ambitious*. *Nota bene*, however, that just as I am writing this, that see happens to be in the hands of a *most munificent* Prelate, and I wish it may never be in *worse* hands for, *Thinks-I-to-myself*,

‘He that does good with his money and pelf,
Is a help to his neighbour as well as himself.”

The first volume closes with Mr. Twist’s giving an account of a boxing match, the merit of which lies in the faithful minuteness with which it is copied from the daily prints. We have besides a dissertation on suicide, to which is added a poem in defence of it, with a very good answer. The second volume commences with the little difficulties which Mr. Dermont experienced in managing his love affair with Miss Mandeville, and checking the presumption of Miss Twist, who had laid still closer siege for the possession of his person on hearing that his father had, from the death of a relation, become my Lord Kilgarnock. Amongst the passages which are introduced from Scripture in this part of the work are the following:

‘The wise King of Judah saith, *a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt;*’ ‘*the race is not always to the swift;*’ and ‘*there is a time to get, and a time to lose.*’

Mr. Dermont at length marries the parson’s daughter, and gets into parliament. This gives friend Comico a fine opportunity for a slap at the whip club, and what he

terms the *odd friends* of liberty, who ride in *triumphal cars* and speechify in *taverns* and on *coach boxes*. Then follows an account of friend Clerico's politics, which is in the same style, as the philipics which we sometimes read in the papers, from the pens of some hireling who wishes to make the people believe that oppression, taxes, and the high price of provisions are no bad things; and that, so far from being dissatisfied with half-starved stomachs, they ought to down on their knees to the ministers, and return thanks for what they can get. Then comes a long harangue upon London hours, London manners, London customs, and London atmosphere, all which Clerico has done his best to condemn in as witty terms as possible; and he has been good enough to put all those parts, that he would wish to be thought wit in italics, so that a *babe* may *understand* them. Then we have remarks on the difference there is in servants, a comparison of what they used to be with what they are at the present day, with a convenient quotation from Seneca, which helps most charmingly to eke out a few pages towards *making* the book. Nor is this sufficient; for, before the conclusion of vol. 2. we have a proper and circumstantial receipt for bringing up a young infant. Indeed, 'think we to ourselves,' our friend Serio-Comico-Clerico has on this topic shone most brilliantly. He is perfectly at home in the nursery; and can tell you how the old nurses *stuff* the poor babies with *bouts full of pap as thick as mud*; how the wind gets into their stomachs, and how, to prevent their crying, the best nostrum, and most effectual cure is a bit of a young sucking pig!! Indeed, we never in our lives, met with a man who had not spent half a century in the practice of widwifery, so *au fait* and so perfectly at home in his directions upon the feeding and management of babies. No grey-headed nurse in the metropolis can beat him in this respect; for here he is as complete an old woman as we have met with on a summer's day. But *think we to ourselves*, all this intelligence about squalling babies, which is given us with so much charity, appears very like a little pilfering from Buchan's domestic Medicine, and so by a sleight of hand trick found admittance into *Thinks-I-to-myself*, just by way of a good thing to *make out*. What a cunning little Isaac is Comico-Clerico! But, we must *keep pushing on*, or we shall never get to an end.

Well, then, gentle reader, after telling us how much *respect* he feels for the *honor and credit* of the *Established*

Church; and that he is *pledged* to no *mob*; he says, whenever ‘*I have had occasion to approach the person of my sovereign, he could not have had near him a more attached friend, a more devoted servant, or a more loyal subject.*’ Think we to ourselves how very happy our most gracious sovereign would be at coming to this important piece of information! He continues in the following sublime strain: ‘*Heaven bless him! may he live long, and may he be happy, here and hereafter!!!!!!*’ The Prince Regent comes in for a blessing too, but as one of Serio-Comico-Clerico’s nurses, who are so fond of over-feeding little babies, would say, it is but a *lick and a promise*. However we have no doubt but our Clerico friend, who seems so well to know on which side his bread is buttered, will hereafter dish up a mess of flummery, for his royal highness. Out of pure friendship, however, we request him not to make it *too luscious*; for, *think we to ourselves*, it will not be swallowed with the ease Clerico would wish.

On the whole we have seldom met with a work of this kind which treats on such a variety of subjects. We have some character in the *Twist* family; and on that the merit of the work principally depends. We have then plenty of religion; with as much hypocritical cant, as would choke a dog—lines on suicide, lines on the death of a good wife, a sonnet, symptoms how folks may know when they fall in love, how you may travel into Scotland, and what sights you may see on the road, with a long harangue on unworthy servants, quotations from Scripture, the sporting calendar, and the book of God, pugilistic combats, slaps and sneers on political characters, a deal about parliament, and parliament-men, the bad hours of the metropolis, and a receipt for nursing and feeding little babies; not forgetting the recipe for buttering a bishop, and adoring a virtuous sovereign, &c. &c. Now *think we to ourselves*, if this be not variety, pray tell us what is?

We cannot take leave of this composition without adding the following additional proofs of flippant vulgarity and sheer nonsense, which ‘*Thinks-I-to-myself*’ has given for *wit*. The hero is walking with his father, when they come to a stile, which divides the estates of Mr. Twist and Mr. Dermont; and as the father is endeavouring to impress on his son’s mind what a good thing it would be, by his marrying Miss Twist, to join the estates together, he exemplifies his arguments by the following:

'He turned his leg over the stile, and there he sat, Thinks-I-to-myself, we'll ride a cock-horse, to Banbury Cross.' What excellent wit! and again;

'Says my father, slapping his *left* thigh, "this leg Bob, is in Grumble thorpe domains." *Thinks-I-to-myself*, he is going mad! then slapping his *right* thigh, "in what domain is *this* leg, Bob. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, he foams at the mouth!'

Can any thing exceed this impertinence? But Mr. Robert Dermont is far from a gentleman; he is an underbred lout; or he would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that he was saying a good thing when he informs us that Mrs. Fidget died of a cancer on her tongue because she was a great talker. It is an affront to the understanding to palm such puerile and contemptible stuff on the public.

ART. VI.—*Three Plays, with a Preface, including dramatic Observations of the late Lieutenant-general Burgoyne. By William Hayley, Esq.* Chichester, 1811, for Cadell. London, 8vo. pp. 298.

IN a preface of some length, Mr. Hayley gives us a history of the following dramas. He places himself as a beacon on the hill, to warn off those young men, who with a taste for poetry, conceive their talents adapted to dramatic composition, and who cherishing no small hopes of literary fame from this source, but deceived in their knowledge of the coast, near to which they steer, fall upon the same rocks, which have, it seems, impeded the dramatic career of the present author. 'Eudora,' the first of these three plays, was the eldest of Mr. Hayley's dramatic children. This play, under the name of the 'afflicted father,' was offered to Garrick in 1770, through the medium of a mutual friend. The name of the author was to remain concealed from the manager, in case the latter did not agree to represent the piece. Garrick, after a perusal of the play, so highly extolled it, that the author was drawn forth from his concealment, in the confident expectation that his play would be brought forward on the stage. At a second interview the manager, although still not deficient in panegyric, and without any peremptory refusal to represent what he had praised so highly, at the same time evinced so evident an indisposition to redeem the pledge he had given, that the author imme-

diately withdrew his play. Mr. H. was much disappointed; nor, indeed, from this statement of the case, does Garrick seem to have acted in an ingenuous manner. After this the tragedy remained on the shelf for some years, when Mr. H. was tempted to revise it, to change the scene from Spain to Sicily, and to rename it from the heroine of the piece 'Eudora.' In this state it was submitted to the critical inspection of General Burgoyne, who transmitted some sheets of observations to the author, in which he suggested some improvements. Mr. H. availed himself of some of these hints, and 'Eudora' in her improved state was accepted by Mr. Harris of Covent-Garden Theatre in 1790; it was accordingly represented, but did not succeed; the disapprobation was not general, but sufficient to induce the author to recal his play. This preface is written in a weak and querulous style, and we should have imagined that the evident complacency, with which Mr. Hayley regards these dramatic children, would have atoned for the disappointment, which he has felt from the decision of public taste, as expressed in a London theatre. The real purpose of the publication of these three plays at the present time, is unfolded to us in the following sentence:

'Whether a writer of tragedy is naturally more sanguine in his hopes of applause than other poets, or whether my vanity is more presumptuous than that of the poetical fraternity in general, I will frankly confess that I feel an enlivening, though possibly an illusive persuasion, that when this selection of dramas is printed, some adventurous manager may be inclined to give a fair trial to one or two of them on the stage: and scenes, that have excited cordial approbation from such judges of literature as Burgoyne and Gibbon, may yet be rescued from oblivion by the generous plaudits of an English theatre, patronizing characters and sentiments not ill-suited, I trust, to the meridian of England.'

As the fable of 'Eudora,' combines the requisites of a tragic tale in a degree superior to the 'Viceroy,' or 'the Heroine of Cambria,' we transfer it to our pages.

The King of Sicily, and Verino, an old general, have each an only son, who were comrades in arms, and had lately been companions in victory. Majone, the prime minister, Uberto a priest, and Sicardi, a fellow in their service, contrive the murder of the young prince on his return from his successes, and this crime is so contrived as to throw a strong suspicion of guilt on Raymond the companion of the prince. The object to be attained by

this crime is, the eventual succession to the crown, on the old king's death; for which purpose the death of Raymond also seems requisite, as the popular choice would otherwise have probably fallen on him, on a failure in the royal line. The king and Verino were mutually congratulating each other on the prowess of their sons, when news arrives of the imminent danger of the prince's life; another messenger shortly succeeds with the account of his death, apparently by poison, at a castle, where Raymond was his host. The minister and his creatures who enjoyed the confidence of the king, contrive by a weight of circumstantial evidence to overwhelm those doubts, which the previous character of Raymond supported in his sovereign's mind. These arts succeed, Raymond is confined as a murderer, and death adjudged to him; persisting in his innocence, he refuses an offer of escape communicated to him by some of the soldiery. Verino in the mean time nearly distracted, as the time of the execution approaches, procures poison, and has it conveyed to his son, that he may not die an ignominious death by the hands of the executioner. Eudora, the wife of Raymond, was visiting her husband in his prison at the time, when the poison from Verino arrives. Raymond in vain attempts to conceal from his wife the contents of the packet; no sooner is the secret disclosed, than by entreaties and arguments she attempts, and at last succeeds, in weaning him from his dreadful purpose. On leaving her husband, Eudora repairs to the king, from whom she obtains a respite of three months for Raymond, that in the mean time opportunity may be afforded him of clearing his character. No sooner had she obtained this boon, than she dispatches Lelio her husband's friend to Verino with the news. Verino not doubting but that his son had already swallowed the poison, execrates himself as his murderer, and becomes wholly distracted. The enemies of Raymond procured the revocation of his respite, but as a rescue was apprehended by the populace, from their affection for Raymond, the body of the murdered prince, attended by Uberto the priest, was produced on a litter at the time of the execution, to work upon the people, and make them call for vengeance on the reputed murderer. Eudora now comes forward to part with her husband, and in the despair of grief apostrophises the dead body, while she lifts up the veil which covered his face. The sight of the features of the prince appals Uberto, his remorse

being roused, he confesses his own guilt, and clears the character of Raymond; the *eclaircissement* soon becomes complete, and Verino on receiving ocular proof of the safety of his son, recovers his wandering senses.

This tale, with the exception of the conclusion, is extremely well adapted for tragic representation; it has not only the requisites, which such old fashioned critics as Aristotle and Horace require, but such as a modern, who has witnessed many improvements on the Greek theatre, may justly admire; pity, terror, and a lively anxiety characterize it. The last act was altered to its present form by the suggestion of General Burgoyne, and was the portion of the play, which caused the rejection of the whole at Covent Garden. The catastrophe had originally been disclosed by narration; this was evidently objectionable; it resembled the tedious disclosure of the Greek *αγγελος*; as the narrator, it appears, was unconcerned in the previous plot. We do not therefore find fault with the suggestion of the general, but with the execution of it by Mr. Hayley. The following are the prominent defects: the *περιπέτεια*, or change of fortune in the piece, (if we may be excused the pedantry of a Greek expression) is brought about in a very clumsy manner; there is no sufficient reason for the disclosures of the priest; as it is wholly improbable, that a murderer, who was sufficiently hardened to exhibit the mummery of the dead body, should be so much appalled by the sight of the face of the murdered, as to accuse himself, when certain death was the punishment. 2dly, the priest is a very foolish unmeaning character, and it is undoubtedly very ill-judged, that the catastrophe should depend on one, with whom we have scarcely any previous acquaintance. We cannot deny Mr. Hayley's assertion, that the last scenes were very badly represented on the stage, but with the best acting, so unworthy are they of the rest of the play, they would never have succeeded beyond a few nights. Next to Joanna Baillie's tragedies, to which, we hope, posterity will do that justice on the stage, which her contemporaries have only done in the closet, we can scarcely mention a modern tragedy, which, were the catastrophe improved, would give us more pleasure than 'Eudora,' and we would undergo a considerable proportion of squeezing to see Cooke in Majone, Kemble in Verino, and Young in Raymond. As to Eudora herself, there is only one actress, who, in the present dearth of female performers, could do any justice to the character, and

unfortunately, with all her astonishing and unequalled powers, her age and size, when she represents a youthful bride, leaves the deception on the mind very incomplete. As a specimen of Mr. H.'s dramatic powers, we quote the scene between Raymond and Eudora, where the latter persuades her husband to refuse the poison. Eudora argues well against suicide.

A. Servant entering.

My Lord Verino sends—

Raymond. ————— Enough my friend,
I know thy message: give me what thou bring'st,
And say in answer to my noble father,
I bless him for a thousand proofs of kindness,
But chiefly for the last.—Exit Servant.

Eudora. ————— O speak, my Raymond,
Explain these horrid mysteries, while yet
My reason holds, and I have sense to hear thee.

Raymond. Compose this wild emotion of thy soul!
Thou shalt not see me sunk to the condition
Of vilest criminals, and made a prey
To the stern ministers of blood and torture:
My father's love has arm'd me well against them;
I wait, Eudora, but to take a long,
A last farewell of thee, and then my soul,
Enfranchised by this friendly drug, shall soar
Beyond oppression, and elude its power.

Eudora. Must thou destroy thyself? think what it is
To die unbidden! to throw off obedience,
And in defiance of divine command,
Rush to the presence of offended heaven!
Thus humbly on my knees let me entreat thee
To weigh the rash design!

Raymond. Can my Eudora
Be thus unmindful of her husband's honour?
Can she, with tears, entreat him to preserve
A few sad moments of precarious life,
To die disgrac'd, in agony and shame!

Eudora. O witness, heaven! that I ever prized
Thy honour as thy life! they both may yet—

Raymond. Thy grief, my love, o'erwhelms my troubled reason:
Life stands no longer in thy husband's choice:
I die to shun dishonourable death;
The rack's prepared—no power.—

Eudora. Yes, Raymond, yes!
There is a power, that all-protecting hand,

Which oft has saved thee in the rage of battle,
And turned th' uplifted falchion from thy head,
May still preserve thee. I conjure thee, do not
Resign that hope! do not by blindly yielding
To fierce despair, distract thy wretched wife,
Forsake thy children, and distrust thy God!

' *Raymond.* I must not hear thee, for thy pleasing voice
Has known so long the passage to my soul,
That it may steal on my unguarded reason,
And lead me to forget the call of honour,
The expectations of a generous father.
He saw me doom'd to infamy and torture,
And sends me freedom; shall he hear that I,
In weak compliance with a woman's tears,
Dare not embrace the remedy he gives?
Shall he despise me for an abject coward?
Despise his son, whom yet he fondly thinks
'Firm like himself, and resolutely brave!

' *Eudora.* O Raymond, say! what is it to be brave?
'Tis to maintain the glorious cause of truth;
To fear not man; but, strong in conscious virtue,
And the protection of approving heaven,
To stand unshaken in the sternest hour
That puts to proof the temper of his soul.

' *Raymond.* By heaven, thy words have chang'd my every sense,
And thou appear'st to my enlightened eyes
A guardian angel, speaking with a voice
Of eloquence divine; inspired by thee
And surely thou art virtue's self, my soul
Shall quit its hasty purpose,—thou hast arm'd me
With nobler courage—I can now despise,
And calmly meet the terrors of my fate.

' *Eudora.* O blessed change! illusion now has left
Thy noble mind; thou art thyself again:
Some heavenly spirit checks my rising fears,
And whispers to me, we shall yet be happy;
But let me haste, nor lose these precious moments:
I'll force admittance to our royal master,
Will set thy innocence, thy worth before him,
And visit thee again with life and honour.'

General Burgoyne's 'Remarks' are not very important: they have little novelty of critical remark to recommend them, yet they shew, that they flowed from the pen of a gentleman and a scholar, who had studied the rules of the drama, with criticism ancient as well as modern, although he deduces no new truths or observations from them.

Our limits will not suffer us to enter into the fables

of 'The Viceroy,' or 'The Heroine of Cambria,' the other two tragedies. In point of interest in the tale, they fall far below 'Eudora.' In the 'Viceroy,' there is a very great want of discrimination of character, particularly so in the person of an aged Brahmin, who, unless identified by the correctness of Mr. Kemble's taste in point of costume, has little to distinguish him from any elderly Christian parish priest. The 'Heroine of Cambria' has too few characters to give sufficient variety for representation. Mr. Hayley has certainly an eye towards the models of Græcian dramas; General Burgoyne observed certain similitudes to Cato and Elfrida. Now to a taste which has been formed not only upon these ancients, but on Shakspeare likewise, who of himself constitutes an æra of dramatic writing, the Greek theatre will always appear much too jejune, as well in variety of character, as in change of scene. Witness the Prometheus of Æschylus, and many others. Æschylus has indeed, in his Seven Chieftains, ascribed distinguishing characters and manners to the several warriors, but this is a praise which we can allow to very few plays of the Athenian stage. Of Roman tragedy we know nothing. Mason, who, with his many beauties, had a pedantic affection for Greek tragedy, even in points where it was wholly incompatible with modern manners, has never been very popular from the same cause. Mr. Hayley, without much affectation of the Greek model, sometimes makes near approaches to it, as we have before observed, and that want of sufficient variety for an English audience, to which we have alluded, is one of the consequences of this taste.

There is a fault in tragic writers generally, to which our own Shakspeare is one of the few exceptions, we mean that want of discrimination in the style of language, not of sentiment, which proceeds from the mouths of the persons of the drama. An extended plain, whether elevated on the summit of a hill, or depressed in a low valley, is an uninteresting object; so is an uniform elevation, or depression of language uninviting and tiresome. A modern critic could form no remarks on works in the dead languages from this observation, without greatly qualifying his criticism, as a person himself could scarcely ascertain the distinguishing features of style in a dead tongue so accurately as to form a superstructure of criticism on his remarks. With writers of our own age and country, the point may be argued; it is one which, since the almost universal revival of Shakspeare's plays on the British

stage, is more attended to than formerly; and we must add, it is a point in Mr. Hayley's dramatic composition, which is vulnerable by the shafts of criticism. His language is neither too elevated nor too much depressed, but it is too uniform. While we observe this, we rather enter it as a protest on the records of criticism, than apply it as a remark to Mr. H. individually, since it might seem rather invidious to object that to one writer singly, which may be objected to writers of the same age generally. It will give us much pleasure to see another volume of Mr. H.'s dramas; he has had no reason to complain of the extent of public approbation lavished on him by his cotemporaries, and we are willing to hope and ready to believe, that some of his numerous literary offspring, will long survive their parent, and in his own words—

‘From unborn beauty still to fancy dear,
Draw with soft magic the delightful tear,
Or thro’ the bosom of far distant youth
Spread the warm glow of liberty and truth.’

ART. VII.—*Select Letters of Tippoo Sultan to various Public Functionaries, including the principal Military Commanders, Governors of Forts and Provinces, Diplomatic and Commercial Agents, &c. &c. &c. Together with some addressed to the Chieftains of Shánoor, Kurnool, and Cannanore, and sundry other Persons. Arranged and translated by William Kirkpatrick, Colonel in the Service of the Honourable East India Company. With Notes and Observations and an Appendix, containing several original Documents, never before published. London, Black, Parry, and Kingsbury, 1811, 4to. 2l. 2s.*

THE late Tippoo Sultan appears to have preserved a complete register of his public or official correspondence from the beginning to the end of his reign. But this correspondence, along with other valuable documents, fell into the hands of the captors of Seringapatam. Some of the papers have probably either been lost or destroyed by the ignorance of their value, or by the indifference to their preservation of some amongst the persons into whose possession they came. For the register of public correspondence, from which Colonel Kirkpatrick has made the present selection, he was indebted to Lieutenant Colonel Ogg, of the East India Company's Madrass Establishment.

'The importance of these letters,' as Colonel Kirkpatrick truly remarks, 'does not consist so much in the light which they are calculated to shed on several material occurrences of the period they relate to (though, in this respect, they will certainly be found a useful guide to the future historian of *Mysore*), as in the vivid illustration which they afford of the genius, talents, and disposition of their extraordinary author, who is here successively and repeatedly delineated, in colours from his own pencil, as the cruel and relentless enemy: the intolerant bigot or furious fanatic; the oppressive and unjust ruler; the harsh and rigid master; the sanguinary tyrant; the perfidious negotiator; the frivolous and capricious innovator; the mean and minute economist; the peddling trader; and even the retail shopkeeper. The painter will not be suspected of overcharging the unfavourable traits of the picture, when it is considered that that picture is his own.

'In making the present selection from about a thousand letters,* I have confined myself, almost entirely, to such as either appeared to exhibit the *Sultan* in some new light; to unfold some of his political, financial, or commercial views; or to elucidate some historical fact. Those which merely related to the details of ordinary business, without eliciting any thing peculiarly characteristic of the writer, have been passed over. I have also judged it unnecessary to insert any part of the *Sultan's* correspondence with the several British governors of India, as most of these documents are already in the possession of the public.'

Colonel Kirkpatrick then proceeds to explain the rules which he observed in the translation of the present letters. In this translation, he has endeavoured to give the sentiments of the writer as literally as the idioms of the two languages would allow. This was particularly desirable, as far as the publication of the correspondence itself was designed to elucidate the character of the writer. Colonel Kirkpatrick tells us, that what he wished was, that the reader, 'losing sight entirely of the translator, should fancy himself in the presence of the *Sultan*, listening to the latter, while dictating to one or other of the different secretaries by whom he was usually attended.'

'Tippoo Sultan,' says Colonel Kirkpatrick, 'rarely took up his pen without its laying open some recess or other of his various and irregular mind. He seldom issues an order that does not bespeak either the general tone of his nature or the particular impulse of the moment.'

* The register comprises altogether about two thousand letters; of which number I have not yet arranged above half.

As an absolute sovereign, he had no occasion to disguise his sentiments to the dependants to whom he wrote, who he knew, would not dare either to dispute his commands or to question the morality of his injunctions. Besides we must reflect, that when we behold the tyrant enjoining various acts of cruelty, perfidy, and injustice, he viewed these crimes not according to our more correct notions of ethics, but according to the standard of that code which was the source of his bigotry and the object of his zeal, and which taught him, that it was not necessary to keep faith with infidels. Under this sweeping denomination, it was not difficult for the ready casuistry of Tippoo to include all who opposed his extensive projects of domination. Colonel Kirkpatrick seems to have formed a lower estimate of the intellectual capacity of Tippoo Sultan than has generally been entertained in Europe. But characters, like other objects, are always liable to be mistaken through the mists of distance. The dread which was once entertained of Tippoo Sultan in the peninsula of Hindoostan, and which was rather magnified than diminished in its passage to this country, seems to have operated on some of our political writers to blazon the greatness of his mind and to extol the vigour of his genius, the largeness of his views, and the consistency of his plans. But Colonel Kirkpatrick says, that

‘the *Sultan* does not appear to have possessed a sufficient stretch of thought upon any subject (even those that he most delighted in or affected), to enable him to discuss it, either with logical force or precision. A consecutive train of argument was a thing of which he no where seems to have had an idea: yet some of the occasions, on which he wrote or dictated, certainly afforded ample scope for the display of the reasoning faculty. His writings, however, furnish as little proof of his having possessed this faculty, as his actions in general did. Even in his own Memoirs, which he did not begin to compose till he was past forty, we meet with nothing indicating capacity of any kind. He did not even write with facility. This is clearly shewn, by various memorandums in his hand writing, which, though very short, and on subjects of no difficulty, abound in erasures and corrections. One, in particular, relating to the question, whether Major Doveton should be allowed to accompany the hostage princes, on their return from Madras? is nearly unintelligible, in consequence of the interlineations which disfigure, and the general confusion of ideas and dates which pervades it.’

Most of the letters in this collection are so brief as to be
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very obscure to the general reader; but this ground of complaint has been, in a great measure, removed by the copious 'observations' of the translator, which form altogether a valuable commentary on the character and conduct of the sovereign of Mysore. Colonel Kirkpatrick merits great praise for the diligence and sagacity which he has exhibited in explaining many of the allusions in the letters, some of which were so faint as to be traced with difficulty, and others involving such a complex tissue of circumstances as not to be unravelled without a knowledge of the history of the Sultan and of his court, of his ostensible pretences and of his real designs, which could not have been acquired without great diligence, aided by no ordinary penetration. In the 'observations' of Colonel Kirkpatrick, the principal interest of the present work appears to reside. The correspondence indeed would only be a sort of dry skeleton divested of the colour and animation which it derives from the commentary. Of some parts of this commentary, the interest is increased by extracts from a MSS. of the Memoirs of Tippoo Sultan, written by himself. These memoirs were amongst the numerous papers discovered at Seringapatam by Colonel Ogg. The work appears to have been left by the Sultan himself in an unfinished state. The narrative is extended only to the termination of the Mahratta war in 1787.

It would be impossible to give an analysis of a work consisting of so many little detached pieces as the present. All that we can do is to exhibit a few samples of the letters and the commentary. The first letter which we shall produce is also the first in the collection. The inscription is

'To Mirza Mahommed Ali, Superintendant of the Elephant Stables at Nugr; (1) dated Putn (or Seringapatam), 2d of Byázy, Year Úl. (17th February, 1785.)

'The humble address [you] sent [us] has passed under [our] view, and the circumstances submitted [therein] are duly comprehended.(2) You write, "that the *Mútusuddies*(3) attached to you have adopted habits of ease and of lounging in Nugr, pretending that it is necessary for them to see and confer with the *Taalúkdar*(4) of Nugr; the consequence of which is, that

(1) i. e. Bidnore.

(2) This may serve as a sample of the manner in which most of these letters commence: in those that follow, I shall either abridge, or entirely omit, the introductory part.

(3) Clerks or accountants.

(4) The manager of a district.

fifteen days are consumed in preparing the accounts of one,(1) and that nothing is done excepting at *Nugr*, though a *Kunry Mütusuddy* (2) (agreeably to our orders), attends on the part of *Nursia* (3) to assist in the business."

' This [representation] has caused [us] the utmost surprise. Whenever the *Mütusuddies* belonging to your department cease to yield you proper obedience, you must give them a severe flogging (4); and making them prepare, with the greatest dispatch, the lists and other papers required by our former orders, transmit the same duly to the Presence.' (5)

We shall now quote part of the observations of the translator on the above.

' To understand the foregoing letter properly, it is necessary to suppose, what, indeed, is most probable, that the Elephant Mews, or Stables, were situated at some distance from the town of *Nugr*.

' This letter furnishes a proper occasion for cautioning the reader, who may not be conversant in the history, or acquainted with the genius, or frame, of the native governments of India, against hastily drawing any general conclusions, with respect to the latter point, from the particular practice, or maxims, of *Tippoo Sultan*. The conduct of this prince was too commonly governed by caprice, and was too often the mere result of individual feelings and character, to afford a just criterion of the generality of Asiatic sovereigns, or Asiatic states. Thus, any one who should be led to infer, from the punishment here directed to be inflicted on the idle clerks of the Elephant Department, that it is customary in India (as in China and Russia), to flog any but the menial servants of government for neglect of duty, would be greatly mistaken: as he would, also, if he supposed that castration was no uncommon penalty in that country, for corruption, or other misdemeanors in the administration of public affairs, because the *Sultan* sometimes thought proper to threaten official delinquents with that punishment. The fact is, that all his *Hookm-nâmehs*, or instructions to the governors of provinces, and others, conclude with a denunciation of the penalties to which they will be liable, in case of disobedience or disregard of the orders contained in them. Sometimes these are generally stated, under the vague, but emphatic, term of "the worst

(1) Or the meaning may be, "neglect their ledger for fifteen days at a time."

(2) A Canarese clerk.

(3) The name of the manager.

(4) Original, *tâziâneh-kâry*.

(5) There is considerable obscurity in that passage of the original, which I have rendered, "though *Kunry-Mütusuddy* attends, &c." I am, therefore, not certain of having understood it rightly.

of punishments:" at others, they are specifically named; as crucifixion, in one or two instances, and emasculation, in others. Whether or not the latter menace was ever, in any case, actually executed, I am not able to determine; but there is nothing in the character of Tippoo Sultan to render the affirmative unlikely. Colonel Munro assures me, that it is an absolute fact that on one occasion he ordered all the male population of a particular village, which had given him offence, to be castrated.

'What the practice of Hyder Ali was on similar occasions, I have not the means of stating; but there is sufficient reason to suspect, that the example of the father was not much calculated to restrain the severity, or cruelty, of the son. It is certain, indeed, as I learn from Colonel Wilks, that Tippoo himself was once publicly bamboosed (or caned) by order of Hyder, in whose good graces he would never appear to have stood very high. This opinion is strongly confirmed, by a most curious original document, which I met with at *Seringapatam*, in the year 1799, while employed in examining the mass of papers discovered more immediately after the capture of the place. I found it amongst a variety of other papers of the time of Hyder, deposited in a basket or box, where it had probably remained undisturbed and forgotten ever since his death. It is a narrow slip, about twelve inches in length: is entitled, at top, "an agreement;" beneath which words is the impression, in ink, of a small square seal, resembling, in all respects, the usual signet, or ring-seal, of the *Sultan*, and bearing, together with the name "Tippoo Sultan," the date "1184" (*Higera*.)⁽¹⁾

The document which is mentioned in part of the above extract is so curious in itself and exhibits such a lively picture of the suspicious vigilance of the despot over his own children, and of the implicit obedience which Hyder exacted from his son, that we cannot refrain from giving it a place in our journal.

'AGREEMENT.'

'1.(2) I will not do [any] one thing without the pleasure of your blessed majesty, lord of benefits [or my bountiful lord]: if I do, let me be punished, in whatever manner may seem fitting to your auspicious mind.—One article.

'2. If, in the affairs of the *Sircar*, I should commit theft, or be guilty of fraud, great or small, let me, as the due punishment thereof, be strangled.—One article.

(1) The existence of this seal satisfactorily proves that *Sultan* was not a title assumed by Tippoo (as commonly supposed) upon succeeding his father, but made part of the name given him, probably, at his birth.

(2) The articles are not numbered in the original, but divided by lines drawn under each of them.

‘ 3. If I be guilty of prevarication, or misrepresentation, or of deceit, the due punishment thereof is this same strangulation. —One article.

‘ 4. Without the orders of the *Presence*, I will not receive from any one, *Nuzzers*, &c.; neither will I take things from any one [meaning perhaps forcibly]: if I do, let my nose be cut off, and let me be driven out from the city. —One article.

‘ 5. If, excepting on the affairs of the *Sircar*, I should hold conversation [probably *cabal* or *intrigue*] with any person, or be guilty of deceit, &c., let me, in punishment thereof, be stretched on a cross. —One article.

‘ 6. Whenever a country should be committed to my charge by the *Sircar*, and an army be placed under my command, I will carry on all business regarding the same, with the advice, and through the medium of such confidential persons as may be appointed [for the purpose] by the *Sircar*; and if I transact such affairs through any other channel than this, let me be strangled. —One article.

‘ 7. If there should be any occasion for correspondence by writing, or to buy or give [away] any thing, or any letters should arrive from any place, I will do nothing [in such matters] without the concurrence and advice of the person appointed by the *Sircar*. —One article.

‘ 8. I have written and delivered these few articles of my own free will: keeping the contents whereof in my heart’s remembrance, I will act in each article accordingly. If I forget this, and act in any other [or different] manner, let me be punished, agreeably to the foregoing writing.’

In the ‘observations’ on Letter XI-II. in this collection, we find the following extract from the ‘memoirs of Tippoo Sultan,’ which shows, that his religious zeal was not inferior to his lust of arbitrary power. Indeed political despotism is seldom coupled with religious toleration. In this respect, we have not often had an example similar to that of Frederic the Great.

‘The Portuguese Nazarenes(1) established themselves, about three hundred years ago, in a factory situated near the sea shore, and on the banks of a large river. This place they obtained of the *Rajah* of *Soondah*, under the pretext of trading [with his subjects](2): and here, availing themselves of the opportunities which arose in the course of time, they acquired possession of a territory, yielding a yearly revenue of three or

(1) The *Sultan* applies this name to Christians in general; but it sometimes denotes the English in particular.

(2) *Goa* is, no doubt, meant here.

four lacks of rupees, throughout which they equally prohibited fasts and prayers among the Mussulman inhabitants, and the worship of idols among the Hindoos; finally expelling from thence all who refused to embrace their religion, which the Hindoos were required to do within three days, under pain, if they remained in the country after that time, of being forcibly converted to it. Some of the people, alarmed at this proceeding, abandoned their property and homes, and took refuge in other countries; but the greater part, considering the threatened danger as improbable, and not possessing the means of removing their effects, preferred remaining; whereupon these infidel Nazarenes, at the end of the appointed-time, obliged them all to embrace their false religion. Sometime after this, by means of gifts and presents distributed among the *Rájahs* and *Aumils* of that quarter, they were suffered to erect from eighty to a hundred idol temples,(1) in the countries of *Nugr*, *Soonda*, and *Kúriál-Bundur*;(2) in each of which they placed a *Pádre* or two, whose religion, in fact, was that of the *Guebres*;(3) and by whose means they prevailed, partly by artifice, and partly by tempting the avarice [of the poorer classes], on vast numbers of the inhabitants to adopt their faith. [Such was the state of things here] when, by the divine favour, and through the aid of the Asylum of Prophecy,(4) and with the help of the conquering Lion of God,(5) the port of *Kúriál* fell into our hands; on which occasion the odious proceedings of these accursed *Pádries* becoming fully known to us, and causing our zeal for the faith to boil over, we instantly directed the *Dewán* of the *Húzor Kuchurry* (6) to prepare a list of all houses occupied by the Christians, taking care not to omit a single habitation. The officers of the *Kuchurry*, accordingly, employing the *Mitusuddies* of *Soonda*, *Nugr*, *Kúriál*, &c. for this purpose, soon prepared and delivered to us a detailed report on the subject. After this, we caused an officer and some soldiers to be stationed in every place inhabited by the Christians; signifying to them, that, at the end of a certain time, they should receive further orders, which they were then to carry into full effect. These men and officers being all arrived at their respective posts, the following orders were transmitted to them, viz. "On such a day of the week and month, and at the hour of morning prayer, let all the Christians,

(1) Meaning, of course, churches.

(2) *Mangalore*: *Bundur* signifies a sea port.

(3) The ancient *Pursees*, or worshippers of fire.

(4) *Mahommed*.

(5) Original, *Usudúllah ulghálib*, viz. of the Caliph Ali, and was adopted by Tippoo Sultan as a sort of motto, which he sometimes inscribed on his weapons and other articles.

(6) A *Dewán* is a minister or officer, superintending the revenues of a state or province. The *Húzor Kuchurry* was the revenue board at *Seringapatam*, or that attending the *Presence*.

whatever their number may be, together with their women and children, be made prisoners and dispatched to our Presence." And on the sealed cover, or superscription, of each of these dispatches, was specified the day of the week and month on which it was to be opened and read. Accordingly our orders were every where opened at the same moment; and at the same hour (namely, that of morning prayer) were the whole of the Christians, male and female, without the exception of a single individual, to the number of sixty thousand, made prisoners, and dispatched to our Presence; from whence we caused them, after furnishing them duly with provisions, to be conveyed, under proper guards, to *Seringapatam*: (1) to the *Taalukdârs* of which place we sent orders, directing that [the said Christians] should be divided into *Risâlas*, or corps, of five hundred men, and a person of reputable and upright character placed, as *Risâladâr*, at the head of each. Of these *Risâlas*, four (together with their women and children) were directed to be stationed at each of the following places, (2) where they were duly fed and clothed, and ultimately admitted to the honour of Islamism; and the appellation of *Ahmedy* (3) was bestowed upon the collective body. (4)

Letter CC. strikingly exemplifies the parsimonious and mercantile spirit of the great sovereign of Mysore. It pourtrays, in some measure, the greediness of a retail shop-keeper, with his attention absorbed in minute gains and petty objects. To these it might naturally have been supposed that a mind, so highly inflated with ambition, as that of Tippoo Sultan, could never have lowered its thoughts. The letter to which we refer is addressed to "Meer Kazim; Darogha at Muscat." We shall extract apart of it.

'Your letter, accompanied by a sealed packet of pearls, with a memorandum of the prices at which they were bought, has been received. The pearls you have sent have, on the whole, been purchased at a very heavy price. If they can be procured

(1) The *Sultan*, at the time here spoken of, was in the neighbourhood of *Mangalore*.

(2) *Seringapatam* is here named, but the rest of the passage I do not clearly understand.

(3) *Ahmed* is one of the names of Mahommed.

(4) The date of the institution is indicated (the *Sultan* adds) by the following couplet:

"God is the defender of the *Ahmedy* religion;

"The light of the firmament is derived from the *Ahmedy* religion," or people, where the letters comprising the last line, or hemistich, in the original, give the year of the *Higera* 1197.

cheaper in the *Buhrain*(1) you must send thither for them. There is, at the same time, no objection to your buying them at Muscat, when they can be had cheap there.

‘ Making some advance [of money] to ten divers, dispatch them to the Presence, as they are wanted for the purpose of diving or fishing(2) for pearls on the shore of *Mangalore*.

‘ You write, “ that *sandal* wood and pepper are become cheap [at *Muscat*].” ‘ It is known. Keep them [therefore] some time by you. When they become dear [again] you must sell them. There is no necessity for selling them cheap. The *cardamums*, however, you may dispose of at the current [or market] price [of the day], if *that* should not be a losing one.(3) What you write, respecting their diminution from dryness, is understood. If it be only in weight that they are diminished, it is of no consequence. You will state [the deficiency] in your accounts.

‘ The factory of *Muscat* has been placed under the *Aumil* [or been made a dependency] of *Mangalore*: you must, therefore, transmit to him the accounts of all sales and purchases, as well as of all other receipts and disbursements [of the factory.]

‘ We do not want any copper or lead; but you should buy sulphur, when the price of it is moderate.(4)

‘ You write, respecting an increase to the stipend of Oba Gooler, in consequence of his being appointed to the *Churo-kâry*.(5) Let his stipend be augmented, to the amount of the monthly pay formerly allowed to the *Churokâr*.

‘ The *morahs*(6) of black pepper must be weighed in bulk, and sold in that state. Where is the necessity of opening them, if, by that means, any loss should be incurred?

This volume will prove a very acceptable present to those who interest themselves in the history of the British dominion in the East.

(1) Situated in the Gulf of *Persia*; and formerly famous for its pearl fishery.

(2) Literally “ bringing up,” i. e. from the bottom of the sea.

(3) Original, literally, “ keeping economy in view.”

(4) Or, “ when you can buy it at a saving price.”

(5) I am unable to give any explanation of this word.

(6) A measure and weight equal to 80lbs. avoirdupois.

ART. VIII.—*The national Religion the Foundation of national Education, a Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, on Thursday, June 13, 1811. By Herbert Marsh, D.D. F.R.S. Rivington, 1811.*

THE progress which, within a comparatively short period of time, has already been made in the accomplishment of the grand and humane object of a general national education, is such as must amply reward the exertions of the benevolent, and even surpass the hopes of the most sanguine. Very fortunately, as we think, for the furtherance of this noble work, certain dissensions have arisen among its promoters, which, so far from retarding its course, have already considerably accelerated it, and will, we have very little doubt, continue to produce the same effect by the collision of contending interests, however imaginary or even contemptible may be the foundation upon which those interests and their attendant passions are built. The history of the feud to which we are now alluding would be almost beneath the notice of reasonable men, were it not for the consequences to which it has led. It was nothing more originally, than a contention between the friends of Dr. Bell and of Mr. Lancaster, for the honour of inventing the scheme of general education which has been usually known, from the name of its FIRST ACTIVE PROMOTER in Great Britain, by the appellation of the *Lancastrian*. We have proved in the last number of our journal, in the review of Mr. Ensor's book on Education, that the high merits of invention belong neither to Dr. Bell nor to Mr. Lancaster. Dr. Bell is certainly entitled to the praise of having adopted in his school at Madras the practice of writing in sand with that of training the schoolboys themselves to become the instructors of each other; and thus altogether avoiding the great charge of under masters even in schools consisting of many hundred disciples. But it certainly is to Mr. Lancaster, and to Mr. Lancaster only, that this country is indebted for the introduction of similar expedients to abridge the labour and the expense of education, and to render some degree of intellectual culture accessible even to the most indigent part of the community. Mr. Lancaster stands forward, and that most pre-eminently, as the first great promoter of this most philanthropic scheme, and that at the expense of his whole

time and labour, and at pecuniary charges, which his own means were wholly inadequate to answer, and for his remuneration of which, he depended on the generosity and gratitude of the public. It is well known already from the various addresses and other circulars which have been published by himself and his friends, that in the ardent promotion of that benevolent plan to which he seems to have devoted his entire existence, he so far outran his means that he was in the early stage of the business actually arrested for debt, and only saved from imprisonment by the generous interposition of a few friends who relieved him from his immediate distress and enabled him to prosecute his scheme with greater effect than before; so that, by no very slow degrees, and entirely through the means of his indefatigable exertions, the *Lancastrian* system became generally diffused over the country, hardly any considerable town remaining which did not possess its *Lancastrian* school. While such were the active labours of Mr. Lancaster, it seems probable that the exertions of Dr. Bell, after his return from the east, would have been confined to the little circle of his own parish, (exertions which, though highly laudable in themselves, and, if universally followed, such as would render useless all further schemes or systems, yet are not to be compared with those which we have just been detailing) had it not been for the invitation which he received from some few schools in the metropolis, and some military institutions to organize them upon his system. Nor even then does it appear at all likely that his own personal labour would have been employed in any other than such casual enterprizes, had not a cry been raised by some zealous sons of the church, upon grounds which we now proceed shortly to detail and examine.

The title of this sermon will perhaps sufficiently explain the nature of the objection to which we allude, to those who are acquainted with the fact that Mr. Lancaster has the misfortune of being a dissenter from the national religion. Dr. Marsh has, as may easily be conjectured, made this the chief ground of the opposition which he has commenced against Mr. Lancaster's system. His sermon, as we have been told, was no sooner finished, than some of his auditors, seized with a paroxysm of orthodoxy, which the vehemence of the evangelical preacher had excited, ran out of church, posted down to Swannage, and embracing the knees of Dr. Bell, with pious trepidation, besought him, for the love of tythes,

to save the church from the destruction with which it was threatened, by an army of children, who were proceeding to make a breach in its ancient walls, from a battery of Mr. Lancaster's spelling books.

In order as much as possible to quiet this alarm in the votaries of the national faith, we must remark in the first place that the grand Heresiarch, against whom the shafts of the evangelical professor are levelled, is of a persuasion the members of which have not only constantly disclaimed the notion of making proselytes, but have fully acted up to the sense and spirit of their declarations. But the professor says in a note (p. 12) that the arguments which he has employed to dissipate this fearful hot-bed of schism,

'Will not be obviated by the excuse that Mr. Lancaster's professed neutrality leaves the children at liberty to learn religion, either from their *parents* or at those *Sunday schools*, to which their parents may choose to send them. For the parents of children, who are objects of public charity, are for the most part *incapable* of teaching religion to their children; and, if they send their children to a *Sunday school*, according to their own persuasion, the *peculiar* doctrines which the children will hear *one* day in the week, can hardly make a lasting impression, when they are continually hearing of *generalized* Christianity during *six* days in the week. Where children go *daily* to school, the religion, which they are afterwards to profess, should be an object of *daily* attention. They must *learn* their religion as they learn other things and they will have much or little, according as their *education* supplies them. To assert, that our religion is not dependant on our education, is to contradict the experience of all ages and nations.'

'The *generalized* Christianity' of which these poor children 'are continually hearing,' consists of the most pure and intelligible texts that can be selected out of the Scriptures. These texts are read by the children in classes during six days in the week. Can this be called an expedient for generating heresy or multiplying heretics? Is it not left to the pastors of these children, or to those appointed for such pious purposes, to instruct them on the *Sunday*, (at least such of them whose parents are members of the establishment) in the doctrinal points which are inculcated in the catechism and the creed? If this duty is neglected by those who are bound to perform it, this is not Mr. Lancaster's fault, nor is it a cause for railing against this well-intentioned quaker and his *generalized* christianity. With the utmost respect and reve-

rence for the church which the Margaret Professor professes (agreeably to his calling) to vindicate, we must say that in our opinions one day in the week may amply suffice for inculcating the *doctrines*, so the other six be employed in teaching the *practice* of christianity. Where, we would ask, in what public seminary, great or small, from the royal foundation of Eton-college down to the meanest charity-school in the kingdom, are the peculiar *doctrines* of the church of England made a part of the *every day* education of the children? If the poor little wretches, who till Lancaster stepped forward to redeem them, were seen all day playing marbles and chuck-farthing in the streets to the great annoyance of all creditable foot-passengers, and at night, in all probability, were employed in pilfering to the yet greater inconvenience of the shop-keepers of the metropolis, are to have the true doctrine of the church poured into their ears from morning till night all the seven days in the week, what privilege of exemption can the sons of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom claim, why the same delectable system should not forthwith be set on foot at the colleges of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester, at Harrow and Rugby, Merchant Taylor's, St. Paul's, and the Charter-House?

‘But,’ says the evangelical Dr. Marsh, after bitterly lamenting the dangers which he supposes to threaten the church from this *generalizing* system, ‘whatever be the circumstances in which we may hereafter be placed, let us endeavour to fulfil the duties of our station, while we have duties to perform. If we cannot recal the thousands who have deserted the church, let us double our efforts to retain her faithful band, which rallies round her standard. Let the union of the latter increase with the defection of the former. Let both clergy and the laity who are still *attached* to the church, combine for mutual defence.’—(What a fearful combination of zeal and power, against whom? one poor Quaker!!!)—‘It is an union of churchmen with churchmen, which must promote the welfare of the establishment. We cannot indeed, expect that dissenters should be *willing* to co-operate with churchmen, when the object in contemplation, was the interest of the church.’

To this most admirable tirade, is subjoined the following note, no less admirable for its affected candour and spirit of toleration.

‘This is not spoken to their disparagement, or intended as a matter of reproach. However well-disposed, however well-

affected in all *other* respects, they *cannot*, be well affected to the church, or they would not be dissenters from it. Their *interests* in respect to religion are *different* from ours, and therefore *must* lead them a *different* way. Though dissenters of *every* description may unite *among themselves* against the church, for the support of a common cause, yet an union of churchmen and dissenters in *favour* of the church, is a supposition, which contradicts the common principles of human action. But if we cannot co-operate in the prosecution of this object, it is to be hoped, that we shall never fail to join hand and heart in promoting objects of *general* benevolence.'

So that Dr. Marsh would support and promote the establishment of an hospital for the sick, though founded and maintained by the subscriptions of dissenters. He would in like manner contribute to a dissenting receptacle for drowned persons, or to a dissenting fund for the relief of distressed widows and orphans. But he abominates and utterly rejects, or at best refuses the smallest countenance to, a dissenting school for the instruction of poor boys in reading and writing, as if dissenters had a different mode of forming their great A—'s from the members of the establishment, or taught spelling backwards after the example of Michael Scott, and the Witch of Edmonton. The sole supposition upon which the evangelical professor founds his whole argument against Lancaster's system, is that his object is hostility to the church of England. 'He that is not for us is against us.' But why more so, in an institution, the sole object of which is to teach writing and reading to poor boys, and keep them *out of harm's way*, during a great part of every day in the week, who would otherwise be abandoned to idleness and vicious dissipation, than in one for the improvement of a turnpike road, or the formation of a navigable canal?

Thanks be to Heaven, all men have not so learned Christ: and we are happy that it falls to our lot to be personally acquainted with many excellent churchmen, and many sturdy dissenters on principle, who are fully disposed to co-operate with each other in any scheme for the improvement and civilization of the human race, whether originating in Athanasian, Arian, or Socinian, in Jew, Turk, or Pagan. What the evangelical professor exactly means by the '*interests* of dissenters in respect to religion,' we do not well know. That their *civil* interests are different from those of churchmen, as a *general* fact, we do not believe, though the more *orthodox*

part of the church (according to the professor) have acted (hitherto with too much success) on the persuasion that they are so. That a factious, turbulent, proselyting spirit is inherent in some men we well know; but, that it is always washed away by the waters of an orthodox church baptism, we have, alas! too many instances to the contrary implicitly to admit. But we do not believe nor admit that dissenters, in general, are actuated by any such spirit as the professor, in the candour of his own mind supposes, of determined animosity to the Church of England or desire for its overthrow.

During the whole of this discourse the evangelical professor appears to labour under a nervous panic, lest, if children are left to themselves to choose their religion, the church of England should be universally deserted, and the future generation become a mass of Presbyterians, Quakers, or Socinians. But it is really a little unfair in this professor, (although he may be pardoned on account of the aforesaid consternation, having confounded his better judgment, and disordered his former understanding) to infer from a passage in Mr. Lancaster's 'Introduction,' wherein he says that he 'longs to see men, who profess Christianity, contend not for creeds of faith, words, and names, but in the practice of every heavenly virtue,' that he 'longs to see the church of England abandon her creed and her name?' Does not this excessive *solicitude* of churchmen about the welfare of the church seem to imply somewhat of a lurking suspicion that all is not right in the church itself? If the religion of the church be *indeed* the religion of Christ, what is there in Mr. Lancaster's '*generalized Christianity*' that should incline children to abandon that true religion? If the religion of the church be *indeed* the religion of Christ, it appears to us *at least probable* that the constant reading of the gospel of Christ, as practised in all the Lancastrian schools, would tend even more than all the sermons that Dr. Marsh ever wrote or preached, to make all the hearers and readers steadfast in their adherence to the communion of the establishment. The uneasiness of the professor lest the incorporation of Quakerism with this terrible '*generalized Christianity*,' might engender Socinianism, is still less worthy of notice. If the church cannot support itself by its own intrinsic excellence, it can never be upheld by sophistry and intolerance. Unjustly as we think Mr. Lancaster has, in some respects, been dealt with by the author of this sermon, we yet sincerely rejoice that the

cry has been raised, believing and devoutly hoping that, in this case as in many others, good will spring out of apparent evil. The intemperate zeal of a few is likely to lead the way to the instruction of thousands, and thousands of thousands:

Art. IX.—*Sketches, Civil and Military, of the Island of Java and its immediate Dependencies; comprising interesting Details of Batavia, and authentic Particulars of the celebrated Poison-tree. Illustrated with a Map of Java and Plan of Batavia, from actual Survey.* London, J. J. Stockdale, 1811, 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Mr. STOCKDALE, who unites the two characters of author and bookseller, which were much more commonly found in conjunction formerly than at present, tells us in his preface that he “has translated, selected and compiled” these “sketches” “in a space of time, perhaps *unprecedentedly short* ;” “and has been guilty of *making a book*.” The best account of Java is that by Stavorinus, and from his narrative, assisted by the works of a few other writers, Mr. Stockdale has collected the matter contained in the first 257 pages of his work. The remaining portion is chiefly extracted from the travels of M. Tombe; which we noticed in our last appendix. Mr. Stockdale confesses that this plan has subjected the reader to some repetitions; but he seems to think that he has compensated this defect by doing “more justice to the respective travellers.” If, however, his object were to compress into one volume all that is at present known respecting Java, we cannot but think that he would have consulted the interest and instruction of the reader more by embodying the accounts of the different travellers into one regular and consistent narrative, referring at the bottom of the page to the particular sources of information, than by a superfluous repetition of the same matter with very little variation in the form.

In the present period when books are ten times as numerous as formerly, and when among the helps to memory, guides to the arts, and ladders to the sciences, no nostrum has been discovered by taking which a man may be enabled to read, and digest as much reading, in an hour as his grandfather or great grandfather could in a week, we cannot but think that those writers are inexcusable who make a few meagre facts into a large volume, and delay the progress of the reader by their diffuse narratives, or perpetual

tautologies. A jeweller may, if he please, beat an ounce of gold into a thin skin of that metal, that would cover an acre of ground; but we cannot so readily pardon those makers of books, who make three or four hundred pages of paper a receptacle for a few scanty particles of information, which are to be sought in the midst of so much rubbish, that they can hardly be found when they are sought. We do not mean to include Mr. Stockdale amongst book-makers of this latter description; for though we think that his present work might have been rendered both shorter and cheaper, we are far from asserting that it is destitute of information or of worth. If it tells nothing, which was not known before, it has brought together into one place a good many facts, which were scattered over several volumes, some of which are not of familiar access; and though the language often betrays marks of that celerity of execution, for which Mr. Stockdale seems to take some merit to himself in the preface to his book, yet his narrative is not altogether bald and deformed, nor is it, generally considered, an unamusing compilation.

As a specimen of Mr. Stockdale's performance, we will make an extract which relates to the barbarous mode in which criminals are sometimes put to death at Batavia. Of these punishments impalement is the chief and most terrible.

* In the year 1769 there was an execution of this kind, of a Macasser slave who had murdered his master. The criminal was led in the morning to the place of execution, the grassplot, and laid upon his belly, being held by four men. The executioner made a transverse incision at the lower part of the body, as far as the *os sacrum*; he then introduced the sharp point of the spike, which was about six feet long, and made of polished iron, into the wound, so that it passed between the back-bone and the skin. Two men drove it forcibly up along the spine, while the executioner held the end, and gave it a proper direction, till it came out between the neck and shoulders. The lower end was next put into a wooden post and rivetted fast, and the sufferer was lifted up, thus impaled, and the post stuck in the ground. At the top of the post, about ten feet from the ground, there was a kind of little bench, upon which the body rested.

The insensibility or fortitude of the miserable sufferer was incredible. He did not utter the least complaint, except when the spike was rivetted into the pillar; the hammering and shaking occasioned by it, seemed to be intolerable to him, and he then bellowed out for pain; and likewise again when he was lifted up and set in the ground. He sat in this dreadful

situation till death put an end to his torments, which fortunately happened the next day about three o'clock in the afternoon. He owed this speedy termination of his misery to a light shower of rain, which continued for about an hour, and he gave up the ghost half an hour afterwards.

There have been instances at Batavia, of criminals who have been impaled in the dry season, and have remained alive for eight or more days without any food or drink, which is prevented to be given them by a guard who is stationed at the place of execution for that purpose. None of the vital parts are injured by impalement, which makes the punishment the more cruel and intolerable; but as soon as any water gets into the wound, it mortifies and occasions a gangrene, which directly attacks the more noble parts, and brings on death almost immediately.

This miserable sufferer continually complained of intolerable thirst, which is peculiarly incident to this terrible punishment. The criminals are exposed, during the whole day, to the burning rays of the sun, and are unceasingly tormented by numerous stinging insects.

About three hours before he died he was in conversation with the bystanders, relating to them the manner in which he had murdered his good master, and expressing his repentance of the crime he had committed. This he did with great composure; yet an instant afterwards he burst out in the most bitter complaints of unquenchable thirst, and raved for drink, while no one was allowed to alleviate, by a single drop of water, the excruciating torments he endured.

The above mode of putting a human being to death, is, like many other savage punishments in other states, justified by the tyrant's plea, the necessity of the case; but part of the following will show that crimes are not always prevented by the menace of the most torturing extremities of punishment so much as by a system less abhorrent from the dictates of justice, which are never at variance with those of humanity.

The slaves who come from the island of Celebes, and especially the Bouginese, are guilty of the most horrid murders: most of those who run *mucks* belong to that nation.

These acts of indiscriminate murder are called *mucks*, because the perpetrators of them, during their phrenzy, continually cry out *amok, amok*, which signifies *kill, kill*. When, by swallowing much opium, or by other means, they are raised to a pitch of desperate fury, they sally out with a knife or other weapon in their hand, and kill, without distinction of sex, rank, or age, whoever they meet in the streets of Batavia; and proceed in this way till they are either shot or taken prisoners. Their intoxication continues till death; they run in upon the arms opposed

to them, and often kill their opponents even after they are themselves mortally wounded.

'In order, if possible, to take them alive, the officers of justice are provided with a pole ten or twelve feet in length, at the end of which is a kind of fork, made of two pieces of wood, three feet long, stuck on the inside with sharp iron spikes; this is held before the wretched object of pursuit, who runs into it, and is thus taken.

'If he happen to be mortally wounded, he is immediately broken alive upon the wheel, without any form of trial, in the presence of two or three of the counsellors of justice.

'It is remarkable, that at Batavia, where the assassins, when taken alive, are broken on the wheel, with every aggravation of punishment which the most rigorous justice can inflict, the *mucks* yet happen in great frequency; whilst at Bencoolen, where they are executed in the most simple and expeditious manner, the offence is extremely rare.'

Since the above was written, Batavia has fallen into the hands of the British. This is not an unfavourable circumstance for the sale of the present compilation.

ART. X.—*Lectures on the Pastoral Character: by the late George Campbell, D. D. F. R. S. Edinb. Principal of Mareschall College, Aberdeen. Edited by James Fraser, D. D. Minister of Drumoak, Aberdeenshire. London, Black and Parry, 1811, 8vo.*

POSTHUMOUS publications where they have not been prepared by the author himself for the press before his decease, are usually to be regarded with disapprobation or distrust. We cannot but condemn the publication of that which the author never intended to appear in print; or at least not till he had completed his design, and improved his work by subsequent correction. To publish an unfinished work is to show a disregard for the reputation of the writer, and to make him accountable for the blunders or inaccuracies which his more mature judgment, longer reflection, or farther research would have caused him to avoid. Where an author has acquired a distinguished name in his life-time by productions of great learning, ability or genius, it is unjust to his memory to endanger the diminution of it by the publication of posthumous writings, which were left in an unfinished state. Yet this is commonly the case, in which posthumous publications are most frequent, and in which every scrap of paper that an author ever scrawled, is thrust forward on the public at-

tention, when it ought to have been burned at his funeral. But it is thought that a celebrated name will sell any thing; and it is the probable sale rather than the actual merit of the work which stimulates the publication. Avarice thus sometimes fattens on the posthumous fame of the learned.

Where a work is left in a confessedly unfinished state, and cannot even be fitted to appear in public without the alterations and corrections of a stranger, we are of opinion that the motives must be very strong, and the circumstances very urgent, indeed, which can justify the publication. If an author has left a wife and family in a state of indigence and distress, perhaps we might be induced to palliate the recourse to such an expedient; but we would rather that their wants were mitigated by any other measure which is less likely to sully the literary fame of the deceased.

We are far from wishing to insinuate that the present editor has been impelled to the publication of the present volume of lectures by any unworthy or mercenary motives. His preface bespeaks a gentleman of more liberal sentiments and of better feelings; and he evidently imagined that the work itself would be interesting to the friends of Dr. Campbell, and not discreditable to his memory. But our objection to the publication is, generally, that it was left in an unfinished state; that it had not been previously designed by the author himself for the press; and that the editor was obliged to make some retrenchments or alterations before the work was fitted to meet the public eye. We do not know that these lectures, even in their present form, will cause any deduction from the previously well earned reputation of Dr. Campbell; but of this we are certain, that they will make no addition to its brilliancy. In such circumstances we are inclined to think, that the editor should have been able to assign stronger motives than he has done for bringing forward the present lectures, before he ventured to add them to the list of Dr. Campbell's publications.

The subject of these lectures is one on which nothing new could be expected to be said; and in which we do not find that any thing has been said by Dr. Campbell, which has not been said before. The strong good sense of the writer is visible in the performance; for Dr. Campbell was not a man whose first thoughts, or even sketches of a composition were likely to contain any thing frivolous, extravagant, or absurd. He had none of the petty conceits, or

showy but unsubstantial tinsel of a little mind, anxious to mislead or to dazzle minds as little as itself. His strong, manly understanding is visible in his writings, which were no fallacious mirror of his character.

The following are the subjects of the present lectures :

'Lect. I.—Importance of the subject.—Influence of Example. VICES more especially reproachful in the Ministerial Character—INTEMPERANCE—IMPIETY—LEVITY of Behaviour.—Lect. II. Regard to the OUTWARD DECORUM of Character in things naturally indifferent—Deference due to the Opinions of the People—Extremes of unbounded Complaisance—and of violently shocking their Prejudices.—Lect. III. VIRTUES especially requisite in the Pastor. MEEKNESS and HUMILITY. Obligation to these Duties, from the Example of Christ—from the END of their Ministry—and from the MEANS they are authorized to employ.—Lect. IV. FORTITUDE, or a superiority to either fear or favour. Danger, in our Church, of listening to solicitations on any point which is to be of judicial determination. Steadiness in the essential part, the MATTER of our conduct. Meekness, Gentleness, and, as much as possible, Pleasantness, in the MANNER.—Lect. V. Of TEMPERANCE. A loose and dissolute manner in Conversation may shew a more vitiated disposition, and may do more hurt in society, than even some trespasses against the strict rules of Temperance.—Lect. VI. VICES, or EVILS, to which the occupation of a Minister exposes him. Mr. Hume's account of the spirit of the Pastoral Office—a CARICATURE, but may suggest some profitable instruction to Pastors. Temptation to Hypocrisy, to be overcome by BEING what the Hypocrite wants only to be thought. A bad man will find no comfort in the business of a Pastor.—Lect. VII. Danger to Pastors from an excessive desire of POPULAR APPLAUSE. To please men, only the MEANS to promote the great end, *their good*.—Instructions in the shortest and easiest way to become a VERY GREAT MAN, a Leader and an Oracle among the People, and to secure a following whithersoever the Preacher goes.—Lect. VIII. Fruits of the teaching of PULPIT CONTROVERTISTS, and of those who inflame the minds of the people with what *they* term the DEFECTIONS of the Church. Of competition with others in the common popular arts, as in CHOICE of subjects; or, on certain occasions, an unseasonable PROLIXITY.—Lect. IX. Of SLOTH. Wealth, a great, but not the only, corrupter. Neither our scanty provision, nor our Ecclesiastical laws, a sufficient security against the risk of Laziness. Extremely rigorous laws fall into disuse. The practice of COMPOSING of the greatest consequence to us. The proper Employment of Time, and the advantages of following a settled plan.

In the above lectures, some of the best observations appear to us to occur in the eighth. We shall select a few of these. There is much truth in the following; and we wish that the practice to which it relates were universally rejected, that plain moral preaching might be substituted for the polemical and doctrinal.

‘Nothing then can excuse controversy in the pulpit, but necessity; and there is no necessity, unless the point in question be manifestly an essential article of Christianity, and unless there be an immediate danger of perversion among the people to whom you would communicate the dispute. But, to say the truth, where this polemic itch prevails, it will wait no necessity. The people often do not so much as know that the doctrine they have been taught is contróverted by any body, till they are officiously informed of it by their minister: and for the much greater part, the subjects in debate are merely the glosses and comments of fallible men, and not the dictates of the unerring Spirit. As for you, teach your people the truth, to the best of your knowledge; enforce upon them their duty, to the utmost of your power; urge all the motives which the Gospel and right reason supply you with; but give no evil surmisings with regard to others. If others do not right, they have the same Master to account to.’

Long prayers and long sermons are, we have always thought, injurious in their effects on that attention without which all devotion becomes a mere external form, and, at the same time, they tend to excite a sense of weariness and disgust, the feeling of which ought as much as possible to be excluded from the sanctuary. This devotional prolixity, which was more remarkable in the religionists of a former age, is not quite unknown in the present. The devotional forms of the establishment are in the morning service nearly one-third longer than they ought to be; but if sectaries do not often offend so much in the length of their prayers, they do not deserve less reproof for that of their sermons. Their religious harangues are commonly distinguished by no want more than the want of brevity. But, as brevity is the soul of wit, so we are convinced that it is an almost indispensable concomitant of that praying or preaching, which confines itself within the limits of clear and definite ideas, and does not wander into the labyrinth of mysticism, where the teacher and his hearers alike lose their way, and where religion can no longer either edify the mind or ameliorate the heart.

In the times of the great Founder of Christianity, there were teachers whose standard of merit consisted in the length of their prayers and the multiplicity of their ritual

forms. In the present day this criterion of excellence is not totally relinquished, as one may learn, from the praises which are bestowed on the hot-headed visionary, or the cold-hearted hypocrite, who has held forth for two hours in a loose desultory and unintelligible jargon, full of tautology and repetition about points of doctrine, which are in themselves involved in utter darkness, and which can have no other effect than that of perplexing the mind, confusing the thoughts; and causing a forgetfulness of more simple, but more important truths.

Dr. Campbell truly intimates that, amongst some preachers, prolixity is one of the common arts for obtaining popularity, as the ignorant are apt to estimate the value of preaching like the value of more tangible matter, by the quantity rather than by any other more refined mode of appreciation. Dr. Campbell very justly remarks that

‘One bad consequence, therefore, of immoderate length in our religious offices, is, that it tends too much to feed a superstitious disposition in the people, and thereby to divert their attention from that which ought to be the main object—the improvement they make of what they hear. It is the duty of a pastor to wean his people as much as possible, by every method which prudence dictates, from all prejudices and misconceptions, in a matter of such unspeakable consequence. Immoderate length, in all kinds of religious offices, has ever had an influence on weak and superstitious minds: and for this reason, those who have hypocritically affected the religious character, have ever chosen to distinguish themselves by this circumstance. The Pharisees, who made use of religion as a cover to their pride and extortion, “for a pretence,” as our Lord tells us, “made long prayers.” He, who never spoke a word in vain, did not add the epithet *‘long’* unmeaningly: the length of their devotions, as well as the breadth of their phylacteries, and the largeness of the fringes at the corners of their garments, were all so many engines of their craft. Dr. South, speaking of some popular leaders, who rivalled one another in respect of their influence on the multitude, takes notice of a new sort of gymnastic exercise, in which they engaged, unheard of among the ancients, which he denominates, emphatically enough, *‘preaching prizes’*; that is, as I understand it, vying with one another who shall hold forth longest. Can any thing of the nature, use, and end of preaching, be understood or regarded, where such a pharisaic trick is put in practice?

I would not, by all this, be meant to signify, as though we could with propriety, on all subjects and occasions, confine ourselves within the same compass, which was never to be exceeded: I think that is neither natural nor necessary. What

I would chiefly dissuade from, is, whatever savours of ostentation in this particular, or shews any disposition to vie with others in regard to it. The due time to be employed in the public exercises of religion, is, like the circumstances of most other practices, determined very much by custom. The attention and patience of the major part will generally keep up pretty well for as long a time as they expect, from common practice, that there will be a demand for their attention, and as they have been habituated to give it. If that time be much exceeded, unless there be something so very particular as to command attention, it will naturally flag, and end in weariness, impatience, and even sometimes disgust. Besides, it should be remembered, that as attention cannot always be preserved, so the memory, being finite, may be overloaded. It is always safer here to leave off, whilst the people have an appetite for more, than to cloy, by giving them too much. But it may be said, that the appetite of some persons is here insatiable. Depend on it, wherever that is the case, it is a false appetite, and followed by no digestion: the whole significancy of those exercises to such, is the time spent in them, and the transient emotions they feel when thus employed. By the immoderate length, therefore, of public devotional exercises and religious offices, the patience of the intelligent hearer is worn out, the superstition of the ignorant is cherished, the spirits of the performer are very unprofitably exhausted, and that service, which ever ought to be attended with real pleasure, is both to him, and part of his audience, rendered burthensome.

The Scotch Clergy till lately required more cautions against long sermons than our own; but this prolixity seems becoming more general to the south of the Tweed, where the religious horizon is at present more overcast with the vapours of fanaticism, and the genuine substance of religion more dissipated in the fumes of hypocritical cant.

The devotional addresses of man to his maker, must, as far as they are comprehended within the general terms of supplication and thanksgiving, consist of ideas which require not a multitude of words for their expression. A few, and but a few are necessary to say all that the mind can think or the heart can feel. All superfluities of diction, all inflation of language, all idle repetitions, and rhetorical extravagance ought to be avoided, as they only chill the spirit of prayer, and are a studied mockery of the Being to whom we pray. The Lord's prayer furnishes the best model of the manner in which man should supplicate God. Long prayers may feed the frenzy of the fanatic, or the craft of the impostor, but a few simple aspirations of the

soul are sufficient for him who is softened by contrition or warmed by gratitude.

The following passage, which contains matter for serious reflection, does more honour to the sagacity of Dr. Campbell than any other in this volume.

‘The more absurd the speculative and distinguishing tenets of a party are, and the more numerous and fantastical their ceremonies, the more there will be of bigotry in that party, and the less of what alone deserves the name of pure Christian zeal. The reason is obvious: and that the fact is conformable to this doctrine, history but too plainly shews. In proportion as the church declined from her ancient simplicity, adopted absurd dogmas into her system, and vile superstitious mummeries into her worship, she separated herself from the truly benevolent spirit—*zeal*, and contracted an intimacy with that unrelenting fury—*bigotry*. Reason and argument are but ill adapted for maintaining the cause of absurdity and nonsense: racks and gibbets, fire and faggot, answer infinitely better.’

Hence we see why religionists are tolerant in proportion as their creed is rational and their minds enlightened, whilst they are prone to cruelty and persecution in the same degree, that their belief is made up of a web of mysteries, which they can neither define nor comprehend. What men cannot support by argument they will not fail, when they have the power, to maintain by other means. But, as nonsense cannot be defended by reason, force must be employed; and the logic of Locke must give way to that which a code of pains and penalties can supply. A man who has courage to expose the established absurdities, whatever they may be, is to be branded as a heretic, and reduced, if possible, to want a morsel of bread, whilst he who will swear, that black is white, is to be elevated to the pinnacle of affluence.

Let those statesmen who really and truly regard the interests of religious liberty, without which all other liberty will soon be found only the shadow of a shade—remember, that no church can ever be truly tolerant whose doctrines are so absurd or irrational, that they necessarily shrink from discussion and can accordingly be upheld only by prohibitory statutes, interested confederacies, and all the arts and expedients of that persecution which, where it is not open and direct, is more secret and reserved, but equally malevolent in its spirit and equally inhuman in its operations.

ART. XI.—*The Return to Nature, or a Defence of the Vegetable Regimen, with some Account of an Experiment made during the last Three or Four Years in the Author's Family. By John Frank Newton, Esq. Part the First. London, Cadell, 1811.*

WHEN meat is a shilling a pound, it might seem no unpleasant thing to be informed, that we may derive as much nourishment and more health from a mess of potatoes than from a slice of beef. Why should not this be most welcome intelligence to us poor devils of reviewers, who are supposed to look on the sirloin of an ox with as much distant reverence as a Welch curate from the top of his native mountains casts his mind's eye on the cathedral of Canterbury? But alas! we are born and bred carnivorous animals; and how can a reviewer be expected to be otherwise? Must not a mastiff be fed with a raw flesh, before he will devour every thief that enters his master's yard? And how are the precincts of literature to be guarded from depredators, and authors, who venture to commit sacrilege on the territory of the Muses, to be worried, lacerated and most barbarously mauled, if reviewers be not men of a most sanguinary turn of mind? Though, therefore, the vegetable regimen may have the advantage of cheapness, and may even prevent a monthly charge for *Extr. cath. Infus. semn. Sal. Glaub. and capiat. haustum, &c.* still we fear, that it would render us poor critics too gentle for the discharge of our office, which requires your man of the true cannibal breed.

Mr. Newton has endeavoured to bring some of the allegories, apologies and traditions of antiquity from the account of Adam and Eve to the story of Prometheus, to support his opinion, that the main sufferings of man are owing to the dereliction of a vegetable diet, which has multiplied his ailments, impaired his health, and shortened his life. And he has supported his arguments by numerous authorities, dwindling down in weight and importance, like an inverted cone, from the broad bottom of Homer's muse to the insignificant point of Sir John Sinclair's oracular frivolity in his 'code of health.' This part of Mr. Newton's book is very creditable to his sagacity and research.

Mr. Newton appears to ascribe the defect of judgment, want of sagacity, loss of memory, and the prevalence of insanity to the original sin of eating animal food. We

shall not enter into a controversy with Mr. Newton on this subject. All we shall say is, that we do not think it right that reviewers, who have so often to face the whole irritable tribe of authors, who have to expose the folly of some, the vanity of others, to show the falsehood of these and the ignorance of those, ought, for their own sakes, or for that of the public, to eat their cabbage without pork, and to turn their blood into a soft creamy fluid, without any particles of pungency, acrimony, or ferocity in the composition. Even the indigestion, which is said to be cured by abstaining from the flesh of animals, is, in itself, salutary to the cause of criticism, as it tends to render critics querulous and dissatisfied with whatever comes in their way. Now are not these qualities essential requisites in the head or stomach of a reviewer, for, without them, who would read what he wrote, or think his lucubrations worth a groat? Whence could the Edinburgh reviewers procure their quarterly stock of bile, if they fed on grass before it was made into goose?

Mr. Newton, who is no reviewer, is himself a vegetable feeder; and, in an asthma of long standing, he has derived so much benefit from it on the plan recommended by Dr. Lambe, that we do not wonder at his zeal in the cause. Mr. Newton thinks, that all mankind would be greatly improved both in physical and moral qualities by the adoption of a vegetable diet. The present work labours to prove this point, and whatever may be thought of the force of Mr. N.'s reasoning or of the truth of his deductions, no doubt can be entertained of the purity of his benevolence and the sincerity of his zeal to promote the good of his fellow-creatures. His work, at the same time, bears testimony to an inquisitive and reflecting mind. It has not convinced us, that a vegetable diet is the best for man, except in certain states of disease, where it appears to be superior in its efficacy to any, or to all the drugs in the apothecary's shop. Dr. Lambe has, we think, proved this in his 'reports on the effects of a peculiar regimen in schirrous tumours and cancerous ulcers.' But though Mr. Newton has not made us converts to his notions of diet, we have been amused by the variety of his observations and details. And it is certainly no small merit to write a treatise on a particular hypothesis which may be perused with pleasure and with interest by its most determined opponents.

ART. XII.—*Principles of the Constitution of Governments.* By William Cunninghame, Esq. of Enterkine, North Britain. Ridgway, 1811, 4to.

THIS appears to us, notwithstanding its 'homely' structure, and 'apparently obsolete' materials (we quote from the author himself) to be a very sensible and judicious work, and extremely well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, which purpose we shall proceed to explain, and afterwards present our readers with a partial and imperfect analysis of the book itself, instead of offering them our own observations and reflections, which, we are persuaded, would prove far less edifying and instructive than the lessons of one who has so peculiarly made the subject on which he treats, his study and occupation.

In his preface, Mr. Cunninghame says, that his attention was directed towards this subject principally from observing how, in the progress of the French revolution, it became evident that the *principles* of government had never been fully considered by them, or, in his own words, 'that *politics* had never been studied as a *science*.' He casts a rapid glance upon the general revolutions of the world. The theocracy of the Jews was not an institution of man. The constitutions of the heathen world were all greatly defective, and the very wisest and best of their lawgivers and philosophers understood nothing, or little, of the *principles* here treated of.

'Even Aristotle, with that wonderful mind he possessed, amidst the multitude of subjects he embraced, seems rather to have given hints at politics, than a system of politics.—One time, it is restraining a nobility, another time a king, another time a people— but no where does it seem that complete structure, which is formed to give man happiness in government.'—P. ix.

It is for the very useful purpose of *reducing* politics to a science, of supplying the desideratum so strangely left vacant ever since the creation of the world, that our author has undertaken a work, of which the present volume is only to be considered as the commencement. His theory rests on the foundation of '*original right*,' a doctrine which he considers as little less than intuitive; although he devotes half a dozen pages to the examination and support of it. That there are no innate ideas, no moral sense of right and wrong, few philosophers, we be-

lieve, will at this day maintain. 'We shall be told, perhaps, that we got this sentiment from education. But where did education get it itself? from what spring did it draw it? from what source did it deduce it?' p. 2. That some nations have, in some circumstances and particulars, differed, from the rest of the world, in their ideas of right, proceeds entirely from local circumstances, and is no more an argument against the existence of right than the conduct of some individuals in every society, who from perseverance in a course of vice, become so depraved as to lose the sense which Providence has, no doubt, implanted in all our natures. Mr. C. instances the encouragement of theft in Sparta, and the alacrity with which men submit, in some eastern nations, to the honour of dying by the hand of the sovereign. He might have added the self-devotion of widows, and the custom of infanticide among the Hindoos, the exposure of children among the Chinese, that of old people among the Hottentots, the use of the torture and the custom of duelling among the happier nations of Europe, the torments and death inflicted on their prisoners by the North American savages, and a number of examples besides. But were the number infinite, it would not invalidate the general rule, from which all these infinite instances are but instances of *exception*, and always to be accounted for, as our author observes, from the operation of 'local circumstances.'

Wherever there is *right*, there must be *justice* also; therefore there is original justice; and this original justice entitles every man to his own; that is, to *life*, *property*, and *free agency*; to *life*, because it is the gift of God, which he holds independent of his fellow-creatures; to *property*, because God, who gave him life, gave him also the right to use and employ it; to *free agency*, because the gift of life, by an infinitely good and beneficent being, necessarily includes the right of enjoyment; and to the latter free agency is absolutely essential.

'These then,' concludes our author, 'are the three rights of man, viz. *life*, *property*, and *free agency*—they are necessary, and they are all that are necessary, for his happiness. They are all that are necessary for his happiness, because they include either the existence which he gets from God, or the free use, or the relish and enjoyment of it.'—P. 9.

It follows, as a corollary from the preceding rules, that these three rights are all paramount to government; or,

in the author's words, which we quote at length, to give our readers some idea of the preciseness and formality of his manner.

'It appears from the foregoing, first, that these rights of *life, property, and free agency*, are (with reverence be it spoken) from God. II. that, being from God, they are insuperable. III. that they are more particularly independent of government. Being of an origin superior to man, they can never yield to any thing that is of man. IV. that they extend to all equally. The same justice that gives them at all gives them universally. V. and lastly, that they are natural, that is, given by Providence, and consequently most real. Existing antecedent to all things, and consequently preceding every thing artificial, what else can they be? P. 10.

Having dispatched these preliminaries, which may be called the axioms of his science, our author proceeds, in his second book, to enquire, 'if original justice entitle to aught else besides *life, property, and free agency?*' This question he answers in the negative, because man has received nothing else originally from his Creator. But some having insisted on '*equality, power, and independence of government,*' as original rights, we have next to consider how these several claims are respectively founded.

First, as to the claim of *equality*. The inequality in the conditions of men arises from riches, rank, or power. The two former are owing to man's personal labour or exertions; it is therefore against original justice to meddle with either of them. Both originate in the same principle; and with regard to the latter, which though no less true, is perhaps less obvious than the former, Mr. C. happily enough illustrates his doctrine concerning it by a quotation.

'Rank,' he says, 'is an exemplification of natural or real right, which requires a certain state of society to produce it. But this is no proof that there may not be a natural right to it, but only that that right could not be exemplified till a certain situation of things. As Montesquieu says, "the rays of a circle would have been equal, though a circle had never been traced."—P. 13.

Power, being a distinct consideration in itself, is not here treated of; and, as we have seen, it is denied by our author 'that there is any original right to it at all.' It therefore follows, not only that *equality* is not sanctioned by original justice, but that it is directly adverse to its

most obvious principles. The shallow pretence which has been urged in support of *equality*, that 'all men are born equal,' is answered, both by a comparison; and afterwards by a flat denial. 'As well might it be inferred, that because all birds are unfledged at first, or have the same callow down, that, therefore, they should have no increase, or variety, of plumage afterwards.'—P. 15.

The claim of *power* to be considered as an original right is next examined. *Power* is neither conferred by God, like existence, and the use and enjoyment of existence, nor is it at all connected with those first-mentioned gifts. A man may preserve his life and his property, and enjoy his free-agency, without possessing any *power* over the *lives, properties, or free-agency* of others. '*Power* is not founded in original justice; for it is only because a thing is a personality, i. e. conferred by God, or connected with it, that original justice does entitle to it.' P. 18.

The third pretended right, that to '*independence of government*' may, perhaps, be intelligibly dispatched in a few words, for the enlargement of which our limits oblige us to refer to Mr. Cunningham himself. Government is established for the protection of original rights, viz. of *life, property, and free-agency*, *independence of government* is therefore directly adverse to those original rights. But it is impossible that God should have conferred any rights which are necessarily conflicting and irreconcilable with each other. Nor is the denial of this *independence* any invasion of the right of *free-agency*; for *free-agency* does not extend to the injury of other men. Our well-known rule of law, 'to employ that which is your own is not to injure that which is another's,' is strictly founded on original justice.

We now come to treat of what our author calls, '*civil rights*, but which, we find, are only *real or original rights* in another shape. The violence, rapine, and bloodshed, inseparable from a state of nature, soon taught men to seek a remedy for those evils, which they found in the institution of government, or the investment of *power* in the hands of a few for the good of all. These few, of course, soon proceeded to the establishing of general rules or laws, and of penalties for the infringement of them. Now, as the only evils to which men are exposed in a state of nature are injuries offered to their *lives, properties, or free agencies*, it is only for the protection of *life, property, and free-agency*, that government could have been established. These then, are all that can be

understood by civil rights, and the sole legitimate end of government is the maintenance and defence of them.

The fourth book proceeds to treat of '*political rights*,' that is, rights which concern

'the share that a man has in the government of the country.' '*Civil rights* are such as relate to *Life, property, and free-agency; political, to power and authority.* Civil rights are of a private, political or a public nature.'—P. 33.

It has been already said that *government* is founded exclusively on *civil rights*. It would therefore seem to follow immediately, and without the necessity of fresh proof, that *political rights* have their sole origin in the same source. An entire chapter is, however, here devoted to the further examination of the same truth, of which we shall forbear to notice any thing but the conclusion. Some men, says our author, have begun at the wrong end, by '*planting political rights, or rights to power, in the first place*;' others, he has said before, have done the same by the supposed right to *independence of government*. Both sects, it is evident, from what has now been brought forward, are equally wrong, though their principles lead to such diametrically opposite conclusions; and both it may be added, have probably done equal mischief in the world by their false doctrines.

'But, however those persons,' that is, the first class here referred to, "may have founded their argument, or whatever methods they may have taken to support it, still the case is the same, with respect to these, or *civil privileges*. They are, in every way we take them, the criterion or standard of power, or government. Power or government *has* arisen from them, *ought* to have arisen from them, and *never can* do any thing but arise from them.'—P. 39.

If *power, or government*, be necessary for the support of *civil*, that is, of *original rights*, man has clearly a right to *establish* government for that end. Nor has he less a right to *abolish* government when 'it goes contrary to, or destroys the end for which it was established.' For it is, as our author says, '*absurdly blasphemous*' to suppose that God has given rights, and denied the means of protecting and preserving them.

After all that has been stated and proved already, we should have hardly thought it necessary to devote so much space as the author has done in this place to the proof of a difference between the real right to *establish*, and the *supposed* right to possess, *power*. Yet the strange con-

fusion and disputes which have arisen among politicians, from the want of attending to the radical and self-evident distinctions that exist between these two things, may be a satisfactory excuse for the length to which he has been led in his explanation of them.

'If one set of men, maintained at one time that let a nation be ever so miserable, they had no right to change their government, from what could this proceed, but denying a right to establish power as a *means*, since they overlooked the *ends*, for which it was established. And if another set of men upheld at another time, that let a nation be ever so happy, they had a right to depose their rulers, what could this arise from, but asserting a right to possess power as an *end*, (since they took it not as a means connected with *civil privileges*) but an independant, and absolute possession in itself? if men meant only by asserting a sovereign right in the nation, that power was made for their happiness, that is 'for the protection of civil privileges,' and that when it was abused it ought to be recalled, then it was very intelligible and only amounted to a denial of the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, or in blind and unlimited submission to government. But if they meant, on the other hand, that let a nation be ever so happy, ever so much in possession of their civil privileges, they might with any reason, or no reason, on any pretence and any pretext, at all times, and in all circumstances, overturn a government, merely because power was their property, then it was right to possess power, and as wicked and damnable a doctrine, (humanly speaking) as ever was propagated. This was taking the nation as composed of individuals, with every one of them as complete a right to power, as to life, property, and free-agency, the very notion we have been reprobating. But those again were as wrong on the other hand, who maintained, that when once a government was erected, it was by that very circumstance rendered permanent as if it could consecrate itself.' Let us constantly keep our eyes upon the broad distinction between a right to *establish* power, and a right to *possess* power, since it is upon this difference, that is to be built, every sober idea of regular government, every rational notion of free establishment.'

The next right which is considered is that of *non-exclusion* at the moment of constituting the government under which men are to live. Governments, our author says, are only of two kinds. They must be either *open* or *close*.

* An *open* government is that which has in view the interests,

that is, the *civil privileges* of all equally; and a *close*, which has in view the interests of some, that is, *more than* the civil privileges of some, particularly.'—P. 48.

The question, which of these two modes be the better for the preservation of civil privileges, cannot admit of much hesitation. The *open* government, which is evidently the preferable, must depend upon the *non-exclusion* of all the members of the state, by which is meant, not that all the members must necessarily attend at its formation, but that all who choose, or who are able, may attend, either in person, or by others constituted by themselves either as proxies or representatives. This, at least, we conceive to be Mr. C.'s idea, and indeed every man's idea, of an *open* government. The objection, that this mode of constituting a government must lead to a broad democracy which might engender all the evils of absolute anarchy, is met two ways; first, it is not *likely* that people, met together for the sake of forming a constitution which is to preserve their civil rights and privileges, would voluntarily go such lengths as are supposed, and so defeat their own purposes; secondly that, although anarchy may sometimes prevail in a democratic state, yet the evil is only *temporary*, and 'there is always an energy in republics which enables them to recover themselves;' whereas, on the other hand, pursuing the principle of *exclusion*, we run almost necessarily into absolute despotism, or at best into a tyrannical, unjust, and oppressive oligarchy, little superior, in some respects evidently worse, than the most despotic monarchy; with this *fearful* addition, that the evils of either of the two last-mentioned states of society are *permanent*. To sum up all in our author's syllogistic manner, government is constituted for the protection of civil rights. Exclusion would destroy civil rights; therefore the mode of exclusion is not the proper mode for the constitution of government.

The consequence of this doctrine is detailed in another chapter. 'At the moment of forming governments, all questions must be determined by a majority.'—P. 53.

'All governments are either *legal* (that is, proceeding on fixed and settled rules) or *arbitrary* (that is, on the dictates of its own will).' This distinction is in fact the same with that, just noticed, of *open* and *close* governments; that is to say, as, strictly speaking, hardly any government is purely *legal* without some mixture of *arbitrary* power, nor purely *arbitrary* without some fixed

laws to restrain its despotism; so a *close* constitution necessarily tends to the latter, an *open* to the former of these two denominations. 'A *legal* government is either a government of fixed rule, or so far fixed that it must not change by caprice or inclination. It is the negative of *arbitrary* will, or inclination, *sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas*. Mere will must have nothing to do with it.'

After this follow two more chapters, which we think might, without injury to the course of argument, have been omitted altogether, being, from what precedes, altogether self-evident. The object of them is to prove that *legal* government is the best, and *arbitrary* the worst, for the maintenance of civil privileges. 'When the ancient Megarenses came to consult the oracle, in what rank of nations they stood, the answer was,

‘Τρεις δη Μεγαρεῖς εἰς τρίτοι εἰς τετάρτοι
Οὐδε δωδεκάτοι, εἰς ἐν λόγῳ, εἰς ἐν ἀριθμῷ.’

Would not the oracle, did it exist in these days, return a very similar answer to a deputation from Napoleon's 'Good people of Paris?'

All sound *legal* government depends upon a *balance of power*, upon 'such an opposition of wills, as shall prevent any one will from leading or predominating.' This balance consists in a *division of power and persons*. All power is to be divided into *legislative, judicial, and executive*; and this division extends to civil as well as criminal matters, to private as well as public wrongs, to the rights of things as well as persons. The very administration of the state, fleets and armies, treaties and alliances, taxes and subsidies, all fall within the scope of the same comprehensive division. 'We are to look,' says Hume, 'on all the vast apparatus of our government, as having ultimately no other object or purpose but the distribution of justice, or in other words, the support of the *twelve judges*.' Essays, vol. I. p. 35.

Next, as to the persons among whom power is to be divided.

'There are, in every state, three interests or orders, *monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy*.' 'It is nothing to say here, that every state is not a monarchy, an aristocracy, or democracy. There are these *interests* in every state. There is a One, who would be greatest of all, a Few who would be greater than the rest, and a Many who would wish to have things their own way.

The author then proceeds, in as many distinct chapters,

simply to state that 'the spirit of *monarchy* is power;' 'that of *aristocracy*, pride;' 'that of *democracy*, violence;' that 'the three powers united in the first go to *despotism*;' 'in the second, to *oligarchy*;' 'in the third to *ochlocracy*.'—P. 79, 80.

To constitute this balance, there must be a general and substantial *equality* of power and of persons: and, to effect this equality, the division of persons must be made according to their ranks, or different interests, in the state, that is, according to *orders*, not by *bodies*. These *orders*, or interests, have been shewn to be *three*; *monarchy*, *aristocracy*, and *democracy*. These necessarily exist, (although not always visibly) in every state, waiting, in all, only for occasion to call them forth. Nay they exist in every *society* of men, in a village as well as in a kingdom. Julius Cæsar (to adopt our author's sensible illustration) said 'he would rather be the *first* man in a village, than the second in Rome.' This is the spirit of monarchy. 'A lady described herself in a stage-coach as visited by *all the quality of Brentford*.' Here is the pride of aristocracy, 'And, if there be a multitude, who resist all this, and maintain that things should be on a *general footing*, is not this, again, *the many, who would have things their own way?*' P. 82. No just balance can be obtained by splitting orders, and taking men out of their rank and society.

The author proceeds to shew 'that the three powers cannot be vested in two of the orders, to make a balance;' and this chapter is a very curious one. All possible arithmetical combinations of the three powers with the three persons are eighteen in number. Ten of these several modes would vest the *executive*, or the *judicial*, functions, or *both*, in the *people*; but the *people* is manifestly unfit for either. Eight only, therefore, out of the eighteen, are at all practicable; and, if the nobility is excluded from the exercise of the *executive* (to which it is manifestly ill-adapted) these eight will be reduced to four. All the eight are, however separately examined and proved to be inconsistent with the notion of a true and sufficient *balance*, in a passage which we are sorry that it is not in our power to quote entire, and which we will not mangle by any attempt at curtailment. We can only refer our readers to PP. 94—97.

Having fully considered this last question, as far as it can be *theoretically* examined, Mr. C. proceeds to enquire what have been the practical consequences of con-

ferring all the powers on two orders ; as in Carthage and Sparta, or on one, as at Athens ; in the former, the *nobility* possessed two, if not all three, of the powers of the state ; in the latter, the *people* was the depository of all. In the two former, the consequence was a harsh and severe aristocracy ; in the latter, a turbulent democracy, often degenerating into mob-government and anarchy. *Rome* passes next under review. And here, the celebrated passage in Polybius, where that historian praises the constitution of the Roman commonwealth as an illustrious example of the due balance of power among the three orders is examined, and very justly pronounced to be erroneous. The power was, in fact, divided between two orders only, the *nobility* (or senate) and the *people* : the *consuls* had nothing but a *nominal* share in the *executive* which they had reason enough to induce them to forbear the exercise of without the consent and participation of the *senate*. The consequence of this was an everlasting feud between the two principal orders, a constant struggle for superiority, and a want of agreement in any thing but in the thirst for foreign conquests and oppression. Of the *feudal system*, which, as is well known, succeeded, in all the European states, to the Roman government, it seems unnecessary to add anything to the words of Robertson. 'The *monarchical and aristocratical* parts of the constitution, having no *intermediate power* to balance them, were perpetually at variance, and jostling with each other.' The combination of '*king and people*' is said to have existed in the original constitution of Sparta. To instance the *temporary* situation of England under Charles the first and the long parliament, or of France under Lewis the Sixteenth and the convention, seems to be hardly correct, since those peculiar situations were produced only by revolutionary tempests without any settled plan of government. But there can be no reasonable doubt that such a constitution would every where produce the same tumultuous and fatal consequences as are said to have arisen from the constitutions of the old Grecian states before mentioned.

Our limits will not permit us to extend our account of this work to a greater length ; but we strenuously exhort Mr. Cunningham to persevere in the completion of his undertaking. In his further progress, he will probably, without our suggestions, find it proper to lay aside

a portion of that prolixity and tediousness which may perhaps have been essential to the close logical mode required by his *first Principles*, but in which he appears more to resemble the formal author of *Hermes* than any other writer with whom we are acquainted.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 13.—*The Duty of Almsgiving for the Support of Lunatics, a Sermon, preached in the Collegiate Church of Southwell, in the County of Nottingham, October 27, 1811, by the Rev. W. Barrow, LL. D. and F. A. S.* London, Rivingtons, 1811, 1s.

IN this sermon, Dr. Barrow has supported the interests of the General Lunatic Asylum, near Nottingham, with much feeling and force. The heart of the preacher is evidently in the cause of this admirable charity; and what his heart dictated, his tongue spoke. Literary reputation was not the object of Dr. Barrow when he consented to the publication of this sermon at the request of those who heard it in the collegiate church of Southwell; but it is nevertheless very respectable as a literary performance. The circumstances of the unfortunate persons for whom this asylum is instituted, are ably contrasted with those of other human sufferers for whom we establish dispensaries and found hospitals. And the religious and humane motives which impel us to subscribe to other charities, are shown to be doubly operative in impelling the benevolent to contribute to this. After quoting our Saviour's words, 'If ye love them that love you, what reward have ye?' &c. &c. Dr. Barrow says, p. 24,

'Here you may do good to those who cannot thank you for your assistance; for they cannot understand it. They cannot be duly sensible of your kindness; for they are hardly sensible that they stand in need of it. They can feel neither love nor gratitude; for all the gentler and better affections are faded from their minds. I am to solicit in their name that charity, which they do not solicit in their own: for wretched as they are, they know not what would give them relief, nor where it may be sought. Bounty here will indeed be virtue: virtue hoping for no human reward. Above all other classes of the poor, what is given to the poor lunatic is *lent unto the Lord*.'

Again, says the preacher,

Other needy men may have been unwilling to exert their own powers for their own good. The poor lunatic has no powers to be exerted. Other needy men may have disregarded the motives to diligence, or the principles of virtue. The poor lunatic knows nothing of motives or virtues or principles. He has forgotten the most familiar distinctions of right and wrong. He has no judgment to direct his conduct; no mind to guide his hand. As he is not master of his own actions, he cannot give offence to his benefactors. His errors cannot harden your hearts against him. As he cannot be expected to perform, he cannot be understood to violate, the duties of a neighbour or a friend. He proclaims no doctrines hostile to the public peace. He takes no part in the transactions of any suspicious society. He is attached to no sect in the church. He supports no party in the state. He is known only by negatives and privations; by what he wants and what he has lost. The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. Yet to the Jew, that was left naked and wounded by robbers, the Samaritan was considered as a neighbour. One man may be of Paul, and another of Apollos: but charity is always of Christ.'

Dr. Barrow truly remarks, that the maniac, instead of being freed from the force of suffering by a superinduced physical insensibility, suffers, in many instances, with more than usual acuteness. The state of sensation which he exhibits, is not that of chilled and torpid quiescence, but of warm and impetuous agitation. Though the perceptions are confused and the relations of things inverted, and viewed through a false medium, yet the sensorial power is more than ordinarily excited; and the individual seems often to feel more intensity of pain than human beings in any other circumstances. Though the understanding is disordered, yet the nerves seem to discover exquisite sensibility. Hence the insane possess an increased claim to the compassion of the sane and to the beneficence of the rich. As far as beneficence regards the sufferings or the helplessness of its objects, no claim to the exercise of that virtue is so strong as that which is preferred by the insane. We most cordially unite with Dr. Barrow and other good men in wishing success to the asylum for lunatics which has been established near Nottingham, and it would give us the most sincere pleasure to find, that other counties in England would concur in establishing similar institutions.

ART. 14.—*The Christian Minister's Retrospect, an Address, delivered at Worship-Street, Finsbury-Square, Sunday Morning, Nov. 3, 1811, upon the Twentieth Anniversary of his Settlement at that Place. By John Evans, A.M. London, Sherwood.*

THERE is an evident tendency in Mr. Evans's publications to mitigate the reciprocal ill will and animosity of Christian

sects, and to unite them all in the bonds of charity and peace. A man who writes for this purpose, cannot write in vain. If the impression which is made by what he says, be not very general nor very profound, yet, as far as any impression is made, it must have a good effect on the individual and a beneficial tendency towards the community. In this sermon, Mr. Evans gives a plain and clear exposition, with practical remarks, of the theological system, which is professed by the communion of General Baptists, to a particular congregation of which meeting in Worship-street, he has officiated, as a preacher, for twenty years, and he appears to have laboured in his honourable calling with a very praiseworthy assiduity and zeal.

ART. 15.—*Vindiciæ Ecclesiasticæ, a Refutation of the Charge, that the Church of England does not teach the Gospel, a Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of Greenwich, June 30, 1811, by the Rev. T. Waite, M. A. Domestic Chaplain to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Brunswick.* London, Baldwin, 1811.

Mr. WAITE has, in this discourse, put together some commonplace remarks; but we have not discovered any traces of reasoning in his sermon, unless mere assertion can be called argument. In p. 7, of his harangue, Mr. Waite says, that the doctrines of the Gospel, which 'are essentially necessary, are obvious and admit of little dispute.' We do not deny this assertion, taken by itself, for, according to our view of the Christian scheme, the doctrines, which are essentially necessary, are little liable to controversy. But then Mr. Waite makes those doctrines essentially necessary which, instead of being so plain, that he who runs may read, are involved in tenfold obscurity, and can neither be read nor understood. One of Mr. Waite's 'fundamental tenets of the Christian system,' is the doctrine of Original Sin, which is neither taught in the New Testament nor in the Old, and was indeed principally the invention of St. Austin, to whose dogmas more deference has been paid even in the doctrine of some Protestant churches, than to the words either of Christ or his apostles.

ART. 16.—*A Selection from Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Psalms. By Lindley Murray. Author of a French Grammar, &c. &c.* London, Longman, 1812.

Dr. HORNE was a man of considerable taste and imagination, warm in his devotion and amiable in his temper. His religion, though it was what is called orthodox, was by no means of a gloomy cast; and though he is not a man whom we should choose to follow as a critical expositor of scriptural doctrine, yet we think, that he often excels as a commentator on the morality of the Scriptures. Neither his learning nor his sagacity qualified him for the first, in which the strength of his prejudices was increased by the excess of his sensibility; but in the last,

his taste, his affections, his cheerfulness, all his good and pious feelings concurred to second the efforts of his pen, to render what he wrote interesting, and often to make it come home to the heart. We shall not examine how far such selections as the present are justifiable with respect to publications of so comparatively recent a date as Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Psalms; but we have no hesitation in saying, that those young persons of either sex who will attentively peruse it, will not fail to have some good thoughts impressed upon their minds, and some good desires excited in their hearts.

POLITICS.

Art. 17.—Proceedings of a General Court-Martial, held at Chelsea-Hospital, which commenced on Tuesday, May, 7. 1811, and continued by Adjournment to Wednesday, 5th of June following, for the Trial of Lieutenant-Colonel George Johnston, Major of the 102d Regiment, late the New South Wales Corps, on a Charge of Mutiny, exhibited against him by the Crown, for Deposing on the 26th of January, 1808, William Bligh, Esq. F. R. S. then Captain in his Majesty's Navy, and since appointed Rear-Admiral of the Blue, Captain-General, and Governor in Chief in and over the said Territory of New South Wales and its Dependencies. Taken in Short-hand by Mr. Bartrum, of Clement's Inn; who attended on behalf of Governor Bligh, by permission of the Court. London, Sherwood, 1811, 8vo. 12s.

GOVERNOR BLIGH, arrived in New South Wales, in August, 1806, when he entered upon the functions of his government. He found the colony, particularly in the settlement of the Hawkesbury, in a state of considerable distress. Industry was declining, and the intemperate use of spirits exercised a most pernicious influence on the manners and habits of the inhabitants. The new governor appears to have exerted himself with great vigour and success to remedy these evils, and to render the state of the colony more flourishing. Mr. Martin Mason, one of the witnesses, said on his examination, p. 121, that at the time when Governor Bligh succeeded to the government of the colony it was 'in the most distressed state that a colony could possibly be in; and that he had paid 'two shillings per pound for Indian corn bread; but that in the month of January, 1808, prime 'samples of wheat were from 8s. to 10s. per bushel; and that 'there was the greatest abundance of grain' which he 'had ever known in the colony.' Some of Governor Bligh's regulations, however, (particularly that for suppressing the barter of spirits, which was framed for the general good of the settlement), appears to have excited the resentment of individuals, whose sordid views, or whose pernicious pleasures they tended to counteract. On the 26th of January, 1808, Governor Bligh was deposed from his office by the interposition of the military, headed by Major Johnston.

The Major endeavoured to justify this violent measure, on the plea that the unpopularity of Governor Bligh would have caused a general insurrection in the colony, if the commander of the troops had not lent his aid in the deposition of the governor. This pretext, however, does not seem to rest on satisfactory evidence; and the court thought so too; for they found Major Johnston guilty of mutiny, and sentenced him to be cashiered.

ART. 18.—*Remarks on a Bill for the better regulating and preserving Parish and other Registers, addressed to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Sarum. By the Rev. Charles Daubeny, L. L. B. Archdeacon of Sarum. London, Rivington, 1811.*

IN this pamphlet Mr. Daubeny has made some very sensible and pertinent observations on the bill mentioned in the title. We agree with Mr. Daubeny, that the provisions for keeping parish registers, which are made in the 70th Canon, are preferable in every respect to those contained in the present bill. The latter will be found to impose much additional trouble on the clergy, and no small expence on the separate parishes, and a very great one on the kingdom at large, without any adequate advantage to the public. The singular circumstance that, according to the new bill, every person wanting a certificate of a marriage, christening, or burial, must send for it to the general office in London, would alone form a very serious objection to the bill. That parish registers are often very negligently kept, we very well know; but the act might certainly be remedied by a much less complicated and expensive method than that which is recommended by the bill in question.

ART. 19.—*Papers relating to the Action between his Majesty's Sloop Little Belt, of eighteen Guns, and the United States Frigate President, of forty-four Guns. London, Murray, 1811.*

THIS is a republication of the remarks on this unfortunate occurrence, and the documents relative to it, which have already appeared in the Times newspaper. The object is to embody the depositions, &c. relative to the transaction in a more permanent form.

ART. 20.—*Hints to all Classes on the State of the Country in this momentous Crisis.—By one of the People. London, Stockdale, 1812, 1s. 6d.*

SOME of the loose remarks in these hints are true, others are exaggerated, and others totally false. It is not true, that 'the landed interest has acquired a ruinous influence in the Commons House of Parliament.' The contrary is the fact. It is not true, that the state is 'too tolerant.' For religious toleration is one of the few things which is not susceptible of excess. A state

can no more be too tolerant than an individual can be too just.

ART. 21.—*The Sentinel; or, an Appeal to the People of England, in which some Conjectures are offered respecting the present rapid Growth of Sectarism, its Moral and Political Tendencies, &c. &c. With some Remarks on Evangelical Preaching both in and out of the Church. By a warm Advocate for the Purity of the Gospel and a sincere Friend to the Peace, Order, and Well-Being of Society.* London, Baldwin, 8vo. 5s.

THIS is a vague and desultory pamphlet. It is made up of incoherent observations, without any connection of subject or any definite purpose. The author probably is, in his own opinion, a 'warm advocate for the purity of the gospel,' and 'a sincere friend to the well-being of society;' but a spirit of intolerance is neither consistent with the purity of the Gospel, nor with the well-being of society. In one part of his work, this gentleman laments the failure of Lord Sidmouth's bill; and, in another, he calls the 'word TOLERATION,' 'the alarm bell of sedition.' This requires no comment. Before the author writes any more pamphlets, we advise him to read Locke on Toleration, and on The Reasonableness of Christianity, neither of which subjects, he appears, at present, to understand.

POETRY.

ART. 22.—*Leisure Hours, or Morning Amusements, consisting of Poems on a variety of interesting Subjects, Moral, Religious, and Miscellaneous, with Notes. By W. Steers.* London, Sherwood, 1811.

THIS performance is dignified with a dedication, a preface, a prefatory address, a list of subscribers, some eight or nine pages of what the author calls notes, with every other ingredient necessary for *making* a book, except good sense. In the dedication to his brother, who is a bookseller at Worcester, we are told, that if this *nonpareil* of a brother had been so fortunate as to have lived *only two thousand* years ago, he would have had his merits properly appretiated and have obtained a civic crown, and public testimonies of applause. There is a man for you! He is a man of ten thousand! a man of wax, as the old nurse in Romeo and Juliet exclaims. But if Mr. Hall, this wonderful bookseller, deserves so much, what sort of a crown does Mr. W. Steers deserve? If we may judge by his preface, his dedication, his prefatory address, his notes, and his, &c. &c. a trifle will not content him; for he appears upon such excellent terms with his own sweet self, that we know not what he may not think that his dear self deserves. The truth is, the author is one of those happy few whose modesty does not stand in their way; for a greater farrago of conceit, pride, ignorance, and folly,

never soiled a fair sheet of paper. If Mr. W. Steers has a wish to make himself a useful animal in this world of trouble, we would recommend him to attend to brushing and dusting his master's shop, to direct the parcels in a plain round hand with all possible diligence and dispatch, go of the errands, and bring home the messages correctly, but never think of obtruding his canting nonsense upon the public under the title of '*poems on interesting subjects*.' It seems, however, that Mr. W. Steers has not been behind the counter in a bookseller's shop for nothing; for he has found out the receipt for *book making*. And with a smile of self-approbation, he now makes his bow, with all the *non chalance* of an inspired poet, with '*Leisure Hours or Morning Amusements*,' enriched with notes for the edification of all good Christians. And only think, gentle reader, how much obliged we ignorant souls ought to be to Mr. W. Steers for these learned notes of his. In the first place, he tells us, with great gravity, that a pettrel is a species of aquatic fowl; that, if you look sharp and have all your eyes about you, you may see when you are walking by the side of a stream a number of insects sporting on the surface of the water; that Cornelia was a Roman lady and the mother of the Gracchi; and that she showed her children as her treasures instead of her diamonds; that Atalante was an excellent runner in the foot race, and that Perseus, the son of Jupiter and Danae, possessed the head of Medusa, which had the *very singular property* of turning every beholder into stone. For this information, we presume, that Mr. W. Steers imagines we are to turn up our eyes in wonder at his very extensive erudition. But it so happens, that a boy of ten years of age could have enlightened us in the same manner, but without the pompous conceit of this self-approving, W. Steers.

That our poet may not be dissatisfied with us for not selecting a specimen of his abilities, and proving him to have the pen of a ready writer, we give the following.

‘To-morrow to the *vig'rous* arms
Of youth, a maid resigns her charms
In beauty's flow'r;
To equal age by love allied;
To-morrow she becomes a bride,
A maid no more.’

Here is elegance of thought and diction for you; and we can assure our readers, that the rest of the volume is all *equally fine*, whether serious, sentimental, or gay.

ART 23.—*British Scenery, a poetical Sketch. By a Quondam Oxonian and Carthusian.* London, Bickerstaff, 1811, 4to.

THIS poem is in blank verse, but much too desultory to excite any of that interest which arises from the gradual evolution of a

well methodized and consistent whole. The author flits from one scene to another without any apparent thread of association to direct his way. Some of the words which he uses, are either antiquated, affected, vulgar, or unauthorized. Specimens may be found in the following, which we should not have thought it worth while to notice, if it had not been in the work of a man of classical education, as the title shows.

* * * * * the traveller that *wends*

Along the wizzard vale of Chamouni.

We should have supposed, that the more common word 'winds,' would have been quite as appropriate in this place.

* * * * * 'to Mona's *Bardic* isle.'

* * * * * '*manger'd* lay.'

'In Bethlehem.' * * * *

'But who shall *bud* again deserted honour?'

In addition to the affected and unauthorised use of the word 'bud,' here is neither metre nor rhythm. But perhaps the author meant to treat his readers with an hendecasyllabic verse.

* * * * * 'deem not I admire

The crowded rout, or balls promiscuous *stew*.'

Many persons may, for aught we know, be *stewed* in a ball-room, but they should not be stewed in what aspires to be poetry.

* * * * * 'could my lays

Reverse the tide, and make Religion, *Ton*.'

In this place, the omission of the article 'the,' which was omitted, we suppose, out of charity to the prosody, makes the sense not very plain. The author, however, need not have wished to make Religion the *Ton*; for it is the *Ton* already, and has long been so, thanks to Mr. Wilberforce and Miss Hannah More.

'Talking of Lord Lyttleton's improvements at Hagley, the author says, that he

* * * * * '*Edenis'd* the scene,' &c.

The author might have talked thus, if Lord Auckland had purchased the estate.

The author's poetry is often not elevated to the level even of good prose.

* * * * * 'with garbs of every form

And every hue, *successively put on*.'

When the author was at Oxford, he tells us, that

* * * * * 'books and *well-nurtur'd* friends

Lent wings to time.'

Does this imply, that they were well stuffed with college pudding and blooming with college ale?

ART. 24.—*The Cabinet of Entertainment, a New and Select Collection of Enigmas, Charades, Rebuses, &c. with Solutions.* London, Colburn, 1811.

TO those ladies and gentlemen who are disposed to enliven a circle round a good Christmas fire, the present little volume will be acceptable. Here are Transpositions and Rebuses, Charades and Enigmas in great variety; so, that after the fatigue of Forfeits, Questions and Commands, Hunt the Slipper, Consequences, and other appropriate gambols, so pleasant at this season of the year, the young, the old, and the middle-aged, may puzzle their brains and exercise the faculties of their Christmas circle with much merriment and fun.

ART. 25.—*The Kisa, a Comedy, in Five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Lyceum, with the greatest applause.* By Stephen Clarke. London, Longman, 1811.

Mr. CLARKE tells us, that he borrowed the first hint for writing this comedy from the perusal of one of Mr. Ellis's tales in the Specimens of early English Romances; and that he has adapted Fletcher's Spanish Curate as the underplot. Mr. Clarke congratulates himself on his success, as it has given an opportunity to Messrs. Lovegrove and Knight of exhibiting their comic powers to great advantage. But, at the same time, he regrets the hardships which authors have to encounter from the effect of a first night's representation. This, no doubt, is a matter of much serious concern; yet it must be allowed, that a first representation, with all the tumult, imperfections, and awkwardnesses that naturally occur, will ensure a second, a third, and fourth representation, provided the piece has any merit. It is expected, that the pruning knife will be wanted and the audience makes allowance accordingly. Mr. Clarke says, that this piece was received with the *greatest applause*. We will therefore take the author's word for it, and suppose it better to see than to read. And as Mr. Clarke owes so much to Messrs. Lovegrove, Knight, De Camp, and Miss Duncan for the success of his comedy, it might be illiberal in us, who have not the advantage of such company to set off the different characters allotted them, to point out, what we deem, the various faults of the performance. So much depends upon the getting up of modern comedies, that what passes off very well on the stage, appears flat, vapid, and nonsensical in the closet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 26.—*New Canterbury Tales, or the Glories of the Garrison.* By Oliver Outline, Major-General, &c. &c. London, Colburn, 1811.

THE author of New Canterbury Tales seems to have taken no small pains to huddle together as much nonsense and absurdity as might be comprised in 185 pages. It is meant, we presume, to hold up to ridicule the garrison on duty at Canterbury, who, because they had nothing better to do, exercised their talents for *spouting, rehearsing, and finally acting of plays*. This we must

own would be better let alone by our regimental sprigs of fashion. The chief personages are, a major-general, a General Bastion, a Dr. Mac Clyster, and Captain Beaugard, with various other right valiant heroes. The reader will discover the characters of these gentlemen by their names.

Though as we said, there is a great quantity of nonsense in this volume, yet some of it is laughable and innocent enough, and if the *beaux-esprits*, whom it is intended to ridicule, will take it in good part, they may profit by the good humoured satire. But we fear that the ladies of Kent will never forgive the affront offered to their legs; or, as the author, with more elegance, calls them *remarkable pedestals*. We did not know before we read this work that the Kentish ladies were so conspicuous for their *large feet*, and were not a little surprised to find one of the characters of the garrison declaring that all the ladies of the county were '*beef to the heels like a Mullengar heifer*.'—Here's a libel with a vengeance!

ART. 27.—*An Inquiry into the Nature and Cause of the Resp, or that Disease which is so destructive among sheep, especially Lamb-hogs, on being first put to Cole-keeping; with Proposals for publishing by Subscription, a Recipe, containing Directions effectually to Prevent and Cure the Resp, and to promote the increased Safety of Cole and Turnip-Feeding Sheep throughout the Year.* London, Longman, 1811, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

ACCORDING to this author, 'the resp, or rasp (as it is generally pronounced) is that disease among sheep which seizes them upon being first put to keeping that is extremely succulent, or in the technical phrase, *frannel*.' When the animal is slaughtered, before the disease has reached its fatal termination, 'the whole mass of blood,' says the writer, 'will be found black and thick, 'but all the viscera perfectly sound, excepting only the milt (spleen) which will be swollen, black, and rotten.' When the animal is killed by the disease, 'the whole of the inside,' is found on dissection, 'entirely putrid.'

'Among those not slaughtered the symptoms proceed as follows:—They are first discovered by not readily driving; if left, they presently lie down and appear dull and heavy. Shortly after, if a person goes to them they will get up unwillingly and walk slowly away, straining often to stale without being able. In another short interval they must be forced, or helped, to rise; and then they will generally stale blood in small quantities, but quickly lie down again, and gather their feet under them: or rather they drop down upon the belly. The stupor increases and the head totters; they betray great anxiety, and hang their ears, or draw them backwards; their eyes are shut, and the nose rests on the ground; thus they die, without any froth at the nostrils, and they never struggle at all.'

Whether the author has discovered a remedy for this fatal malady, it must be left to experience to determine.

Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in December, 1811.

A NARRATIVE of the persecution of Hippolyto Joseph da Costa di Mendoza, 8vo. 2 vols. 1l.

A View of the Policy and Resources of the United States, 1s.

An Introduction to the Memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy, 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Buchan, A. P. M. D. Binomia.—Opinions concerning life and health, 5s. 6d.

Bell, Rev. Andrew. D. D. Instruction for conducting Schools on the Madrass System, 1s.

Brandish, Joseph.—Observations on the Use of Caustic Alkali in Scrophula and other chronic Diseases, 3s.

Burrell, Miss P.—The Test of Virtue and other Poems, 8vo. 7s.

Bourke Thomas, Esq.—A concise History of the Moors in Spain, 4to. 1l. 1s.

Colebrook, H. T.—Costra; or, Dictionary of the Sanscrit Language. By Amara Scritia, with an English Interpretation and Annotations, 4to. 5l. 5s.

Conferences between the Danish Christian Missionaries and the Heathen Natives of Hindostan, 5s.

Drouville, J. B.—Proposals for the Formation of a Corps of British Lancers, 4to. 10s. 6d.

Dillon's Considerations on the Royal Marriage Act, and on the Application to a Marriage out of Great Britain, 3s. 6d.

ΕΥΡΥΠΙΔΟΥ ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΕΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ. Euripidis Hippolytus Coronifer. Ad fidem manuscriptorum ac Veterum Editionum emendavit, et Annotationibus instruxit. Jacobus Henricus Monk, A. M. SS. Collegii, Trinitatis Socinus et Græcarum Literarum apud Cantabrigienses Professor Regius. 8vo. 6s. 6d. Boards.

East Edward, Hyde, Esq.—A Report of the Cases of Sir Francis Burdett, versus the Hon. Charles Abbott, &c. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Friends and Lovers, a Novel, 2 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Grenfield Rev. E. W. A. M.—The Crisis of Religion, a Sermon, 1s.

Gaisford Stephen, Esq.—An Essay on the good Effects in the British West Indies, from the Abolition of the Slave Trade, 8vo. 7s.

Holstein, A. F.—The modern Kate, or the Husband perplexed, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Jopp James.—Historical Reflections on the Constitution and representative System of England, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Kemble, J. P. Esq.—A Letter to, with Strictures on, a recent Edition of Ford's Dramatic Works, 8vo. 2s.

Lefanu Alicia Rosara's Chain; or, the Choice of Life, a Poem, 6s.

Liddiard Mrs.—The Sgelaighe; or, a Tale of old, with other Poems, 7s.

Leyburn, Thomas.—The Mathematical Repository, No. 11. 4s.

Law, John, D. D. Archdeacon of Rochester.—A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Rochester, 4to. 2s.

Mackenzie's Sir George, Bart.—Travels in the Island of Iceland in the Summer of the Year 1810. 4to. 2 Maps, 15 Plates. 3l. 3s.

Meeke Mrs.—Matrimony, the Height of Bliss, or the extreme of Misery, a Novel, 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s.

Marsden, W. F. R. S.—A Dictionary of the Malayan Language, 4to. 2l. 2s.

Muller William, D. P. M. A.—The Elements of the Science of War, 8vo. 3 vols. 3l. 3s.

Nicholson's Mechanical Exercises, or the Elements and Practice of Carpentry, Joining, Bricklaying, &c. &c. 8vo. 18s.

Parker Wilmot Alfred on Reform, 2s.

Philarator—Agriculture defended, &c. 8vo. 3s.

Swammerdam, Martin Gribaldus.—The Life and Adventures of Paul Plaintive, Esq. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

The Magic Ring; or, Ingratitude punished, an Eastern Tale, 5s.

The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, Vol. XI. 4to. 1l. 4s.

Wakefield Priscilla.—Instinct displayed in a Collection of well-authenticated Facts, 5s. 6d.

APPENDIX.

ON the First of next Month will be published the Appendix to the present Volume of the C. R. containing various Articles of Foreign Literature, with Index, &c.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IN Compliance with the Wishes of numerous Friends of the CRITICAL REVIEW, it has been determined, at the conclusion of the present Volume, to insert those Articles of foreign Literature, which are of real Interest or Importance, in the Body of the Work, without publishing them in a separate Appendix. An Index will be added at the end of every Sixth Number. The C. R. will, therefore, in future form only Two Vols. in a Year, instead of Three, according to the old Arrangement. Thus a considerable Expence will be saved to the Purchaser; who, for the small Sum of Thirty Shillings a Year, will be furnished with an Account, not only of ENGLISH, but of FOREIGN LITERATURE, at least three times as copious as is to be found in any of those quarterly Collections of Essays, which are called Reviews.

THE
APPENDIX
TO THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XXIV.

No. V.

ART. I.—*Histoire generale de l'Espagne, depuis les tems les plus reculés, &c.*

General History of Spain from the most remote Times to the End of the eighteenth Century. By G. B. Depping.
Paris, 1811. London, Dulau, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 6s.

THE learned author of this work proposes, within the moderate compass of four octavo volumes, to comprise the history of Spain from the earliest period to the end of the eighteenth century. Only two of these volumes are at present published, or at least have hitherto made their appearance in this country. The first volume contains the history of Spain from the most remote antiquity to which literature can extend its researches, to the thirty-sixth year before the christian æra. In the second volume the history is continued from the period, when Spain had become a Roman province under the monarchy of Augustus, to the termination of the reign of the Goths in Spain. In the conduct of the work the author has drawn his materials from the most authentic sources, and has displayed a laborious diligence in searching original documents, and investigating historical facts, which is not very usual with modern writers, particularly those of France.

The Spanish literature,' says the author,
'abounds with works on their national history, but there are few

of them of which the value is known in the other countries of Europe. A great number indeed of these works is filled with prejudices and misrepresentations; for there is no nation which has evinced so little critical discrimination in their historical works as the Spanish. Forged documents are no where more numerous than in Spain. Unsuspecting credulity, national vanity, and devotional extravagance, have contributed in the literature of this people to produce more romances than histories. Besides the Spaniards are almost entirely strangers to the literature of other countries, particularly that of the north, where researches have nevertheless been prosecuted which throw considerable light on many parts of Spanish history.

At the head of his work the author has placed a copious list of his authorities, with some critical notes on the merits of the authors and their works. He has particularly commended the work of Masdeu, entitled '*Historia critica de Espana y de la cultura Espanola en todo genero*,' &c. 20 volumes quarto, Madrid, 1784—1800. Meusel in his *Bibliotheca Historica*, vol. VI. p. 162, has spoken too contemptuously of this work; for he says, '*quippe qui omni arte critica fere careat*.' But M. Depping thinks that this judgment of Meusel was occasioned by his ignorance; and that he had never seen any thing but a trifling extract from the work which he condemned. M. Depping says of Masdeu that he is 'the first Spaniard who undertook the important task of treating the history of his country in a critical manner, and conformably to the progress of knowledge in modern times.'

M. Depping distributes his work under four epochs: 1. The entrance of the Romans into Spain. 2. The invasion of the Goths. 3. The invasion of the Moors. 4. The establishment of Christian kingdoms and their union under one monarch. But the author first exhibits the best sketch, which the obscurity of the subject, owing to the dearth of satisfactory documents, would permit of the state of Spain anterior to the arrival of the Romans. We shall not follow the author in his erudite researches respecting the Celts and Iberians, who appear to have been the earliest recorded inhabitants of the peninsula, and who from subsequent incorporation gave rise to the Celtiberian race.

When all the people, who afterwards made a figure in history, were destitute of civilization, the merchants of Tyre and Sidon covered the sea with their ships. In the interval between the reign of David and Cyrus, the Phœnicians ascended to their highest pitch of prosperity, and

formed those establishments in Europe, Asia, and Africa, which caused commerce to flourish in the midst of barbarous nations.

The first colonies or marts of the Phœnicians in Spain were confined to the coast of Granada and Andalusia, where they exchanged their articles of dazzling exterior, their trinkets, cloths, and various manufactures, for the gold, silver, and other valuable productions of the soil. The whole southern coast of Spain, where the Phœnicians traded, appears to have received the name of Tarsis, Tarseion or Tartessus. These were the denominations by which the people of that time denoted the country with which the Phœnicians carried on such a lucrative trade. The ships of Tarsis which are mentioned in holy writ, are the ships which visited the southern coast of Spain, where the Phœnicians had erected their commercial establishments.

The most important emporium of the Phœnicians was at Gades, or Cadiz. This place was the depôt of the commerce of Spain with the most remote parts of the world. The foundation of this colony was begun in the reign of Codrus, or between the year 1116 and 1095, anterior to the Christian æra. Sabeism, or the worship of the bright orbs in the firmament, particularly the sun and moon, was the religion of the Phœnicians. Hercules, who was the symbol of the sun, was, of course, the principal divinity of this commercial people: and Hercules had at Gades as well as at Tyre, a magnificent temple erected to his honour by the munificence of his worshippers.

Gades served the Phœnicians as a point of departure for more distant navigations. They pursued their course, according to the nautical unskilfulness of that time, along the whole western coast of Spain, till they penetrated, by degrees, into the north of Europe. Tin and amber were the great articles of traffic which they brought back from these then adventurous voyages. It is not clearly ascertained from what region they obtained their amber, but it must have been from a great distance, as it was worth its weight in gold.

The constitution of Gades was republican, and, like Carthage, was governed by magistrates, called *Suffetes*, till it submitted to the domination of Rome. The first Greek colony, which settled in Spain, came from the isle of Rhodes, and founded the town of Rosas, nine hundred years before the Christian æra. About three hundred and fifty-five years after this period, the Phœnicians obtained

an establishment in Catalonia, and founded three colonies near the river Xucar, particularly that of Dianium, or the modern Denia. Saguntum, the modern Murviedro, was founded by the Zacynthians.

The Carthaginians, following a different policy from their Phœnician progenitors, united with the spirit of commercial adventure the lust of military aggrandizement, which, in the end, proved ruinous not only to their commercial prosperity, but to their political existence. The Carthaginians extended their commerce and their arms over the most important provinces of Spain. Hanno, on his return from his famous voyage of discovery, acquired the government of the Carthaginian possessions in Spain. By the wealth which he extorted from the country, subject to his command, he formed a considerable party, and meditated a design of subverting the liberties of his country. But his inordinate ambition hastened his fall as well as that of his whole family.* During this period hostilities were first commenced between the Romans and the Carthaginians in Sicily and in the Mediterranean. Spain as yet took only an indirect part in this contest, by aiding Carthage with some troops which were reputed the best disciplined of any in the service of that republic. They fought with great swords which were fitted both to cut and to thrust, and 'their uniform was a vest of white linen cloth, bordered with red.'

Amilcar Bæreas, the father of Hannibal, who made him when a boy of only nine years of age, swear eternal enmity to Rome, employed eight years in subjugating a large part of the peninsula; without ever, for a moment, losing sight of his vindictive projects against the Roman state. Peace was concluded between Rome and Carthage, A. U. C. 522; and in the following year Amilcar was defeated by the Celtiberians, and was slain by one of their chiefs. Under the government of his son-in-law, Asdrubal, the Greek colonies, which were established on the coasts of Catalonia and Valencia, began to entertain fears for their liberty, from the ambitious designs of the Carthaginians: and feeling themselves incapable of making an efficacious resistance against so powerful an enemy, they solicited the protection and the alliance of the Roman people. The senate of that warlike race eagerly embraced so favourable an opportunity of humbling the power of their rivals, and of checking the progress of the Carthaginian arms in

* Justin, lib. xxi.

Spain. An embassy was sent to Carthage; and a short time after a treaty was concluded, in which it was stipulated 1st, that

‘ The Carthaginians should not push their conquests in Spain beyond the Ebro; and 2d, that they should leave the Saguntines and the other Grecian colonies in the full enjoyment of their liberty and independence.’

The first of the above two articles of this treaty, M. Depping has taken from Polybius;* though Livy cites it, but in a manner somewhat different; and the author well remarks that the authority of Livy, on this and other occasions, is not entitled to implicit credit, as he appears to have been but badly informed with respect to the affairs of Spain.

The government of Asdrubal in Spain was distinguished by the foundation of Carthagera, or New Carthage. Asdrubal, as we learn from Polybius, founded this city during his politic and active administration, with the intention of making it the seat of that sovereignty which he hoped, one day, to obtain. Carthagera soon became one of the best stations for merchant vessels, and a place of disembarkation for the Carthaginian fleets. Hannibal made it a considerable magazine of arms. After it was taken by the Romans, it did not lose its maritime importance, till the invasion of the Vandals, who destroyed most of the sumptuous buildings with which it had been adorned. Its ancient splendour is still attested by the arena of an amphitheatre, the ruins of an aqueduct, and some remarkable inscriptions.

After having governed Spain for about eight years, Asdrubal was assassinated by one of the slaves of a Spanish prince, of the name of *Tagus*, whom the Carthaginian general had put to death. The command of the army and of the province then devolved on Hannibal, who was twenty-five years of age. One of the first acts of Hannibal, after he assumed the command, was to march into New Castille, where he reduced the Olcades, and took Althea, the capital of the people. Livy, with his usual inaccuracy, calls this place Carteya. The following year he entered the kingdom of Leon, and made himself master of Arbocala and Elmantica, the present Salamanca. He traversed with his army the whole interior of Spain, and gave his name to a port near Cape St. Vincent. He, at

* Lib. iii. ch. 27.

the same period, opened the rich silver mines in the Pyrenees, from which the Carthaginians were, for some time, supplied with resources for their military expeditions.

As Hannibal had been nurtured in a malignant antipathy to the Roman people, he eagerly embraced the first opportunity of gratifying it. Some dissensions had arisen between the citizens of Saguntum, and their neighbours the Torholetani, whom 'Livy confounds with the Turdetani.' The Carthaginian general eagerly espoused the cause of the Torholetani. He sent a deputation of that people to Carthage, with a false representation of the quarrel, and received full powers to act as he thought best in the case. Hannibal instantly laid siege to Saguntum with 150,000 men; amply provided with every thing necessary for the capture of the place. The siege was pressed with uncommon vigour. The Roman deputies in vain remonstrated against the injustice of the proceeding; but their opposition was confined to remonstrances. For with an unusual perfidy or baseness, the Romans abandoned their generous allies to the revenge of their implacable foe.

The besieged, however, though left to themselves against such fearful odds, performed prodigies of valour; and for nine months frustrated the efforts of their assailants. As the Carthaginians carried the outer works, the Saguntines entrenched themselves with their families in the centre of the city. On the approach of night they made a last sally. The most horrible butchery ensued which can be conceived. The desperation of the besieged was equalled only by the fury of the besiegers. When the women learned that their husbands had fallen by the swords of the enemy, they set fire to the pile which had been previously prepared, and threw themselves with their children into the flames.

We have again related this well-known event, not only as it records the first instance of that invincible heroism, which the Spaniards afterwards evinced in their long and bloody conflicts with the Romans, which were continued for about two hundred years, but as it reminds us of the courage, the patriotism, and self-devotion which we have lately seen displayed by the inhabitants of both sexes, and of all ages in the ever memorable sieges of Saragossa and Gerona. If the Spaniards of the present day will exhibit the same constancy of resistance to the troops of France, as their ancestors, two thousand years ago, did to the legions of Rome, we do not despair of their success in the

arduous struggle; and on this at least we may confidently rely that it will not be survived either by Bonaparte or his successors.

After the destruction of Saguntum, Hannibal set out on his march for Italy, the object of so much wonder and exaggeration in the narrative of Livy, where we admire the inimitable eloquence of the writer, though we cannot applaud the fidelity of the historian. In the war in Italy, the Spanish troops contributed greatly to the victories of Hannibal over the Romans under Scipio, Sempronius, Flaminius, and Metellus. In the great battles of Trebia, Thrasymene, and Cannae, Hannibal owed much of his success to the Iberian cavalry, the Celtiberian foot, and the Balearic slingers.

On his departure from Italy, Hannibal left the command in Spain to his brother Asdrubal. We shall not enumerate the events which followed till the superior conduct or better fortune of the Romans put an end to the Carthaginian domination in the peninsula. Suffice it to say that, in the year 201 before the Christian æra, it was stipulated in the treaty between Rome and Carthage, that no Carthaginian should set his foot in that country. Such was the termination of the second Punic war.

Before however the author brings his history up to the period which we have just mentioned, he exhibits a very erudite and very interesting sketch of the manners, &c. of the Spanish people at that epoch. This sketch is distributed under the heads of Character, Arms, Funerals, Amusements, Food, Dress, Customs, Agriculture, Condition of Women, Habitations, Commerce and Navigation, Money, Working of Mines, Worship and Idolatry. This is followed by some particular and characteristic notices of the Asturians, the Cantabrians, the Vaseons, the Callaici, the Lusitanians, the Celtiberians, the Iberians, and the inhabitants of the Balearic isles.

We shall translate a few extracts from this part of the work, both for the gratification of the reader, and as specimens of the learning and talents of the author.

‘**ARMS.** The arms of these warlike people,’ (the antient inhabitants of the Peninsula) ‘were, for their foot soldiers, two darts or small lances, about three feet long, and a two-edged sword, shaped like a large poniard. The Romans finding, by experience, the important use* which the Spaniards made of

* It was in the wars against Hannibal that it was introduced into the Roman army. See Suidas, *art. Μεγαλαί*; and Florez *Medallas*, cap. 6.

this weapon, introduced it into their own army, and gave it the name of *the Spanish sword*.* On some medals the short sword is seen curved in the form of a scythe, which was also employed among the warlike implements of this people. What is remarkable is, that its edge was not on the exterior but the interior side. To these arms they sometimes added the sling and the *bident*, a wooden weapon, on the end of which was fixed a piece of iron, curved in the form of a crescent, with two sharp points to arrest the progress of cavalry. The infantry wore a frock of linen, and sometimes of brass, with a mitre or cap on the head. In the southern provinces they wore a small round buckler called *cetra* on the left arm; but in the north they used, like the Gauls, large shields, two feet in diameter, and covered with the hides of animals. The cavalry wore short linen jackets, and had the head covered with a helmet surmounted with three plumes. They are represented on medals, sometimes armed with a sabre, sometimes with a sword curved like a scythe, sometimes with a club, sometimes with an axe, but most commonly with a lance about six feet in length. All their warriors had their legs and feet protected with greaves, such as are still worn in several provinces. Each of the horsemen commonly took a foot soldier behind him, who alighted at the moment the battle began; for having only very short arms, it was necessary for them to come to close combat, and to beat down the enemy if they could by superiority of strength. The ancient Spaniards showed surprising address in the management of their horses. A cavalier often conducted two at a time, and vaulted with ease from one to another. Their army was preceded by standards, on which they usually represented a boar, either because this animal was regarded as the symbol of war, or because they intended to delineate the conflict of Hercules with the boar of Erymanthus.

Bull fights, which are the favourite spectacle of the modern Spaniards, appear to have constituted one of the principal diversions of their remote ancestors.

'On many of the ancient medals of the country,' says M. Depping, 'we see men armed with a lance on the point of attacking a furious bull. This action is pourtrayed also on a monument discovered at Clunia about thirty years ago. The

* Livy, hist. lib. vii. Polyb. lib. vi. ch. 23. See also the note of Schweighoeuser on lib. ii. ch. 30. and J. Lips. *de Milit. Rom.* lib. iii. dial. 3.

† *Cetra* est scutum loreum, quo utuntur Afri et Hispani. Servius ad *Æneid* vii. 732. Diodor. lib. vi. *Vasconcellos* nevertheless doubts whether the *cetra* was ever made of brass, since the sound of these instruments served as an accompaniment to the war song of the Callaici. According to his opinion they were of wood, and covered with a plate of bronze. See the commentary of this learned man in the work of Resende *De Antiq. Lusit.*

origin of this spectacle was formerly ascribed to the Romans; but these monuments demonstrate that bull-fights were exhibited in Spain long before the Romans had any knowledge of the country.'

The dress of the men, in time of peace, commonly consisted of a long vest of wool, dyed black, which had sometimes a hood attached to it behind, as an occasional covering for the head;* it was fastened on by strings or clasps. This was the primitive costume of the ancient Spaniards, known under the name of *Sagum*, which, perhaps, passed from Spain into Gaul, and Italy. They wore their hair very long, and some of them had bushy beards. The dress of the women was decorated with variegated flowers. Their ornaments merit particular attention: some of them wore necklaces made of steel, to which thin rods of iron were fastened before and behind, and curved upwards at the end. These were used to expand the veil, which was thrown over the head. Others decorated the head with an assemblage of semi-circular ornaments, which hung down to the ears or the shoulders, gradually diminishing in size. Their highest pitch of coquetry consisted in a very large and highly polished forehead. In order to have this mark of beauty in perfection, they shaved the head immediately above the forehead, and afterwards spared no pains to render the skin as smooth as possible. The head-dress of these ladies, with the large forehead, was equally singular. It was a kind of cap a foot high, stuck on the hair, dressed in the form of a toupee, which was covered with a black veil. Similar head-dresses were seen in France under the reign of Louis XV.; and we find traces of them, at present, in some of the Spanish provinces.'

Amongst the ancient Spaniards, the labours of agriculture were devolved on the female part of the community. This is at present too much the case in the Peninsula, and is not improbably supposed to be a leading cause of that indolent habit which too usually characterizes the Spaniards of the other sex. The Spanish women of ancient times

• Cultivated the earth with oxen, which they attached to the yoke, not by the head, but by the neck, as is still practised in many countries. Some medals, and amongst others, those of the town of Obulco, exhibit the forms of all the agricultural implements which were then in use.† The women drove the plough; but did not the less attend to the cares of their hous-

* On the use of the hooded sagum (*sagum cucullatum*). See *le Costume des Peuples de l'antiquité, prouvé par les Monumens*, by A. Lens. Dresden, 1785, p. 198; and Ciacconi, note 243, on the column of Trajan.

† Florez *Medallas*, tabl. xxxiii, numb. 1 and 2.

hold. They extended their vigilance to every thing, without being discouraged by the most hardy toils. Thus the fair sex, which, in other countries, is so delicate and so feeble, had, in this, acquired a robust constitution, which was fitted for every species of domestic or agricultural employment. When the women were suddenly seized with the pains of childbirth, they laid themselves down wherever it might happen, enveloped their new-born babe in a blanket, and returned to their occupations. The husband then put himself to bed for some days, and was waited upon by his wife with peculiar assiduity.* It is not easy to discover the origin or the motive of this capricious custom, which is found, as is well known, amongst several of the savage tribes of America.†

In this period of the Spanish history, it is remarkable, that the laws granted the heritage of the father to the female children, to the exclusion of the males. M. Depping thinks this custom to have been wise and salutary in the then state of the country and circumstances of the times. It was just that the paternal property should descend to them to whose toils it owed its fertility; and

‘how many outrages and dissensions would not have been occasioned by the division of this property amongst the brothers in a state of society, where the men followed no other occupation but that of war, and were almost always in arms?’

When any one was afflicted with a serious malady, his countrymen are said to have had him placed in the streets, in order that the passengers might take compassion on him, and acquaint him with those remedies which had been found useful in similar cases. Justice was rigorously administered; ‘the punishment reserved for great criminals was to be stoned to death, or thrown from the top of a rock‡.

To be acquainted with the theological system of a people, is to know their intellectual proficiency. The one is no uncertain criterion of the other.

* Strabo, lib. iii. Justin. lib. xlv.

† Marco-Paulo remarked the same practice amongst the Tartars, and Diodorus attributes it to the ancient Corsicans. M. Boulanger, who undertook to explain, in a systematic manner, the origin of national usages, has not been successful in this any more than in some others. ‘It seems,’ says he, ‘that this conduct of the husband was regarded as a kind of penitential act, founded on the shame and sorrow of having given birth to a being of his own species.’ *Antiq. dévoilée*. lib. ii. ch. 2. It is to be but ill acquainted with human nature to believe, that amongst any people paternity can be an object either of sorrow or of shame.

‡ *Τους ἐν θανάτου μὲνου; καταπετρούσι*, says Strabo, lib. iii. The verb *καταπετρούω*, which is here used, may have the two senses given it in the text.

'The Tyrians and their colonies, addicted to Sabeism, adored the stars of the day and of the night, under different emblems; the sun under the emblem of Hercules, the pilot of navigation, or of Hercules drawing a bow; the moon under that of a head with two horns, as of a bull or a cow. The first of these heavenly bodies was worshipped under the name of *Baal*, and the second under that of *Astarte*. Hence we see, that these two divinities were only the Apollo and Diana of the Greeks under another appellation, and indeed only the Osiris and Isis of the Egyptians, who also designated the star of night by the figure of a cow. After having laid down this fact, as a principle, we may presume, that the ancient Spaniards, after the manner of other nations, represented these divinities under similar symbols, and paid them the tribute of ceremonious adoration*.'

This explanation of M. Depping certainly throws great light on the origin of numerous monuments which are dispersed over the whole surface of Spain.

'We there frequently find bulls carved in stone; there were formerly ten of these at Beja, in Portugal, and they are not of rare occurrence in other places. A bull, carved in stone, was formerly seen on the bridge of Salamanca, of much greater antiquity than the bridge itself; it was apparently a national idol of a very remote epoch.'

Our limits will not permit us to produce any more passages from this valuable part of M. Depping's work, and we must revert to the history, which we left off at the period of the complete expulsion of the Carthaginians from the Peninsula.

Rome began now to regard Spain as a province subject to its dominion, and meditated the establishment of a stable government. The country itself was divided into the citerior and the ulterior Spain, each of which parts was to be governed by a proconsul. But, at this period, poverty began no longer to be the boast, nor the contempt of wealth to be the characteristic of the Roman citizens. The people, over whom they extended their arms, could no longer celebrate their probity and disinterestedness. The men in power rendered their offices subservient to their lust of riches, and the senate shut their eyes to those acts of rapine and plunder, which, while they enriched the members of their order, poured large sums into the public treasury. Even the honours, which should have been reserved as a

† A proof, says M. *Erro y Asperoz*, that the full moon was the most distinguished festival amongst the ancient Spaniards, is, that the name *igandia* (or *astcartia*), which they give to it, is still put for Sunday in the Basque tongue,

tribute of respect to more magnanimous qualities, were polluted by being conferred on those who had signalized themselves only by the extent of their rapacity and the magnitude of their exactions. The proconsul Lucius Lentulus brought from Spain two thousand four hundred and fifty pounds of silver, for which he obtained an ovation, and was on the point of being rewarded with a triumph. *Cneus Lentulus*, at the end of his proconsulate, returned with one thousand five hundred and fifteen pounds of gold, twenty thousand pounds of silver, besides a large sum of money in coin, and as a grateful acknowledgment for the achievement, he was permitted to make a public entry into Rome, whilst his colleague, *Lucius Stertinius*, who, on his part, had amassed fifty thousand pounds of silver, caused three fine triumphal arches to be erected at his own expence. The pillage of the provinces formed the boast of the capital, and the exactions of the most atrocious injustice were disguised under the name of the fruits of victory.

The pretors, who succeeded the proconsuls in the government of this country, were not less distinguished by their cupidity, and the sentiment of oppression soon excited a general insurrection against the Roman power. We shall not enter into the detail of the bloody wars which ensued between the then patriots of Spain, and the unprincipled freebooters of the Roman commonwealth. We shall only select a few of the distinguishing traits of this obstinate struggle for independence, on the part of the Spanish provinces, and of subjugation on that of the Roman state. Even Cato, whose rigid integrity is so much the object of praise, was guilty of many unprincipled acts during his government in Spain. The ancient Romans made it their boast to conquer their enemies by the mere force of valour, without the circumventions of fraud, but Cato did not hesitate to employ a large sum of money to procure spies and traitors amongst the Celtiberians. On one occasion, when he was anxious to know the numbers of the enemy, whom his perfidy had excited to revolt, he put one of the inhabitants of the country to the most horrid extremities of torture, in order to force him to disclose what his love of his country impelled him to conceal. Whole districts were exposed to the nocturnal pillage of his troops, and all the inhabitants of one town who were not so prompt as others in making their submission, were sold as slaves.

Scipio Nasica, one of the pretors, appears to have acted with more disinterestedness than most of his countrymen

who commanded in Spain; but when he sent to the senate to request some pecuniary supplies for his necessary expences, his demand is said by Livy to have appeared extraordinary and unjust; and he was told, that he had nothing to do but to take what he wanted in the country where he was. Thus it appears, that the Roman senate authorized the oppression of its magistrates, provided they tended to enrich the public treasury. Like Napoleon the great, and other great men, they thought it right that the people should pay for being conquered.

M. Depping gives a clear and excellent account of the noble attempt of Viriathus, a Lusitanian shepherd, to deliver his country from the Roman yoke. Viriathus was called *latro* by the Romans, as Bonaparte, at present, gives the name of *brigands* to the leaders of the Spanish *guerrillas*. In about two years, the energetic genius of this *robber* or *brigand* delivered the half of Spain from the oppression of the Romans, nor did that people ever experience more disaster or disgrace. Their best generals and their best troops were successively beaten, and the Romans, by procuring Viriathus to be taken off by treachery, showed that they despaired of conquering him by force.

Aurelius Victor pretends, that the senate disapproved this base act, but he produces no one fact to establish his assertion. The senate had become indifferent to its own shame, and to the crimes of those who represented their authority in the provinces.

All the interesting circumstances relative to the ever memorable siege of Numantia, are selected by the author, and blended into a perspicuous and affecting narrative. The treachery and cruelty which the Romans displayed on this occasion, are an indelible blot on their national character. Their conduct during the siege offers a striking contrast to that of the Numantines, which was frank, generous, and humane. Their simplicity was more than once betrayed by the perfidy of their enemies, who made higher claims to civilization. No eulogy on the valour of the citizens of Numantia can be more eloquent than the mere relation of the fact, that for fourteen years they withstood the whole weight of the Roman power, and that the capture of this single town cost the Romans more than the conquest of whole provinces in Asia.

‘No other event,’ says M. Depping, ‘during the wars of the Romans in Spain, was so memorable either in a political or military point of view. In order to reduce a town of moderate ex-

tent, Rome was obliged to display the greatest resources of the military art.'

The fall of Numantia spread the feeling of consternation over all Spain, and hastened the conquest of the Peninsula. The genius of Sertorius indeed for some time balanced the fates of Spain and of Rome, but Sertorius as well as Viriathus, fell by the hired dagger of the assassin.

When Sylla had made himself master of Rome, Sertorius, whose name was placed on the list of the proscribed, resolved to try his fortune in Spain, where he had before served as military tribune in the Peninsula, in the year 81 B. C. and soon found himself at the head of a considerable force. His first attempt, however, was not successful. He was inferior to Caius Annius, whom Sylla had sent against him with a powerful army. He had, at one time, resolved to retire from the turbulent scene, and to spend the rest of his days in seclusion in the Fortunate isles. But he was reserved for a higher destiny. The Lusitanians sent a deputation to invite him to accept the place of general of their troops, and to defend them against the pretor Didius, who was marching against them. Sertorius accepted the offer, and began his brilliant career, which is admirably described by the author of the present work.

Sertorius was the first general of his time, and one of the greatest men in any age. He possessed in perfection all those accomplishments, whether of body or of mind, which are necessary to constitute a great military character. In temperance, hardihood, and professional knowledge, he had no equals amongst his contemporaries. His temperament was of that equable and well-regulated tone, that he was neither plunged in despondency by misfortune, nor lulled into a false security by a course of prosperous events. In the field of battle, he was calm but prompt, and never at a loss for expedients to ensure victory, to retrieve disaster, or to counteract the reverses of war. His eye was that of an eagle, and the decisive moment of profiting either by force or by stratagem, never escaped his penetration.

'No chief,' says M. Depping, 'ever possessed so much power amongst the Spaniards, or had such an absolute influence over their minds, as Sertorius. He was able not only to set at defiance a hundred and twenty thousand Romans, commanded by four able generals and supported by a great number of strong places; but he was in a situation to carry his views farther, and to form a plan for the organization of a stable government in

Spain, which no other power had hitherto been able to do.' * * *
 " He gave to the Spanish people a government similar to that of Rome. He created a senate, composed of three hundred distinguished Romans of his party, and invested them with sovereign power; and he rendered subordinate to their authority, the magistrates, the pretors, the questors, and the tribunes of the people, who governed the provinces and the towns according to the Roman laws."

' The Spaniards saw in Sertorius a man raised far above their other chiefs, by his great qualities, and obeyed him with spontaneous promptitude. As his authority was greatest in the two provinces of Lusitania and Celtiberia, these countries particularly felt the happy effects of the new organization. Ebora (at present Evora), became the capital of Lusitania, and Osca (now Huesca), that of Celtiberia. Sertorius fixed his residence in the first of these towns. The foundations of the house which he inhabited, are still shown, as well as the inscription of his female domestic, *Junia Donace*, who thus eternized the victories of her master, by consecrated offerings and a splendid feast.* He also built the walls of Evora, which are still standing, and constructed some magnificent aqueducts, by which the water of several streams was conveyed to the town from the distance of five miles.'

Sertorius chose the capital of Celtiberia for the seat of an university, where the youth of Spain were instructed by Greek and Latin masters. At the conclusion of their studies, they were distinguished as Roman citizens; and all the offices of the state were laid open to their honourable ambition.

But whilst the interest of Spain and the happiness of the Spaniards seemed alone to occupy the thoughts and warm the affections of Sertorius, his heart inwardly yearned for Rome. ' His sincere attachment to Rome, and his repugnance to fight against its citizens are admirable traits in the character of this illustrious man.' His own natural disposition seems to have been formed for the retirement and repose of domestic life, but circumstances forced him,

* *Vasconcellos* has inserted this inscription in his *Treatise de Eborensi Municipio*.

LARIBUS
 PRO SALUTE. ET. INCOLUMITATE
 DOMUS. Q. SERTORI
 COMPETALIB. LUDOS
 ET EPULUM VICINEIS
 JUN. DONACE DOMESTICA EJUS ET
 Q. SERTORIUS HERMES
 Q. SERTORIUS CEPALO
 Q. SERTORIUS ANTEROS
 LIBERTEI.

against his inclination, on the turbulent scene of political life, and procured him a name which will never be erased from the annals of history.

M. Depping exhibits a general view of the wars of Caesar and Pompey, interspersed with occasional reflections of some of the greatest masters in the military art.

We now come to the second volume of this valuable work, the contents of which our limits will not permit us to notice at any length, at least in the present article. Augustus divided Spain into three provinces, Hispania Tarraconensis, Lusitania, and Boetica. But this division did comprehend the Cantabrians and Asturians, into whose rugged territory the Romans had not yet penetrated. Thus these hardy mountaineers preserved their liberty, whilst the rest of the Peninsula was enslaved. Augustus, at last, succeeded in subduing them. This was finally effected in the year 19 before the Christian æra. This was precisely two hundred years since the Romans first entered Spain. The Spaniards had defended their independence with more obstinacy than any other people whom the Romans had ever attempted to subdue. Had this brave people been more united amongst themselves, the Peninsula would have been invincible; but the Romans profited by the dissensions of the different provinces, and continually made use of one part of the people to conquer the rest. Spain was weak from the want of national union and from no other cause. The natives of the peninsula wasted their strength in individual, or, at least, separate efforts, whilst they might, at any time, have crushed the barbarous destroyers of their peace and robbers of their wealth, by vigorous and united councils. The causes which ultimately led the way to the subjugation of Spain by the Romans, will, we fear, at last establish the domination of the French. Spain is wasting her blood and her treasure, in a wide dispersion of minute and petty efforts, instead of making an efficacious resistance to the enemy by an aggregate of energy and force.

M. Depping gives a rapid but animated sketch of the state of Spain under the Roman emperors till the death of Marcus Aurelius. The author then adds a very learned and interesting chapter on the political and moral state of Spain under the Roman empire, before he proceeds to relate the extinction of the Roman power in the Peninsula, and the domination of the Goths.

Before we take our leave of this work, we will make a few extracts from the chapter on the political and moral

state of Spain under the Goths. With the exception of the energetic inhabitants of the mountains, the people of the Peninsula submitted, with little reluctance, to the irruption of the northern hordes. The history of the Spaniards, therefore, at this period, is, as the author remarks, little more than the history of the Goths. The Romans conquered the country, but the Goths appropriated the soil. The elective sovereignty of the Goths was productive of great violence and oppression. The most enterprising individual commonly prevailed over his competitors. But his nomination only generated new factions and more bloody revolutions. Of the thirty-two kings who reigned in Spain during three centuries, nearly half died a violent death, and almost all made their way to the throne by the sword.

‘The Goths,’ says Gregory of Tours, ‘have the frightful habit of putting their king to death, when he does not please them, and of putting another in his place.* In the time of Leovigild, there was a species of banditti, who seemed associated for the purpose of assassinating kings; but Leovigild, says the same historian, exterminated without reserve all those who were in league with the regicides.† The gang was destroyed, but the spirit of this corps of assassins continued to subsist under the Goths till the end of that government.’

The power of the kings was considerably moderated by the nobility and clergy, so that the government of the Goths was a limited monarchy.

‘But unhappily the clergy thought themselves authorized to govern the king and to form a constitution on ecclesiastical principles, and this was one of the causes which hastened the fall of the kingdom.’

The laws

‘surrounded the king with the respect due to his rank. He who made an attempt on his life, was punished with death; and if the king granted him a pardon, he had his eyes put out, his head shaved, and was kept in prison for the remainder of his life.’

The king could not, of himself, put any one to death; ‘it was necessary, that the sentence should be confirmed by the judges, before it could take effect.’

The court of the Gothic sovereign

* Histor. Francor. l. iii. c. 30.

† Histor. Francor. l. iii. c. 38. Interficiens omnes illos qui reges interimere consueverant, non relinquens ex eis ungentem ad parietem.

' was composed of the great dignitaries of different ranks,* who, removable at first, became hereditary under Recaredo. The first dignity amongst the Goths was that of *duces* or chiefs, after whom came the counts, *comites*, that is, companions or attendants on the king. The functions of the dukes were both civil and military, they governed the provinces and they commanded the armies. In the exercise of these offices, they had sometimes several counts under their orders. At other times, the counts were on a footing with the dukes, so that it is still doubtful, whether one of these dignities enjoyed more consideration than the other; as historians give to the same person, sometimes the title of duke, and sometimes that of count.' * * * 'In the laws of the Goths, mention is made of another dignity, that of the *gardingi*,

who were also great officers of the court, but whose functions are not accurately known. These three classes of offices, dukes, counts, and *gardingi*, composed the first nobility or magnates of the kingdom. It is probable, that they all had the right of voting in the diets, and formed the council of the king.

The Goths were all soldiers when they entered Spain.

' Those, to whom they gave lands, obtained them only on the condition of taking arms against the enemy, so that the first establishments of the Goths in Spain were at once feudal and military. The whole nation, says *Murin*,† composed an army diffused over the whole Peninsula. Every corps was subordinate to its chiefs, and subjected to a discipline which embraced both civil and military affairs. There were as many soldiers as men, the two words were even synonymous. The obligation of military service was so general, that the king's son was not admitted to his father's table till he had born arms, or had received them from a foreign prince.‡

' *Vamba*, ordered, that every Goth, whether he were count, duke, bishop, priest, or deacon, within a hundred miles around, should, under the most severe penalties, obey the summons to arms and repair to his post, in case of any invasion of the enemy. These sudden *gatherings* were called *Ardeo*, and were long known in Catalonia under the name of *Sometent*.§ They were probably made by the sound of the tocsin or the blast of the horn.'

* See a treatise on this subject in P. Pantini de dignitatibus et officiis regni ac domus regie Gothorum, in the second volume of Schttol. Hispan. Illustr.

† Histor. de la Mil. Espan. tom. 1, ep. 3, c. 1.

‡ Paul Diacon. in Longobard. 11. c. 15 and 21.

§ Marca Histoire du Bearn. Masquillès, sobre les usages principales.

With the exception of the royal guard, there was perhaps no standing army: levies of troops were made as necessity required.

'Then the men, called *Anuteba* or *Anubda**, went from town to town to inform the citizens. Afterwards the royal slaves, *servi dominici*, who had a certain degree of power and consideration, made a muster of the citizens who were to take the field.† These consisted of all capable of bearing arms between twenty and fifty years of age. The count of the town, or in default of him, some other person, was to provide whatever was necessary for the campaign: if one or the other left the soldiers without provisions, he was obliged to pay four times the amount. It does not appear, that the Goths received any pay during the service. The enemies, who had the misfortune to fall into their hands in the sack of towns, were all made slaves.'

The ecclesiastical body was very numerous and powerful in the time of the Goths. Their influence, united with that of the nobles, almost counterbalanced that of the sovereign, and gave the government the form of an aristocracy. The Spanish clergy enjoyed very important privileges. One of these was the following:

'When a poor man could not obtain justice from the judges or magistrates, he applied to the bishop, who examined the business, and forced the former to revoke their unjust decrees. If they refused, they were condemned to pay two pounds of gold into the royal treasury, and to the poor man a fifth part of the sum, which he claimed as his right.'

Thus the ecclesiastical order formed a sort of barrier between the poor and their oppressors.

'In the first ages of Christianity, the clergy and the people elected the bishops. When the Gothic kings established their government in Spain, they confirmed these elections; but afterwards so many abuses crept into the appointment of bishops, that the people were excluded, and the kings alone reserved to themselves the right of nominating on the presentation of the upper clergy.'

'We are informed, that a translation of this valuable publication is in the press. A good history of Spain is *ad desideratum* in the English language, and a well-executed version of this work into our vernacular tongue is well calculated to supply the defect.

* Berganza, *Antiguedades*, Part II.

† Cod. Leg. Visig. l. IX, t. 2. l. 5.

ART. II.—*Quelques Traits de la Vie privée de Frédéric Guillaume II, &c.*

Some Traits of the private Life of Frederic William II, King of Prussia. By A. H. Dampmartin. Paris, 1811. London, Dulau, 8vo. 12s.

THE father of Frederic William II. is said to have excited the jealousy of his brother, Frederic the Great, by the possession of those amiable qualities which interest the beholder and make an easy passage to the heart. The courteous affability and delicate gallantry of Prince William exhibited a striking contrast with the rigid and pedantic formalities of the military monarch. The resentment of the king, which was of the most implacable kind, because it had its origin in jealousy, showed itself without any reserve, when the prince committed some small oversights on the opening of the third campaign in the seven years war. For these, he was publicly reproved with an humiliating severity. These reproaches sunk deep into his heart, and he is said to have expired a victim to his sensibility. A little before his death, he was carried, at his own request, to a terrace on the palace of Berlin, which commands a fine view of the city. While tears stood in his eyes, he thus addressed his eldest son, the subject of the present article.

‘A premature death is about to deprive me of the hope which I fondly cherished of devoting my existence to your personal advantage and to the glory of our country. Look on this flourishing town; if you should be one day destined to the dangerous honour of ruling over it, do not forget, that it is incumbent on your justice to establish the triumph of calumniated innocence; that it behoves your goodness to solace the unhappy, and to found your title to love and gratitude on your affectionate concern for the sufferings of your people and for the good of your country.’

The jealousy which Frederic the Great had conceived of the father, appears, after his death, to have been transferred to the son. M. Dampmartin accuses Frederic of an attempt to stifle in the germ all the good propensities of his nephew, and to suffer all the bad to shoot into wild luxuriance, as if he were solicitous that his successor should not walk in his steps, but be left far behind in the career of fame. The courtiers and the generals of Frederic, who saw the marked disregard of the monarch for the prince royal and

his ostentatious preference of his younger brother, Prince Henry, were not slow in regulating their conduct by the predilection of the king. Frederic is even reported to have devised the means of excluding his elder nephew from the throne to make way for the younger; but whether this were only an idle rumour or a deliberate contrivance, it was prevented by the premature death of the prince, who was the object of his regard. The regrets of the uncle on this occasion disappeared in the efforts of the panegyrist, and the great monarch, ambitious of literary, as well as martial renown, was perhaps ambitious of dazzling the world at once by his eloquence and stoicism.

The hatred of the king for his only surviving nephew, appeared to acquire new force and to have passed even the barriers of decorum, which are prescribed by the modes of civilized life. The prince, convinced by melancholy experience, that his most harmless discourse would expose him to the offensive sarcasms of his uncle, is said to have observed a rigid taciturnity when invited to the royal table. The courtiers did not fail to represent this silence, which was produced by fear as the effect of stupidity.

The marriage of the prince with his cousin, the Princess of Brunswick, seemed for a moment, likely to augment his happiness; but those matches which branch from the calculations of political prudence, usually become the trunk of domestic misery. The consort of the prince royal was not deficient in beauty nor in wit; but it may readily be conceived how closely the latter was allied to frivolity and vice, when we are told, that she brought a charge of impotency against her spouse. The birth, however of a daughter, forced her to desist from this indelicate accusation; and afterwards she did not hesitate to upbraid the prince with numerous infidelities. The prince laid his complaints at the foot of the throne, but they were disregarded. Treated with scorn by his uncle, with contempt by his wife, and with neglect by the courtiers, whose admiration was absorbed in the exploits of a military king, the prince sought consolation in the study of literature and of the fine arts. He became intimately acquainted with the German and French authors, and the increase of his intellectual stores was greatly facilitated by a most retentive memory.

About this time, the prince royal formed an attachment to the eldest daughter of one Elias Henk, who often played at the prince's concerts, and who supported a numerous family by his musical talents. Miss Henk was, at this period, only thirteen years of age; and the prince, for a time, amused

himself with the romantic project of her education. The rapid progress of the humble pupil appears to have inflamed the fondness of the royal tutor, and 'the new Pygmalion,' according to the expression of M. Dampmartin, 'adored the statue which his own hands had embellished.' Miss Henk was compelled, for a long period, to live in more straitened circumstances than the mistresses of princes usually experience, at least in the sunshine of their favour. Several children were the fruits of this union, and the prince found it difficult to provide for the wants of an increasing family.

M. Dampmartin accounts for the divorce of the princess royal, in a manner which delicacy forbids us to mention, and which appears, in fact, to have been one of those scandals which idleness or malignity is continually fabricating to relieve the monotony of a court, or to give a zest to the hours of enervated apathy. The princess, after her divorce, was banished to Stettin. She had one daughter by the prince, the present Duchess of York.

The second wife of Frederic William was taken from the house of Hesse d'Armstadt. On the intellectual and moral qualities of this lady the author bestows high commendation; but he allows, that she soon evinced a sort of sluttish negligence in her appearance, and ceased to cultivate that art of pleasing which, in the domestic life, whether of the prince or of the peasant, can never be neglected with impunity. The prince and his new spouse soon lived together only on those terms of distant politeness which are prescribed by the usage of the world.

M. Dampmartin now proceeds to sketch the character of Bischoffwerder, for whom the prince royal had conceived a warm friendship, which appears to have had a considerable influence not only on his domestic happiness, but his political character. Bischoffwerder seems to have been an adventurer, whose character contained a strange, but not uncommon mixture of the Impostor and the Dupe. He had sagacity enough to see how much his interest was likely to be promoted by a steady adherence to the prince royal at a time when he experienced the cold rigours of the reigning monarch and the marked indifference of his courtiers. Bischoffwerder had sufficient penetration to discover the weak, but, at bottom, amiable character of the prince, and sufficient address to render him pliant to his views.

Bischoffwerder thought that he had discovered that invaluable panacea for curing the maladies, preventing the

infirmities, and prolonging the duration of human life, which sages and visionaries in all ages have equally sought in vain; and as he was an earnest devotee to the idol of his own creation, he took his specific regularly himself, administered it to his family, and recommended it to his future sovereign.

From the above circumstance, it may be seen, that the imagination of Bischoffwerder was not kept very steadily in ballast by his judgment; and hence we may the less wonder, that when afloat on the sea of fancy, he was fascinated by the dazzling conceits of the Illuminati till he was plunged into an abyss of error. The author says, that all the intrigues and horrors which are often laid to the charge of Bischoffwerder, ought to be placed to the account of this numerous, powerful, and widely ramified sect.

The chiefs of this mysterious association, whom Bischoffwerder had assembled at Berlin, obtained a pledge of their ascendant over the mind of the prince royal, by extorting from him an engagement to abjure all *illegitimate connections*. The total renunciation of Mademoiselle Henk, says M. Dampmartin, was an effort which the proselyte had not strength to make; the directors therefore yielded a reluctant consent, that the intercourse of friendship might subsist between the prince and his mistress, as long as the flames of a more unhallowed passion were extinguished. This condescension the prince was obliged to purchase by the adoption of a measure which might effectually serve to efface the suspicion, that the former illicit commerce of the parties was only nominally relinquished. Mademoiselle Henk now took the name of Madame Rietz; but the author says, that her marriage with M. Rietz is still involved in mystery. It is certain, however, that she appeared, at first, to live on good terms with her husband, and that she was delivered of a son, who ever experienced the tender regards of both his parents. Madame Rietz and her husband, however, were not long before they found a source of virulent dissension in their eager competition for the place of preference in the confidence of the prince.

The prince royal, separated from his mistress, sought a relief from his inquietudes in the society of his wife. The re-union of the exalted pair was distinguished by the birth of Prince William. But the prince became soon oppressed by the weight of duty which he had undertaken rather from factitious scruples, than from principle or inclination.

The princess, as we have intimated above, appears to have been negligent of her toilette even to a disgusting excess; and M. Dampmartin says, that her husband, with all his endeavours, could not prevail upon her to observe any regularity in her hours of getting up in the morning, of going to bed at night, or in short to adopt the domestic habits which he approved. Indeed she appears to have contracted habits which rendered her a very unpleasant and uncomfortable companion.

The prince, whose patience was on the point of being exhausted by the constraint which he had imposed upon himself, in compliance with the injunctions of the Illuminati, deposited his complaints in the friendly bosom of Bischoffwerder. Bischoffwerder recommended the royal catechumen to take a lesson from him, who, though he had a very disagreeable helpmate, did not cease to make her the object of his persevering complaisance and tender assiduities. The prince replied that Madame Bischoffwerder was grateful for the good conduct of her spouse, but that his wife was irritated rather than charmed by his demonstrations of sensibility. This was certainly rather an unfavourable combination of circumstances for obeying the strict precepts of Bischoffwerder and the Illuminati. Even the phlegmatic nature of the former was brought to allow the claim of the prince to some exemption from the general austerity of the order with respect to those acts of inconstancy, which pass for mere *bagatelles* in the moral reckoning of princes.

The prince royal had fixed his affections on one of the maids of honour to his consort, who is said to have been a lady of distinguished rank. Her beauty was not above mediocrity; and she is represented as devoid of ambitious propensities, and of a frigid temperament. The conquest of the prince was retarded by the reserve of his mistress, and the unceasing remonstrances of the Illuminati.

The great Frederic died on the night of the 16th of August, 1786. Rietz was the first who entered the chamber of his successor, awoke him from his sleep, and saluted him with the title of king. M. Dampmartin says that the first words of Frederic William II. on this occasion were, 'Mon cher Rietz, je pourrai donc recompenser votre zèle et votre dévouement; je vous nomme trésorier de ma maison et de ma cassette.'

In his declaration at the opening of his reign, Frederic William II. said amongst other things,

'I am tolerant, and I will trouble no man on account of his

creed.' * * * 'I do not wish that my subjects should give way to superstition and fanaticism, and still less that they should be infidels and atheists.'

The author laments that this profession of faith was not accompanied with the expulsion of the disorganizing sect of the Illuminati.

Frederic William II. soon began to make a liberal use of the treasures which had been accumulated by the parsimony of his uncle. He paid the debts which he had contracted when prince royal, and rewarded those who had given him proofs of attachment in a more adverse period of his fortune. The national language and the national literature soon became more generally cultivated and more highly esteemed in the capital and at the court than in the reign of Frederic I. who gave such an unnatural preference to the diction and the modes of France. The academy of Berlin was ordered to receive German writers amongst its members; and the law was revoked which forbade them to admit any memoirs which were composed in the language of Germany. The company of French comedians was removed from Berlin, in order to relieve the German actors from a dangerous competition.

Bischoffwerder, though placed apparently in a subordinate situation, exercised in fact the power of prime minister. He soon surrounded himself with his creatures, and gave the most lucrative appointments to persons of Saxon birth.

Frederic William II. who was of an ardent temperament, soon fixed his tender regards on a lady of the court, who refused to gratify his passion, unless it were legitimated by the matrimonial rite. The divines of Berlin were consulted on the subject. Their scruples yielded to a precedent in the person of Philip, the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, who obtained the consent of his wife, one of the daughters of George, Duke of Saxony, to contract a second marriage. 'Luther, Melancthon, and Bucer, signed a permission, by which this prince received, without the smallest scruple, the hand of Margaret of Sael, of whom he was desperately enamoured.' Frederic William accordingly was allowed to take a second spouse with the consent of his first. The former had the title of the Countess of Ygenheim. The felicity of the monarch, owing to this event, is represented as very exquisite, but it was very transient. The Countess of Ygenheim, after being delivered of a son, died of a consumption.

The regrets of Frederic William, though vivid while

they lasted, were not of long duration. They were dissipated by a new passion for the Countess d'Enoff, of which she also eluded the gratification without the previous sanction of the connubial tie. The queen, whose will was greatly influenced by her pecuniary necessities, was readily induced to yield her assent to this second act of bigamy. The ecclesiastical authorities were not more scrupulous than in the former instance; and his Prussian majesty was again blessed with a couple of wives.

We shall not say any thing on the imbecile and impolitic conduct of Frederic William, in the stormy period of the French revolution. This article is more devoted to his private, than to his political life. After the disgraceful campaign of 1792, an intrigue was formed to destroy the influence of Bischoffwerder, who was accused as the author of the recent disasters. But at the moment when the storm was about to burst on the head of the *illuminated* courtier, he had the address to dissipate it in a secret interview with the king. The favourite seemed now more firmly rooted than ever in the affections of his sovereign. But an unfortunate disclosure happened soon after this, which in some measure destroyed his respect for Bischoffwerder, and chilled his enthusiastic regard for the mysterious sect of the *Illuminati*.

A volume of intercepted letters, which the French had published, disclosed a passion more gross and ardent than philosophical, of Bischoffwerder for the Marchioness de Pinto. The king had imagined that the regard of his favourite for the countess, did not pass the limits of a pure and harmless friendship; and he could not dissemble his chagrin when he found that the conduct of the sage was so irreconcilable with the severe principles of the order to which he belonged. The sage confessed his infirmity; but declared that it was his intention to marry the object of his affections. This marriage however was to be founded on the preliminary of a divorce.

In the latter years of his life, Frederic William exhibited the symptoms of dropsy in the chest, which no skill was wanting to palliate, but which finally brought him to the grave. An attempt is said to have been made to restore the exhausted vitality of the royal patient by a prescription similar to that which had been recommended to the king of Israel. The lady who was chosen for the experiment on this occasion, was a Mademoiselle Shulsky, of the opera house of Berlin.

The waters of Pyrmont were tried for two seasons with

some appearance of benefit. On the second visit of the king Pyrmont was a scene of festivity and magnificence. More than twenty princes or sovereigns, or of sovereign houses, were collected at Pyrmont. The young and beautiful widow of Prince Louis, the second son of the king, whose death had occurred the preceding winter, is said to have excited the warm regards of 'Prince Augustus of England,' and of Prince Louis Ferdinand her cousin, who perished before the battle of Jena. These two rivals are said by M. Dampmartin to have been eager competitors for this attractive prize. 'The prudence of the prince royal was exhausted in continual efforts to prevent a bloody catastrophe.' But whilst this enchanting widow seemed inclined to favour the pretensions of Prince Adolphus, it was discovered that she had already fixed her affections on the Prince de Solms, the younger son 'of an illustrious house,' but destitute of fortune. The circumstance which awakened the suspicion of this connection will furnish a tolerable specimen of German gallantry. The Countess de Brulh informed the king that she had seen the happy Prince de Solms with a pipe in his mouth, walking arm in arm with the Princess Louis, in a solitary path.

When the king returned to his capital from the second visit to the baths at Pyrmont, the people began to cherish hopes of the complete re-establishment of his health, which was at one time pronounced by the ignorance or the complaisance of his physicians. But all hopes of his recovery soon vanished. The malady made an alarming and irresistible progress; and owing to the desertion of his courtiers, who anticipating the event, were eager to attract the favour of his successor, the dying monarch passed his last days almost in solitude in his palace at Potsdam. The Countess de Lichtenau, (formerly Madame Rietz and the object of his early attachment) however attended him with affectionate assiduity, till a resolution was taken by Bischoffwerder and some of the other attendants to prevent her from seeing him any more. The proscription which this lady experienced after the death of Frederic William, was not very honourable to the justice or the humanity of his successor.

The following are some circumstances relative to the expiration of Frederic William, which are not destitute of interest, and contain much matter for melancholy reflection.

'Frederic William II. so good and so generous, experienced death in all its humiliating circumstances. His agonies were

the more severe, as he never, for a moment, lost the consciousness of his situation. As soon as the physicians had declared his case hopeless, he saw his chamber deserted. Not a relation, not a courtier, not even an officer of his household remained near him: all fled to the palace of the prince royal. A French *valet de chambre* and three *chasseurs* only waited till he breathed his last sigh. One of them more impatient than the rest, said in a voice loud enough to be heard by the royal sufferer, *will there never be an end of this? he seems very loth to die.* The hollow and faint eyes of the monarch were instantly filled with tears; he turned them with mildness and goodness on his brutal attendant, as if to solicit only one moment more of patience and compassion. The French *valet de chambre*, moved by this look, fell on his knees at the side of the king's bed, caught hold of his hand, and applied it to his lips. It was soon stiff and cold. Frederic was no more.

'Such,' says M. de Beaunoir, whose words are quoted by the author of the present work, 'was the end of a king who lived only to diffuse happiness around him; who regarded all his subjects as his children, and all men as his equals. Misfortune was sacred in his eyes. As loyal as he was generous, no one was more a slave to his word than he was. As his heart was incapable of refusing a request, he was often led to make inconsiderate promises of which his ministers sometimes animadverted on the temerity or impolicy. He assented to their remarks with perfect good humour; but he kept his word with scrupulous fidelity. When he was urged to evade the performance, he said, with generous firmness, no, I have given my promise. Who will be believed if kings do not regard their promises as sacred things? The ministers could devise no better method of circumscribing his beneficence than by preventing the unfortunate from approaching him, and by persuading them that their petitions would excite his displeasure. The king, who was a stranger to this cold but politic contrivance, often said, *I know not why it is that no one comes to ask me any favours; for I am never so happy as when employed in acts of beneficence.*'

We have not noticed many of the extraneous details which are found in this work. Those respecting the Countess of Lichtenau have already been laid before the public in the memoirs of that lady written by herself. See Appendix to Crit. Rev. p. 519, Vol. XIX. 1810. The following is the character which M. Dampmartin has drawn of the *Right Reverend* Lord Bristol, of eccentric memory. We extract it in French that it may furnish a better specimen of the work.

* Le singulier prelat se faisait remarquer par un etalage con-

fuset revoltant d'esprit, de connaissances, d'orgueil, d'ostentation, de mœurs libres, de causticité, de mépris pour les conventions et d'irreligion. Entièrement hors de son état, il avait usurpé un certain degré de considération, grâce à son effronterie et à ses richesses. Adroit à saisir l'apparence de répandre l'or à pleines mains, il satisfaisait son penchant secret vers l'avarice. La bouche toujours remplie des maximes philanthropiques de nos modernes philosophes, il contrariait et tourmentait toutes les personnes que leur service approchait de lui. Apôtre hypocrite de la liberté il appesantissait un joug aussi dur que capricieux sur les infortunés qui vivaient dans sa dépendance; enfin, affectant du dédain pour les distinctions, soit de naissance, soit de rang, soit de fortune, il était d'une hauteur insupportable. Quelquefois, néanmoins, la singularité lui plaisait par elle-même; avec un assez nombreux domestique, il voyageait à petites journées, mais les chevaux de cette espèce de caravanne étaient de méchantes haridelles et sa calèche ressemblait au char d'un operateur. Son cuisinier qui le devançait toujours, préparait les logemens; il disait à ce sujet avec gaité: "J'arrive pourvu d'un appetit de curé, mais je trouve un diner d'évêque."

We suppose the writer of this work to be the Colonel Dampmartin whom the Countess of Lichtenau mentions in her memoirs as the governor of her son.

ART. III.—*Glossaire de la Langue Romane, &c.*

A Glossary of the Romant Language, compiled from Manuscripts in the Imperial Library, and from the best printed Books on the Subject; containing the Etymology and Signification of Words used in the XI. XII. XIII. XIV. XV. and XVIIth Centuries, with numerous Examples derived from the same Sources, and preceded by a Discourse on the Origin, the Progress, and the Variations of the French Language. A Work useful to those who wish to consult or to understand the Writings of the earliest French Authors. Dedicated to his Majesty Joseph Napoleon, King of Naples and Sicily. By J. B. B. Roquefort. Paris, Warée, 1808. London, Dulau, 8vo. 2 vols.

THE title of this work will naturally render it an object of curiosity, to those who wish to obtain an acquaintance, not only with the language of the early French writers, but also with those of this country, on many obscure and obsolete terms, in which it will be found to

throw considerable light. For there are numerous affinities between the language of the old English chroniclers, romance-writers, &c. and those of France at the same period.

M. Roquefort is not favourable to the supposition that the primitive language of France is of Celtic origin, and he shews little respect for the theory of the erudite but fanciful M. Pezron, who appears to have had it so much at heart to establish the bonds of consanguinity between the language of the *Bas Bretons* and of the ancient Celts.

The author of this glossary is not so presumptuous as to suppose that he has collected all the words which are extant in the old French, or rather Romant language; but he has certainly rendered it so copious and complete, that with its aid, the reader of the old French writers will not often experience any serious obstacles in the way of understanding their meaning. He says that he has principally inserted the words of which it is most difficult to unravel the sense, and those which are of most frequent occurrence in the writers of the XI. XII. XIII. XIV. and XVth centuries.

‘I venture to affirm,’ says M. Roquefort, ‘that this glossary contains at least from twenty to thirty thousand articles more than are to be found in any work of the same kind. I have taken them in a great measure from the most ancient MSS. in our language; and to the greater part of the articles have added one or more quotations, in order to corroborate the sense which I affix to each.’

The preliminary discourse, which traces the origin, the progress, and the variations of the French language, contains some curious and valuable matter. As the Marseillaise established their colonies along the coast of Provence and of Languedoc, the Gauls began to acquire a knowledge of the Greek language, which was, at that period, the trading vocabulary of the Mediterranean, of the lower Italy or Magna Græcia, and of a large part of the eastern world. The Marseillaise learned from the Greeks the art of tillage and the culture of the vine.

After Cæsar had completed the subjugation of Gaul, the country was divided into seventeen provinces, the civil and military government of which was subjected to the forms of the Roman administration. The language, usages, and manners of the Romans were transplanted into Gaul. Gaul, in fact, became incorporated, in every respect, as an integral part of the Roman empire.

'The letters,' says M. Roquefort, 'which St. Jerome wrote to some Gaulish ladies,* those of St. Hilary of Poitiers to his daughters, of Sulpicius Severus to his sister and to his mother-in-law, and in short those of St. Avitus of Vienne to his sister are in Latin. Sidonius Apollinaris,† speaking of the books which were generally read amongst the fair sex in his time, mentions those of St. Augustin, Prudentius, Varro, and Horace. But how could women have understood Latin, if this language had not become familiarized amongst the Gauls? Mamert Claudien relates in his epistle to Sapaud,‡ that they were ashamed of speaking Latin before the barbarians, who invaded Gaul. The Latin was, therefore, the ordinary language of the people, since he is here speaking of the idiom of familiar conversation.'

The author thinks that the Franks and Burgundians, when they obtained possession of Gaul, did not force their own language on the people, but gradually adopted that of the Gauls, or the Latin language. But this language was soon corrupted by that of the hordes of Barbarians, who invaded the country; and by the successive adoption of different words from the dialects of the northern tribes of freebooters, the Romant language was by degrees formed, which became the parental trunk of the modern French. The Latin, however, though strangely altered, in its structure, terminations, &c. formed the broad basis of the Romant idiom, as the Romant is of the present French.

Charlemagne made an ineffectual effort to restore the Latin language to its purity; but, in his reign, the language of ancient Rome had begun to be what is called a dead language in France. The author cites an oath which Charles the Bald and his brother Louis of Germany took at Strasburg in 842. In the language of this oath the Latin will be clearly recognized, though strangely disfigured in its appearance; but the reader will observe that there is no mixture of Celtic or Gaulish words. 'Charles took the oath to the Germans in the German language; and Louis took it to the French in the Romant language.' The following is the form of the oath which Louis took.:

'Pro Deo amur, et pro christian poplo, et nostro commun salvament, dist di en avant, in quant Deus savir et podir me dunat si salvara jeo cist meon fradre Karlo, et in adjudha et in

* Hieronymus, tom. 4. Epistolæ ad Hedibiam et ad Algasiam.

† Sidonius Apollinaris, lib. 2. epist. 9.

‡ Steph. Balusii Miscellanea, tom. 6, page 536.

eadhuna cosa, si cum om perdreit son fradra salvar dist, in o. quid il mi altre si fazet, et ab Ludher nul plaid numquam priudrai, qui meon vol cist meon fradre Karle in dawno sit.'

We shall next produce the same oath in the Latin language according to Bonamy. The comparison of one with the other will serve as a sample of the process of deterioration which the Latin underwent in its translation from the language of Rome to the corrupt jargon which became the idiom of the chroniclers and romancers of the middle ages.

'Pro Dei amore, et pro christiano populo et nostro communi salvamento, in quantum Deus sapere et potere mi donat, si salvo ego eccistum meum fratrem Karlum, et in adjutum ero in quaque una causa, sic quomodo homo per directum suum fratrem salvare debet, in hoc quid ille mi alterum sic faceret, et ab Lothario, nullum placitum nunquam prendero, quod meo volle eccisti meo fratri Karlo in damno sit.'

The above record certainly proves 'the state of the Romant language in the IXth century, and shows, that it was entirely taken from the Latin.' Du Chesne, tom. 3. p. 370, as quoted by M. Roquefort, says, that in this period the English sent their children into France, not only to improve themselves in the military art, but to get rid of the barbarism of their vernacular tongue, and to learn the Romant language, which was then esteemed the most polished in Europe.

The XIIth century, says the author, exhibits not only translations but numerous works of invention in the Romant idiom. Abelard composed some love songs, which he set to music, and which, according to the historians, were in every body's mouth. Even 'St. Bernard was suspected of having composed some ditties in his youth.'

In the XIIIth century, says M. Roquefort, the French appear to have been seized with 'a poetical epidemic.' 'Besides the translations of the sacred books, commentaries on the scriptures, works of theology, on morals and philosophy, legends, histories, sacred and profane; in short, the Custom of Normandy and the Rule of St. Benedict were put into verse. They composed satires, fables, and tales of devotion and effusions of badinage, romances of chivalry, of faery and of love; and it was then that they made a first essay in poetry of the epic and dramatic kind.' All these rhymesters, without exception, forsook truth and nature for the marvellous and extravagant. The spirit of chivalry generally diffused throughout the nation, appears

to have produced a species of mental derangement, which made them regard the most absurd and unnatural fictions, as real or possible things.

'The fourteenth century,' says M. Roquefort, 'does not present so many poets as the two preceding; but we see the names of Eustace Deschamps and of William de Machault, whose writings are, at least, faintly tinged with the reading of good authors. The works of the first are very interesting, as they treat of the domestic habits and manners of the French,' &c.

At this period, history adopted a more elevated style, and more agreeable to truth. 'Froissart wrote in a manner till then unknown among the French.' The invention of printing in the middle of the fifteenth century produced a new æra, not only in the literature of France but of Europe, and indeed in human affairs throughout the world. A love for the sciences was re-kindled, as if by enchantment, and such facilities were afforded for the intellectual culture of man, as will, in the course of ages, diffuse literature and civilization over the whole surface of the earth.

ART. IV. *Essai d'une Histoire des Revolutions arrivées dans les Sciences, &c.*

Sketch of a History of the Revolutions which have taken place in the Sciences and Fine Arts, from the Heroic to our own Times. By P.G. de Roujoux, Sub-Prefect of Dole. Paris, 1811. London, Dulau, 3 vols. 11. 11s. 6d.

THE civil history of man, though it contains much to instruct the politician, contains comparatively little to delight the philanthropist. The mind, which is principled in probity, and the heart, which is softened by benevolence, shrinks from the recitals of fraud and falsehood; avarice and ambition, injustice and cruelty, which crowd the annals of nations. We behold the welfare of states and the happiness of communities perpetually sacrificed to the sinister views and selfish passions of individuals; and our indignation and our sorrow are at once excited to behold the interest of the many almost uniformly sacrificed to the rapacity of the few.

But the literary history of man presents a more cheering aspect, and one, in the perusal of which, our pleasure is without alloy. It affords the highest delight to behold man in his intellectual capacity, endeavouring to enlarge his

knowledge of causes and effects, and to augment the general stock of happiness by the exercise of his understanding. Here we behold man not mischievously busy in the destruction of his fellow creatures, but active in improving those arts which are at once the use, the ornament, and the solace of his species. This latter department of history, however, has not hitherto enjoyed so much celebrity or received so much attention, as that which represents man in a less amiable point of view, perpetually stimulated by avarice and ambition, and continually exercised in robbery and bloodshed.

The present work of M. Roujoux is a very brief and imperfect epitome of literary history; but, brief and imperfect as it is, it cannot well be read without interest. It will afford a sort of bird's eye view of the progress of the human mind, and of the changes which have taken place in the state of the sciences and the arts in different ages of the world.

The work itself is divided into periods, which were suggested by the great revolutions of empires; and the author has considered every century by itself in more modern times. We will give some specimens of the nature and execution of the undertaking.

The first period extends from the year 1200 to 700 before the Christian era. In this period, M. Roujoux places the distinguished names of Homer, Hesiod, Lycurgus, and Archilochus. The second period is from the year 700 to 500, B. C.; and was adorned by Epimenides, whose eloquence incited the Athenians to abolish some barbarous ceremonies; by Solon, who accommodated his laws to the circumstances of his country and to the nature of man; by Pittacus of Mytilene, who inflicted a double punishment on crimes committed in a state of intoxication; by Thales, the great founder of the Ionian school, who astonished his contemporaries by the astronomical knowledge which he brought from Egypt; by Myson, Cleobulus, Chilon and Bias, who, with Solon and the others just mentioned, complete the number of the seven wise men of Greece. But the most extraordinary person in this period was Pythagoras, whose morality was pure, whose theology sublime, and whose science exact; but who, thinking to reduce all truths to the relations of numbers and the laws of harmony, cherished an hypothesis, which afterwards became the source of many absurd and chimerical speculations. In this period, are arranged also, amongst other splendid names, Terpander, who added three cords to the lyre;

Tyrtaeus, whose rapturous songs inspired the contempt of death; Alcæus, who sung the pains of absence and the torments of jealousy; Sappho, whose sensibility breathed enthusiasm into the language of love; Simonides, who had the skill to make the Greeks shed tears over imaginary woes; Anacreon, who brought the graces to decorate the joys of drinking and the delights of sense; Pindar, whose odes contain sentiments which carry the mind beyond the sphere of vulgar interests and common objects, and inspire a feeling of sublimity, which seems the production of more than human power.

At this period, the mathematical sciences were cultivated with success by Anaximander, who 'constructed the first sun-dial at Lacedemon, and formed the first geographical chart.'

The sage of Samos had fixed the elementary principles of music. All the arts had become the objects of sedulous attention; but this period was only the precursor of that when the sculptors, painters, and architects of Greece, attained to such an exquisite sense of beautiful forms, as to seem to render, in all future time, superiority hopeless, and competition vain.

The third period of M. Roujoux's sketch of the revolutions of science, &c. is comprehended between the years 500 and 300 before the nativity of Christ. 'The preceding epoch,' says M. Roujoux, 'had enveloped this in its bosom, the germs nourished by meditation and study were about to unfold and to produce prodigies of excellence.' Much of this excellence appears to have been due to the impulse given by the genius of Pericles, who may be said to have been one of the few prime ministers of any people, or of any government, whether monarchy or republic, who studied the true glory and interest of his country, and whose great object was to enrich it by arts rather than to impoverish it by war. In the length of its continuance, his administration would bear a close comparison with that of Mr. Pitt; but we fear that the rest, though it would offer some points of similitude, would present more of difference. Had Mr. Fox enjoyed the post of first minister as long as Mr. Pitt, the great Athenian statesman would probably have found a more perfect parallel in the British history. The points of resemblance in character, independent of place, were very numerous between Pericles and Mr. Fox. There was much approximation in the style of their eloquence, the ardour of their temperament, and the loftiness of their views, in their admiration of the works of

genius and art, and in more than one particular of their domestic lives. Both loved glory, but it was a glory which was identified with the good of the community and the happiness of individuals. Both seemed formed by a happy mixture of all the elements of a good disposition not only to be venerated but to be loved.

M. Roujoux gives a succinct account of the philosophy of the Greeks between 500 and 300 B. C. and of the sages who sprung from the Ionian and Italian schools, or whose doctrines germinated from the philosophy which had been taught by Thales and Pythagoras. Anaxagoras, who was of the Ionian school, with an enthusiastic desire of knowledge, abandoned all his property to his relations, that he might have nothing to divert his attention from the pursuit of wisdom and the investigation of truth. Socrates, Euripides, and Pericles, were his disciples; and the latter was often benefited by his counsels in the administration of the government. He asserted the immortality of the soul and taught, that heaven is the true country, the native domicile of man. The fanatics of paganism were infuriated by this doctrine, and 'he was condemned to death for his impiety,' though the sentence was afterwards commuted for banishment.

Empedocles was one of the most famous philosophers of the Italian school.

'Xenophanes, one of the followers of Pythagoras, founded the school of Elea, which afterwards became so renowned, from the instructions of Zeno, which "tended to destroy the physical certainty of existence, of motion, of matter, and extension."

Democritus, one of the disciples of Zeno, affirmed, that every thing is effected in the world by the laws of mechanism. 'He admitted a vacuum and atoms as the principles of all things;' and that 'the difference between vice and virtue was all a matter of opinion.' But, what is remarkable, his moral character is said to have been as pure and his conduct as blameless as his principles were false and pernicious. After him, Diagoras and Protagoras made an open profession of atheism. The doctrines of Diagoras were so revolting to his countrymen, that a price was set upon his head, and his writings were destroyed.

The observation of Socrates led to the conclusion, that the only knowledge necessary for man is that of his duties.' This is not very different from the inference which Solomon drew from a comprehensive survey of human life. See Eccles. XII. 13.

Antisthenes pushed some of the remarks of Socrates on the abuse of riches and the advantages of mediocrity to extremes; and, making virtue to consist in the total contempt of wealth and pleasure, he exercised his followers in incredible austerities. His disciple, Diogenes, improved upon the absurdity of his system. He pretended, that the serenity of the soul could not be disturbed by the wants of nature nor the inclemencies of the seasons. And he exemplified his own doctrine with singular perseverance. In the midst of his extravagancies, which originated either in maniacal hallucination or an excess of vanity, he uttered many vigorous and striking sentiments.

‘Aristippus, on the contrary, establishing a system of absolute egotism, referred every thing to himself and to his own personal advantage. He constituted himself, as it were, the centre and measure of all things, and neglecting the past as well as the future, he lived only for the present. Socrates had declared himself a citizen of the world; but Aristippus professed himself a stranger every where. An enemy to every species of excess, he made happiness consist in a succession of gentle emotions, which pleasurably agitate the soul, without producing weariness or disgust; but he judged it right to oppose their agency, when they threatened to cause disorder or vexation. It was the charm of this state of peace and serenity which Aristippus termed pleasure; and though he regarded fortune as a means of obtaining this happy state, he was unwilling, that the acquisition should become a source of anxious inquietude. He compared fortune to a coquette, whose capricious eccentricities ought rather to move our merriment, than to mar our peace. The same was also the sentiment of Epicurus, who, like Democritus, adopted the system of atoms and of chance.’

We will now exhibit what M. Roujoux says of the three great masters of Greek tragedy; Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

‘Æschylus, who wrote during the Persian war, in which he had distinguished himself by his valour, filled his pieces with those sentiments of grandeur and magnanimity which he had imbibed in the field. He had his actors habited in a suitable garb, and the stage ornamented with decorations appropriated to his subjects, which were, in general, taken from history. Endowed with an exalted genius for tragedy, he painted characters of singular sublimity, panting for glory and incapable of fear. He brought on the stage the heroes, whom Homer has sung; and, like him, he breathed into them great violence of passion and great loftiness of mind. His object was to excite not only compassion but terror; but notwithstanding this, he never spilled

blood upon the stage. He was lavish of epithets and metaphors, and his diction, which he perpetually animates with imagery, is often obscure, because he often affects to create new terms or to use old in an unusual sense; and he transferred the tone of the *Epopée* and the *Dithyrambic* ode to the compositions of the tragic muse. He was often compared to a torrent which rushes amidst rocks, forests, and precipices; and it seemed as if the elevation of his genius would not permit him to stoop to the common language of men. His style is often sublime, but inflated, strained, gigantic, and often degraded by verbal ambiguities and vulgar conceits. Till his time, the stage had been occupied by only the actor and the chorus; he abridged the office of the last, and introduced two actors, and afterwards several after the manner of Sophocles, whose reputation was approaching its meridian when the genius of *Æschylus* was in its wane. He observed the unities of time and action with great exactness, but he was often negligent of the unity of place.'

'Sophocles always placed his heroes in interesting situations. Whilst he preserved the grandeur of his characters, he took care, that they should not diverge from nature and probability. He gave them an air of dignity in the most violent tumults of passion; and he displayed a pathos, to which *Æschylus* was a stranger. He is distinguished from his rivals by the equable harmony, the elegance and the force of his style. Uniting precision with grace, he sometimes painted a character with a single trait. He perfected the art of theatrical decoration, and omitted nothing which could prove auxiliary to the illusion. The conduct of his pieces has served as a model for succeeding writers.'

'Love had not hitherto displayed its frantic extravagance on the stage. Euripides made himself entire master of this passion; and has described its transports and its crimes with unparalleled force. There was less pomp in his style than in that of his predecessors; but there was more simplicity, more nature, and a more delicate and sensitive tact; and whilst there was nothing forced or affected, familiar language acquired a tone of grandeur from the manner in which he used it. He was reputed the most tragic of the dramatic poets; and from the numerous sentiments and wise maxims which he put in the mouths of his heroes, he was called the philosopher of the stage. He has been accused of violating probability in the disposition of his subjects, of employing awkward *dénouements* and of sprinkling his scenes with a luxuriant variety of reflections in which we trace the character of the author rather than that of the person whom he represents.'

We will now pass to a later period of M. Roujoux's work, and will exhibit some of his sketches of the literati of the 17th and 18th centuries. The following is his character of Massillon, the most eloquent preacher which France ever produced, and to whom we hardly know how

to find a parallel in point of energy, in animation and pathos in the theological writers of this country.

‘Massillon,’ says the author, ‘is distinguished by a dignified simplicity, an easy diction and exquisite taste. His style is perfect enchantment, and even its negligence serves to throw out the efflorescence of beauty. It has been compared to that of Racine, which it equalled in effect as much as fine prose can equal fine verse, in perspicuity, in elegance, in harmony. There is no language more sweet, more seducing, than in his *Petit Carême*, in which he discusses the virtues and vices of men in public situations. The tone of sentiment, pure and natural, agitates without outraging the soul; fills it with emotions of delight and interests the attention by the agency of the fancy and the affections. The morality and virtue, which he makes us love not by the force of logic but by the charms of sensibility, should never be otherwise expressed. When Massillon preaches, it is nature itself that speaks; and Voltaire has not disdained to turn many passages in his writings into verse.’

We shall not produce all that M. Roujoux says of Moliere, but shall select what he says of the *Tartufe*. This he calls

‘the most astonishing piece that was ever brought out on the French stage, or indeed on any stage. For antiquity has produced nothing so elevated, so striking, so vigorously conceived; and, amongst modern authors, there is no one who has come near to Moliere. The conduct of this sublime piece, which is always regular, always interesting, excites perpetual astonishment. This arises from the difficulty of the subject and the ability with which the author throws every particular of the plot into the most appropriate situation, whilst he attacks the most odious vice with an energy which Moliere himself never before employed. It is a work which will be admired as long as there are any hypocrites in being, that is as long as human passions shall preserve their sway.’

M. Roujoux does not speak too highly of Boileau when he says, that he

‘perfected the mechanism of French versification, and showed not only what we ought to do, but how it ought to be done. He developed the art of writing wisely and concisely in verse, of uniting taste with harmony, of suppressing all superfluities in his expressions and all dissonances in his rhymes, of never employing any but the most appropriate word, and of varying the rhythm as well as the form of his periods.’

Like most Frenchmen, M. Roujoux does not seem to have much relish for the varied beauties of Shakspeare:

he thinks that our blind admiration of this great writer has impeded the progress of the dramatic art amongst us, and that we have been less improved by his beauties than spoiled by his defects.

We shall lay before our readers M. Roujoux's criticism on the *Gil Blas* of Le Sage, the *Clarissa* of Richardson, and the *Tom Jones* of Fielding.

'Le Sage, inartificial and profound, excels in the portraiture of mankind. His characters are represented to the life with all the nice discriminations of light and shade which are caused by habitudes and circumstances. His pages offer the whole of life to our view; the different conditions of it are by turns brought on the stage, and the most striking features are correctly described. There is no one who, in the perusal of the work, is not conscious of what he has seen, of what he has thought, of what others have said to him; and we feel a perpetual inclination to apply the incidents and reflections to the scene which is passing around us, to the people with whom we converse, and to ourselves.'

'The romance of *Clarissa* contends for the precedence with that of *Gil Blas*, and many persons do not hesitate to allow its claim. Such a prejudice has indeed so long been in its favour, that it requires some courage to maintain a contrary opinion. The touching eloquence of this romance, makes a deep but painful impression on the heart. The character of *Clarissa* is quite heavenly; that of *Lovelace* is drawn with the hand of a master, though he often makes very little use of the genius which he is supposed to possess. The story is developed with much art and sagacity. The death of *Clarissa* is a masterpiece of genuine pathos; but the first parts of this romance are intolerably prolix, and the details are tediously minute. The author besides furnishes a picture only of one family, whilst Le Sage takes a comprehensive view of the wide world. The romance of *Pamela*, simple and interesting, was the first work of Richardson; that of *Grandison*, which followed *Clarissa*, did not add to his reputation.'

'Fielding, like Richardson, digressive and minute in his details, showed more skill in delineating the actions of men in common life. In his romance of *Tom Jones*, which is his best production, he also makes virtue the puppet of vice, though the former escapes at last from every snare. The plot is twisted together and unravelled with much art; and the piece presents a great variety of comic exhibitions. The personages are not the uniformity of perfection like those in *Grandison*; but are such people as we every day meet with in the world.'

M. Roujoux truly remarks that the affectation of that sensibility which is at once puerile and unnatural, but

which is still rendered captivating by the graceful elegance of Sterne, has given rise to a multitude of inferior and despicable productions. The author seems to think that Goldsmith, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, surpasses Sterne in pourtraying the shades of sentiment.

The eloquence of Rousseau entitled him to a place of distinction above all the writers of his age. His *Nouvelle Héloïse*, which is certainly one of the most eloquent of his works, is in this point of view highly applauded by M. Roujoux. In this work his object was not so much to paint

‘ the actions of common life, and the characters of men as they appear on a superficial view as to lay open the secret sensations of the heart, and to unfold the mysterious working of the soul, when its own impressions engross its thoughts. It is said that he wanted only a frame in which to set his dissertations on duelling, suicide, and the different decencies which divide the opinions of men.’ But whatever defects there may be in this plan, with what exquisite eloquence has he unfolded the sentiment of love! with what pathos, what energy, what truth! It is hardly possible to read it without enthusiasm; and perhaps it is granted only to those whose temperament has been chilled by age to criticise it with a sobriety of judgment which cannot be misled by its fascinations.’

A higher compliment than the above has not often been paid to the eloquence of Jean-Jacques, who certainly did possess a command over words which is almost without a parallel.

We have lately been exhibiting M. Roujoux as a man of taste in the *belles lettres*; we will now show him as a man of more philosophical observation. He gives the following concise epitome of the principles which pervade the voluminous works of Condillac, and form the general basis of his metaphysical reasoning.

‘ Condillac was a zealous disciple of Locke, and reproduced his doctrine, but with much more precision. He saw from the beginning the source of ideas in sensation. He showed how abstract ideas, which have no reality except in the mind, are formed from the aggregate of the individual ideas which they represent. He explained the process by which we are led from the effects which are visible to the causes which are concealed, from the idea of motion to that of force, from the idea of the world to that of God, and from the wisdom of the laws which uphold the universe to the knowledge of the divine attributes. He proved the ideas of morality, of vice, and virtue, to be habits, conventions, but not arbitrary; that we form them ourselves, but that nature does not permit us to form them

otherwise than they are. All our faculties are enveloped in that of sensation. Attention is only the exclusive sensation which an object produces on us; when we attend to two objects a comparison is the result; and judgment is only the observation of their similitudes or differences. Reflection is a succession of comparisons and judgments. Imagination is the faculty of combining in one single object, by the means of reflection, those qualities which are dispersed amongst several, and of exciting images which have no reality except in our own mind. Reasoning is the act of deducing a second judgment from a first, which contains the elements of the second. Thus every intellectual process has a reference to comparison; this last is only a sensation, and consequently the faculty of sensation includes all the faculties of the human mind.

We have not room to examine whether all this be true or false; but whether true or false, it appears to us to contain, in a short compass, a neat and clear view of the substance of Condillac's metaphysical works. We must now take our leave of this pleasing sketch of the revolutions of science and art.

ART. V.—*Glossaire de Botanique, &c.*

A Botanical Glossary, or etymological Dictionary of all the Names and Terms relative to this Science. By Alexander de Théis. Paris, 1810. London, Dulau, 8vo. 1l.

THIS dictionary differs from others of the same kind in the method which the author has followed in the execution. The author has sought in the Celtic and the oriental languages the origin of those primitive names of plants of which the Greek cannot furnish the legitimate explanation. M. de Théis says that the names of many European plants are readily explained by an acquaintance with the different dialects of the Celtic language, and the names of those Asiatic productions, which were transmitted to the Greeks by the Orientals, must be sought in the languages of the east.

Following this principle the author has developed with particular care every name which has any traces of Celtic origin. He has followed the language of those first inhabitants of Europe in its different ramifications, and has found that a plant is often as distinctly marked by its name as by its description. The author has referred to the oriental languages every thing which is derived from

them, and has always indicated, in a concise manner, the authorities by which what he says is established.

M. de Théis thinks that all the names ascribed to plants may be divided into *ancient names*, *modern names*, imitated from the ancient, *patronimic names*, and *foreign names*. The ancient names have been borrowed from the languages of Greece and Rome; and, in the different changes which the language of botany has undergone, the common feeling of reverence for antiquity has preserved them from any sacrilegious violation. Even when modern botanists could not identify the plants described by the ancients, they have preserved the names and given them to new plants in which they saw, or fancied that they saw, some analogy to justify the application.

The modern names have been imitated from the ancient, though it may be doubted, as the author remarks, whether the herbalists of Athens, who were so severe towards Theophrastus, would have acknowledged the right of citizenship in many of those, by whom they have been composed.

With respect to patronimic names, it may be remarked, according to M. de Théis, to the honour of botany, that it has not often been degraded by flattery. Many plants, however, bear the names of individuals; and the author has often employed much research in establishing their existence. He has noticed their country, the date of their birth, and given the title of their principal works.

Amongst the foreign names, those merit the first consideration, whose origin is here referred to the languages of the east. The author truly remarks that the language of all the sciences still exhibits the impression of Arabian influence; and the names which ancient and modern botany has borrowed from that people merit particular attention. The other foreign names belong to all ages and to all languages. They have been successively introduced by different travellers, who have thus 'imprinted on botany a rude and savage aspect; whilst, by the Latin terminations which have been given them, they have been rendered strangers to their own country.' M. de Théis has been contented with referring these to their exact origin by indicating the authors from whom they were derived.

The author has arranged the specific names after the generic, and he has also explained the one as well as the other. M. de Théis has not even omitted the etymology

of the vulgar names, whether in French or in other modern languages. They often contribute to the knowledge of the technical name.

‘In the different decompositions and recompositions which all the languages of Europe have experienced, there are some elementary principles which ought never to be lost sight of, and which, traced with method, may be followed to a common origin.’

Such is a brief account of a learned work, which the lovers of botany, and those who wish to perfect themselves in the botanical vocabulary, will not fail to prize as it deserves.

ART. VI.—*Histoire de l'établissement, de progres, et de la decadence de la Monarchie des Goths in Italie, &c. &c.*

History of the Establishment, of the Progress and the Decline of the Monarchy of the Goths in Italy; a Work which obtained the Prize in the Competition proposed by the Class of History and of ancient Literature of the Institute in the Year 1810. By J. Naudet, Professor in the Lyceum Napoleon. Paris, 1811. 8vo. London, Dulau, 9s.

THE first part of this work contains a succinct history of the Goths from their establishment on the banks of the Euxine till the period when Theodoric the Ostrogoth rendered himself master of Italy, and established his court at Ravenna after the assassination of Odoacer. The author next devotes his attention to the reign of Theodoric. The following is part of the author's character of Theodoric:

‘Born amidst the barbarians, Theodoric had nothing barbarous but his name and his origin. His genius had advanced several centuries before the intellectual standard of his countrymen. His early education had given him that force of character which makes conquerors. His residence at Byzantium had contributed to expand the germ of those talents which constitute the consummate politician. At once haughty and cunning, ambitious and supple, occupied only with himself, and always affecting an unlimited regard for the people, his great art consisted in penetrating into the characters of men in order to deceive them, and in accommodating himself to their prejudices and weaknesses, in order to bend them to his views. He caressed the foe whom he feared, and crushed him whom he

could oppress with impunity. He could either dazzle by his pomp, or charm by his modesty; make himself feared by his rigor or beloved by his clemency. He conciliated the regard of all, whilst he elevated those who could contribute to his power. His thoughts and his actions had no other object than his own greatness; and I will add that he sacrificed the people to his interest.'

Surely Bónaparte must have been flitting before the author's mind when he drew part of the above character; and, if he had been present in the Institute when it was read, we think that he could hardly fail to have appropriated the likeness to himself. But one great conqueror usually makes so close an approximation to another great conqueror, that it is more easy to mark the strong lines of similitude than the faint points of difference. Almost all conquerors propose the same end, and pursue it by the same means. The end is the establishment of their own power; and the means are, whatever seems most likely to promote it without staying to make any nice moral distinctions between right and wrong, or calculating the difference between justice and robbery, humanity and oppression. Where the mind acknowledges no principle of restraint but the law of force, all characteristic peculiarities are soon lost in the broad features of insensate despotism.

The second chapter of the second part of this work shows the precautions which Theodoric took to secure his Italian conquest and establish his sovereignty. Though he had been himself early taught to cherish the opinions of Arius, yet he respected the faith of his new subjects, who were of a different persuasion. He protected the Roman system of Jurisprudence, and preserved the forms of the ancient government. All the authorities were maintained which had existed under the emperors; and none but Romans were invested with the insignia of office. But Theodoric took care to concentrate the whole power of government in his own hands; and according to Cassiodorus, lib. vi. ep. 1. every thing was to be done by his will or for his gratification.

The prejudices of the vanquished were rendered subservient to the despotic views of the victor. Pompous titles lavished on persons of superior wealth or influence, gratified pride, while they purchased the repose of ambition. The Gothic sovereign conquered the kingdom by force, and conciliated the affections of his subjects by art. He even relinquished the dress of his barbarous ancestors,

and adopted that of the Romans. His palace and his guards were assimilated to the palace and the guards of the emperors.

Theodoric made a journey or rather a procession to the ancient capital of the empire. His entry was solemn and splendid, and calculated to revive the past associations of the people. Though an Arian, the first place he entered was the church of St. Peter, without stopping to inquire into the theological opinions of that pillar of the Roman hierarchy. He thus gave a pledge of his religious indulgence and a foretaste of the tolerant spirit of his government. When he repaired to the senate, he promised to maintain the privileges and the dignity of that body, which still retained the shadow of a great name. The chief of the Ostrogoths both gave and received the incense of flattery. In the circus, he proclaimed to the people his resolution to redress the wrongs of Italy, and to observe the laws and regulations of the emperors. This solemn engagement was engraved by his order on a plate of brass and exposed to the inspection of all. He, at the same time, gratified the well-known cupidity of the citizens for *bread and spectacles*.

Theodoric evinced his regard for toleration in the protection which he granted to the Jews, who were perpetual objects of ravage and insult to a bigoted and infuriated populace. Cass. lib. 2, ep. 18; lib. 3. ep. 7. 37. The Gothic sovereign, in such a period of calamity, was unwilling to deprive his state of such active and industrious citizens, and he permitted them to rebuild their synagogues and to practice their religious exercises without molestation. M. Naudet, however, regrets, in the midst of such praiseworthy labours, to behold the high-minded sovereign affixing a capital punishment on pagans and sorcerers. The author asks how he could falsify his character for moderation by such a barbarous decree? 'Was it fanaticism? But his genius was above this weakness. Was it the horror of idolatry? But he concerned himself only about revolts against his own power and not against the majesty of God.' The author then says he retracts his first opinion, that this measure was a deviation from the general character of Theodoric, and adds, that he sees in it only a 'consequence of his principles.'

'He was accustomed to sacrifice every thing to his interests. The Pagans had been proscribed by the emperors; the Pagans had always excited the zeal and the animosity of the Christians; they were then few in number, and by no means objects of alarm.

To revoke the edicts of proscription against them, would have been to render himself odious to the Catholics, ever ready to resent whatever they deemed an attack on their religion; to confirm these edicts was a means of effacing, in some measure, the stain of heresy.

M. Naudet therefore thinks, that this intolerant edict of Theodoric towards the Pagans was only an act of interested policy. Paganism, says the author, had taken refuge in Africa, where 'almost all the people were Pagans. If Africa had been still united to the empire, we should not have found this article in the edict of Theodoric.' Theodoric showed great policy and forbearance in the contested claim for the papacy between Symmachus and Laurentius, by which Rome was agitated at the beginning of the sixth century. Though he favoured the pretensions of Symmachus, he left the matter to be determined by a council of bishops, whom he exhorted to restore tranquillity to Rome and to the Christian world.

The Popes had, at this time, begun to mature their project for rendering the ecclesiastical independent on the secular power. Symmachus himself had hardly recovered his rights, before the first use he made of them was to assemble a council, in which it was unanimously resolved to repeal a law of Odoacer, which forbade the exaltation of any one to the papacy, without the previous approbation of the prince. Theodoric had the prudence, at the time, not to resist this feeble attack on his sovereign authority, though he afterwards assumed a different tone with the Pontiff of Rome. In general, says the author, 'as he always knew how to accommodate his passions to circumstances,' his mode of acting with the clergy was regulated by a prudential regard for his personal security and the establishment of his power.

'Theodoric,' says M. Naudet, 'was proud of having succeeded to the throne of the Cæsars.' This was rather an empty honour, when we consider over what a degenerate people he had to reign. But the dignity of the Roman sceptre, if it had any dignity, consisted rather in the recollection of what the people had been, than in the consciousness of what they were. They were sunk in the lowest state of moral and intellectual degradation: and if any of the heroes of Rome, not only in the days of the commonwealth, but even in those of the first emperors, could have looked out of their graves, they would have blushed for their descendants.

Theodoric evinced much more regard for his reputation

than any of the contemporary Barbarian chiefs. The chiefs of the Vandals seem to have been attentive only to the pillage of the vanquished, whilst the king of the Ostrogoths displayed a very laudable ambition to have his name placed by the side of that of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius.

When the Goths conquered Italy, they had no written laws; but their place was supplied by ancient usages and traditions. Theodoric did not reduce the customs of his countrymen into a regular code, but made the Roman system of jurisprudence the law of his state. The victors may thus be said to have received the law from the vanquished.

The subjects of Theodoric were formed of two very discordant and heterogeneous masses of people.

‘The one, debilitated by luxury and effeminacy, preserved even in the midst of its corruption, the wreck of the arts and sciences; the other, still rough and ferocious, was addicted to nothing but the exercise of arms. As the Goths were the conquering nation, and as the sovereign belonged to that people, the Goths had the pre-eminence over the Romans, if not by legal adjudication, at least by the natural course of events. The paramount profession was of course that of arms. Ambition, which is the passion of all men and of all times, might have revived some sparks of courage in the breast of the Romans. But Theodoric, who placed his security in the weakness of the Romans, forbade them the use of arms, which were exclusively entrusted to his Gothic subjects. He thus formed a great line of demarcation between the two orders of his subjects. They were rendered in some measure of different species, and this difference was artfully fortified by the habits of early education.’

‘The Romans,’ says the author, ‘had no other means of obtaining the favour of the prince than by distinguishing themselves by literary or oratorical talents. Theodoric incessantly exhorted them to cultivate the arts and sciences, and particularly to polish and adorn the minds of their children with every species of knowledge.(1) He supported academies, in which instructions were given in grammar, rhetoric, jurisprudence, and whatever could serve to embellish the mind.(2) Civil appointments were the recompence of intellectual proficiency. On the other hand, the Goths were excluded from the schools.(3) From their earliest years, they were inflamed with military emulation

(1) Cass. lib. 1. ep. 12, 13. 45; lib. 2, ep. 15; lib. 3, ep. 23; lib. 5 ep. 3, 4, lib. 6, ep. 5.

(2) Sigon. Occid. Imp. lib. 16, 17.

(3) Proc. Hist. Got. lib. 1, cap. 2.

in the gymnasia (1), where the soul was fortified against fear, and the body hardened against fatigue. Peace was to them the image of war; it was passed in continual evolutions and conflicts.(2) The period of their majority was fixed, not by the number of years, but by the capacity of bearing arms.(3) They were denied all exemption from military service, unless they were rendered incapable of it by physical infirmities.(4) They then no longer enjoyed the privileges allotted to the Goths. The existence of the citizen began and ended with the existence of the soldier: and, according to the genius of the German institutions (5), they were nothing before they could fight, and every thing when they could.'

'Thus the Romans were perpetually excited to pacific pursuits, and the Goths inured to military discipline. The first addicted themselves to eloquence, which was no longer any thing but the art of flatterers and slaves, whilst the second aspired only to those exploits of valour which confirmed their domination. The object of the one was military distinction, of the other only the gratification of a futile vanity. There must, therefore, have been between them an alienation of sentiment excited by jealousy and disdain. Nevertheless, all equally marched in the track of obedience and servitude; but the one, as at the same time, the subjects and the ministers of the sovereign power, the other as subjects, and nothing but subjects. Theodoric was anxious to render the Romans unconscious of this disparity, which he omitted no effort to disguise. He required, that they should be treated as friends and brothers by the Goths.(6) Both enjoyed the same rights in the courts of justice, and, as citizens, their privileges and their obligations were the same.(7) But this was only a specious representation calculated to dazzle the Romans. The Goths were then under the controul of the law; but according to circumstances, they might place themselves above the law. My meaning is that these people were really placed in two different states, of which one was designated by the statutes of the government and depended for its support entirely on the character of the prince. This constituted the equality between the Romans and the Goths. The other originated in the nature of things themselves, and was necessitated by the respective condition of the two people. This was the superiority of the Goths to the Romans. Do we wish to form an idea of the predominant authority of the military nation? We have only to read the fol-

(1) Cass. lib. 5, ep. 23.—Cooech. Vita Theod. cap. 13. 15.

(2) Cass. lib. 1, ep. 40.—Ennod. Panegy. *in fine*.

(3) Cass. lib. 1, ep. 38.

(4) *Id.* lib. 5, ep. 36.

(5) Tacitus, German, cap. 20.

(6) Cass. lib. 7, ep. 3; lib. 8, ep. 3.

(7) *Id.* lib. 1, ep. 17, 19; lib. 3, ep. 48; lib. 4, ep. 14; lib. 7, ep. 3.

lowing article in the edict of Theodoric.(1) If any person pretend to be a soldier, in order to frighten any individual, he shall suffer the punishment of exile. What must have been the condition of the Romans when the mere dress of a soldier was sufficient to excite their alarms? And how must they have felt the pride of conscious superiority, who were set apart for this terrible occupation?

The conduct of Theodoric with respect to the rights of private property, will bear an honourable comparison with that of the chiefs of the Vandals, the Franks, and other barbarians, who were at that time the terror or the scourge of that portion of the civilized world which had been comprehended within the limits of the Roman empire.(2) In Africa and in Gaul the Vandals and the Franks set no other bounds to the spoliation of the vanquished than their own convenience. The Visigoths and the Burgundians left the inhabitants only a third part of their lands. But Theodoric was contented with taking only one third part for his Gothic warriors and left the rest to the original proprietors.(3) The object of Theodoric appears to have been not so much to garrison Italy with Goths, as to incorporate the victors and the vanquished, and to render his barbarous legions at once citizens and soldiers. The Gothic sovereign felt the honourable ambition of being regarded as the guardian and the friend of that part of his subjects whom he had reduced by the sword, and over whom he might consequently have more rigorously exercised the rights of conquest. But his conduct on many occasions was a homage secretly paid to a more civilized people and to greater intellectual cultivation.

In the year 503, Theodoric reduced all Pannonia to his sceptre. 'He revived the Roman law in this country; he abolished the practice of the trial by battle, introduced by the barbarians, and was particularly strenuous in repressing violence and outrage.'(4)

Theodoric afterwards made himself master of almost all that part of Gaul which is extended from the Alps and the Rhone, to the Pyrenees and the Ocean; and he even established his dominion beyond the Pyrenees. Wherever Theodoric carried his victorious arms, says M. Naudet,

(1) Edict. Theod. art. 80.

(2) Procop. Hist. Vandal, lib. 1.—Lex. Visig. lib. 10, tit. 1, art. 8, 9, 16.—Lex. Burg. cap. 57, art. 1, 2—Montesq. liv. 30.

(3) Cass. lib. 2, ep. 16. Procop. Hist. Goth. tit. 1, cap. 1.

(4) Cass. lib. 3, ep. 23, 24; lib. 4, ep. 49; lib. 5, ep. 14.

'order was restored, the taxes moderated, the avidity of collectors repressed, commercial credit invigorated, agriculture encouraged, and the administration of justice improved. He was ambitious of forming a contrast between his government and that of the other barbarian chiefs. Let other kings, said he, delight in ravaging cities and loading themselves with spoil; for myself, I am anxious for my government to be such, that the conquered nations may regret that they were not sooner subject to my sway.'

Theodoric left the administration of the provinces under the same nominal authorities as had existed under the emperors; but he appointed one new magistrate in every province. This was a Gothic count (1), whose office it was to restrain the barbarians within the limits of their duty, to determine all quarrels which might arise between two Goths, and in conjunction with the Roman judges, those which took place between individuals of the two nations.

Montesquieu says, that in the time of the republic, there was liberty at the centre and tyranny at the extremities, because the pretors exercised an arbitrary power. Under the last emperors, tyranny was every where; the provinces were exhausted by successive exactions, and the only object of the last governor seemed to be how to extort the small remains of wealth which had been left by his predecessors.

'But under Theodoric,' says the author, 'the governors no longer united the military force with the civil authority (2), which was more in unison with the principle of the monarchy.' 'Vigilant, attentive and even jealous, Theodoric left nothing to the arbitrary will of the magistrate. He was immediately informed of every action, every event which was at all out of the ordinary course of things. (3) The route was chalked out for all the officers, from which they did not dare to deviate. Their master heard and saw every thing, and was always at hand to punish or to reward.'

'Amongst the Franks, amongst the Vandals, amongst the Visigoths, amongst the Burgundians (4), the taxes were paid only by the vanquished. Thus the whole burthen fell on those who were least capable of supporting it.' 'But Theodoric ordered, that his Goths should be subject to the same duties as the Romans.'

(1) Cass. lib. 6, ep. 3.

(2) Cass. lib. 6, ep. 22, 23; lib. 7, ep. 1.

(3) Cass. lib. 6, ep. 21.

(4) Lex Burgund, lib. 54.—Lex Visigoth, lib. 10, tit. 1, §. 14. Procop. Hist. Vand. lib. 1, ep. 2. *Id* Hist. Misc. lib. 16.

The author has furnished a very accurate and erudite analysis of the government of Theodoric, to whom however he assigns a higher refinement of policy than he appears to have possessed. He was certainly a great man for the age in which he lived. He towered pre-eminent as a soldier, a statesman, and a king, above the standard of his contemporaries; and this is the fairest way of estimating the abilities of individuals. In appretiating the character of Theodoric, when we consider his education, his circumstances, and the génius of the times in which he lived, he is certainly an object of admiration. Gibbon, (whom, by the bye, M. Naudet has treated with marked neglect, as we do not find that he has once mentioned his name, though he refers constantly to Lebeau, an author of inferior merit) says, in his quaint way, of Theodoric, that

‘his spirit, after some previous expiation, might have been permitted to mingle with the benefactors of mankind, if an Italian hermit had not been witness in a vision to the damnation of Theodoric, whose soul was plunged by the ministers of divine vengeance, into the volcano of Lipari, one of the flaming mouths of the infernal world.’

We shall not follow M. Naudet in his account of the successors of Theodoric, till the year 552, which terminated the dominion of the Goths in Italy.

ART. VII.—*Bibliothèque universelle des Voyages, ou Notice, &c.*

The Traveller's universal Library, or a complete and detailed Account of all the Travels, whether ancient or modern, which have been published either in the French or in other Languages; classed in geographical Order, and in a chronological Series; with Extracts, more or less concise, from the most esteemed Travels in every Country, and of Opinions founded on the most celebrated Relations of ancient Times. By G. Boucher de la Richarderie, Ex-Judge of the Court of Cassation, and Member of the French Society of Discovery in the Interior of Africa; instituted at Marseilles. Paris, Treuttel and Wurtz, 1808. London, Dulau, 6 Volumes 8vo. 4l. 4s.

A WORK of this kind cannot but be useful to throw light on the researches of the learned, to provide the tra-

veller with the most requisite information, and to afford amusement to all classes of society. The undertaking was one of great labour and difficulty, and the author says that he devoted ten years of his life to the accomplishment. We are acquainted with no library of travels on the plan of the present; or at least which is so copious as a book of reference, and amidst a dry specification of title-pages, contains so much curious and interesting matter to excite attention and to furnish both instruction and entertainment. The Bibliotheca Universalis of Meusel, contains indeed numerous notices of various books of travels; but as M. de la Richarderie remarks, the work of this learned foreigner was very incomplete at the time of its publication, and it has been rendered still more so by the numerous books of travels which have since appeared. The author notices several other catalogues of more or less utility or extent; but there are none which will bear any comparison with this work either in variety of matter, fullness of enumeration, capacity of affording satisfaction to him who consults it for information, or takes it up for amusement.

The author sets out with an account of the principal works which have been published on the utility of travelling. He next specifies the few travels of the ancients, which have come down to our times. He then enumerates the travels of the middle ages, and afterwards mentions the different collections of travels which have been published either in Latin, in the French, or in other languages. These are succeeded by an account of the voyages which have been made round the world. We have afterwards an accurate arrangement of travels in different parts of the world, first without and then with a particular designation of place in the title. These subjects are comprehended in the first part of the work. The five other parts are occupied by particular descriptions of the different parts of the world in five principal divisions.

It would be impossible to exhibit any thing like an analysis of a work which is composed of so many minute parts, each of which may be said to be a perfect whole in itself. We will however furnish one or two specimens of the catalogue *raisonnée* of M. de la Richarderie.

Under the title

' Journal d'un Voyage en Hollande et aux Indes orientales, par Jean Guillaume Vogel: (en allemande) Joh. Wilh. Vogel,

Journal seiner reise nach Holland und Ostindien. Leipsic, 1690; in 12mo. &c.

we have the following :

‘ It was in January, 1635, that this missionary set out from Leghorn to travel from Syria to China, by land. He disembarked at Alexandretta, and joined the caravan which passed through Turkey and Armenia. He gives some descriptions of these countries, with the mode of travelling in the caravans. The geographer and the cosmographer will be interested by the remarks which he makes on his route towards the Caspian and on the Wolga. His stay at Astrachan furnishes him with an opportunity of describing that town which is distinguished by the beauty of its climate and the fertility of its soil. Some particulars are added relative to the Calmuc and the Nogais Tartars.

‘ The traveller afterwards gives an account of some astronomical observations, the object of which is to rectify the ancient measurement adopted by geographers, who placed China 600 leagues more to the east than it is in reality.

‘ The navigation of P. Avril on the Wolga, and his travels by land to Moscow on sledges, and through thick forests, include some curious details on the country and its inhabitants, on their different modes of hunting, and their trade in furs. He points out as many as six different routes to China by Muscovy; he furnishes some useful information on the different hordes of Tartars who are found on these routes, but more particularly on the Calmucs and the Mongols. What he says of the *Dalai-lama* has been since confirmed by more enlightened travellers.

‘ He estimates the time which it takes to travel from Moscow to Pekin at four months; and gives a slight sketch of the articles of merchandize which are furnished in grand Tartary, and particularly of a species of ivory which is much more valuable, because much more white than that which is procured from the teeth of the elephant. He supposes this ivory to be the product of an amphibious animal, named Behemoth, which is found in the river Lena, or on the coast of the sea of Tartary.

‘ As the traveller was refused a passage by Siberia, he was obliged to return into Poland; on which, as well as on Lithuania he makes some interesting observations. The difficulties which he experienced in passing into China by Muscovy having become insurmountable, he determined to take the road to Constantinople by Moldavia, of which he gives a very favourable account.

‘ His narrative on the whole contains nothing very remarkable; and in general with respect to all which concerns natural history shows rather a zealous missionary than an able observer.’

Under the enumeration of the different editions and translations of the *Picture of Greenland*, &c. by the Danish missionary *Hans Egede*, the author adds the following:

‘ In the commencement of his work, Egede employs himself in determining the geographical position of Greenland. From the relations of some Greenlanders he affirms that towards the west this country almost reaches the confines of America, since it is separated only from it by a gulph, but which has hitherto been rendered impenetrable by almost eternal ice. He considers it as very uncertain whether Greenland touches on Asia and on Tartary on the north-east, which is positively denied by the Dutch.

Egede represents Greenland as far as it had been explored as a country elevated and bristled with rocks, many of which are covered with perpetual ice and snow. In the little valleys which separate them, and principally in the parts which are near the sea, there are some rich pastures, which during the summer, of only four month's continuance, would feed abundance of cattle if Greenland were to recover part of its ancient population. This country was discovered and colonized by the Norwegians in the ninth century. These colonies appear to have been destroyed by the Aborigenes of the country. Thus for a very long interval Greenland was entirely lost to Denmark; and even at present they have not been able to explore the eastern part of it, which is rendered inaccessible to navigators by floating ice. After some fruitless attempts which were made by the kings of Denmark in the seventeenth century, to reconnoitre and to occupy the whole of Greenland, the country appears to have been entirely forgotten. Egede, the pastor of Berghen, animated with religious zeal, turned the attention of the Danish minister to the subject by representing Greenland as favourable to the establishment of a branch of commerce of considerable importance, though he as a missionary thought only of converting the natives to christianity. He had the address to carry his point by means of the first of these considerations. In 1720 a company of merchants was formed at Berghen, with a view of restoring the communication with Greenland, and of forming a commercial establishment with that country. Egede was thus enabled to make a settlement in Greenland; and it was then that he discovered the ruins of the Norwegian colonies and those of an ancient church.

‘ He devoted himself particularly to the instruction of the inhabitants, and to the diffusion of knowledge among them; he composed a grammar and a dictionary of their language, and familiarized them with the truths of the gospel by the translation of the New Testament into their vernacular tongue. In 1749 he published in the German language a *circumstantia*

account of the beginning and the progress of his mission, in which he has mingled many details on the physical properties of the country.

' The court of Denmark at first favoured the enterprize of Egede. Five ships were dispatched to Greenland in 1728 with artizans of every species, with materials to construct a fort, and soldiers for its defence. A commandant was even appointed for this fort, and a governor for the colony, but a most afflicting epidemic frustrated the whole plan. The court of Denmark not finding in Greenland the commercial advantages it had expected, ceased to send succours to the colony, or sent such as were insufficient to answer any useful purpose. The arrival in Greenland of three Moravian brethren contributed a little to revive the zeal of Egede, which was slackened by the obstacles which he experienced to the conversion of the Greenlanders. But the ravages which the small-pox made in the colony, caused him to despair of its prosperity, unless he received fresh succours from the court. Oppressed with infirmities and chagrin, he returned to Denmark, where he laid before the king the means which he thought most proper to give new life to the colony, which was abandoned to the indefatigable zeal of the Moravians.

' The description of Egede shows us, that the few trees which grow in Greenland do not exceed from four to six yards in height; there are some alders, some poplars, and many junipers. Though, from the sixtieth to the sixty-six degree of latitude, the soil has an appearance of fertility, the grain does not come to maturity. Perhaps they might succeed in inuring it to the climate, if they took the seed from a country of which the temperature is nearly similar to that of Greenland. Many large species of pulse are cultivated with success, and some antiscorbutic plants, as the cochlearia and others, thrive in this region. There are few mines in the country, but it contains some veins of cinnabar, of rock crystal, blue and red; of asbestos, and a species of spurious marble.

' There is very seldom any rain in Greenland; tempest and storms are also rare; the mists are the real scourge of the country and arrest the progress of agriculture. The cold is much more intense to the east than to the west. There is no ferocious animal in Greenland but the white bear; the Greenlanders attack it by the help of their dogs; these dogs are their only domestic animals; they use them instead of horses to draw their sledges on the ice. Greenland is much infested by gnats.

' Fishing is the chief resource of the Greenlanders. They derive much advantage from that of the whale and that of the sea dog. The bone and the oil form a considerable object of commerce, but which is not exclusively profitable to the Danes; for the Greenlanders trade less willingly with them than with strangers. Their other fish furnish good food. They have another alimentary resource in the chase of the rein-deer, and

particularly in hares, which are very numerous, but as their hunting and fishing sometimes fail, they occasionally experience the most dreadful famines, when Denmark does not send them supplies of corn.

'The men in Greenland are exclusively occupied in hunting and fishing. The manufactory of their shoes and clothes, the preparation of their food, even the construction and repairs of their houses are abandoned to their women. The simplicity of their habitations, which are rudely formed of turf and stones, that of their dress, which is made of the skins of rein-deer and of bears, render these different occupations less fatiguing to the women than might at first be supposed.

'The Greenlanders rarely live to an advanced age. As medicine is not known among them, it can neither shorten nor prolong their days. In general, they have an appearance of stupidity, but this might be removed by education. Egede panegyrizes their manners, and particularly their hospitality; he acknowledges, nevertheless, that fidelity is not a common virtue amongst them; the want of which is remarked particularly in those Greenlanders, of whom there are a few, who practise polygamy. Divorce is very common in the country. The Greenlanders, like the natives of the South Sea, have a great horror of robbery amongst each other, but are much inclined to it when foreigners come in their way. In common with savages, they are very filthy in their habitations and clothes; like them, they lament a long time over the graves of their relations. Their diversions particularly consist in playing with balls, in dice, in grotesque gesticulations, and a species of dancing, but particularly in singing, in which a sort of rhymed poetry is observed. The idiom of the Greenlanders has some affinity with the language of the Norwegians, but it is much less copious in its elements. Their religion is a medley of superstitious opinions, in which Egede thought, that he could trace the idea of a supreme Being and of the immortality of the soul. Under the name of *Angekkot*, the sorcerers act a distinguished part amongst them. They are at once their priests and their physicians. The missionaries, with all their endeavours, have been unable to impress their minds with any pure notions of the Christian doctrine.'

Though this is a very useful work, yet we must remark, that its account of the voyages and travels, written in the English language, is often very inaccurate and imperfect. For instance, the author assumes (Vol. V. p. 289-291), the fabulous account which the famous impostor, G. Psalmanazar, published of the island of Formosa, as a true and genuine narrative, and he makes a considerable extract from it respecting the manners and customs of the people.

ART. VIII.—*Histoire des Femmes Françaises les plus Célèbres, &c.*

History of the most celebrated French Women, and of their Influence on French Literature as the Patrons of Letters and as Authors. By Madame de Genlis. London, Colburn, 1811, 2 vols. 12mo.

THESE volumes contain what may be called characteristic sketches rather than lives of more than seventy French women of distinction. These sketches are preceded by some preliminary reflections on women in general, and particularly women of some literary celebrity. Madame Genlis is herself a lady of much observation, large experience, and quick discernment, and therefore her criticisms on the virtues and vices, the merits and defects of her own sex, cannot well be destitute of instruction or of interest.

Madame Genlis commences her reflections with a very modest confession, which shows, that she is not going to set up any extravagant pretensions in favour of her own sex, or to assert their claims to superiority in points, in which it is not their due.

‘Men of letters,’ says Madame Genlis, ‘possess a superiority to female authors, which it is impossible to mistake or to dispute. All the works of women put together are not equal to some of the fine passages in Bossuet or Pascal, or some of the scenes in Corneille, Racine, Moliere, &c.’ ‘But we must not,’ says she, ‘conclude from this, that the organization of women is different from that of men. Genius is composed of those qualities which they cannot be denied to possess in perfection; imagination, sensibility, elevation of soul.’

In those departments of literature in which women are confessedly inferior to the other sex, Madame Genlis appears to ascribe the cause to the defect of their education and to the omission of proper culture. But, says she,

‘if few women, for want of study and assurance, have composed tragedies or poems which are equal to those of men, they have often surpassed them in works of another kind. No man has left any familiar letters which can bear any comparison with those of Madame de Sevigné or with those of Madame de Maintenon, the Princess of Cleves, the Peruvian Letters, or the Letters of Madame Riccoboni. The two last romances of Madame Cottin are infinitely superior to those of all the male writers of romance, without excepting those of Marivaux, and still less the tiresome and voluminous works of the Abbé Prévôt. For the

work of Gil Blas is of a different kind ; it is a picture of the vices and follies, which are the product of ambition, of vanity, of avarice, rather than a development of the natural sentiments of the heart, of love, friendship, jealousy, filial piety, &c. The author, who is so penetrating in his remarks and so lively in his pleasantries, was thoroughly acquainted only with subaltern intrigues and with the fooleries of pride. But when he lays aside his satirical pencil, he becomes common ; all the episodes in Gil Blas, by which the author intended to interest our sensibility, are without elegance or animation.

Madame Genlis thinks, that our general opinions on women are either contradictory or void of meaning. She says, that whilst we allow them an excess of sensibility, we refuse them energy ; and she seems to think, that this sensibility cannot well exist without energy. This energy she describes as a force of mind and a strength of volition, which, whatever may be its direction, gives constancy to the effort, and causes the person to brave every obstacle in the way of its accomplishment. Women, she says, are proverbially famed for tenacity of purpose. They cannot therefore be refused the energy of perseverance.

Madame Genlis does not think, that exquisite delicacy is the exclusive property of women ; for she says, that it is found in the writings of many men of letters, but she allows, that it is one of the distinctive characters of almost all the writings of her own sex.

‘ Education,’ says she, ‘ and the usage of society, impose upon them the necessity of restraining the expression of their sentiments and of adopting a perpetual reserve. Hence the delicate turns of their diction and their elaborate finesse in making that intelligible which they do not dare to reveal. There is no dissimulation in this ; it is not the concealment of what we experience ; its perfection on the contrary consists in making that well known which we do not explain, and in employing words from which no positive avowal can be proved. Love is particularly conversant in this ingenious delicacy. Under the influence of this passion women have recourse to a language, veiled in those mysterious forms which speak only to the heart and the imagination. The words which are articulated are nothing ; the secret sense is every thing ; and this can be clearly comprehended only by the heart, for which it is designed.’

Madame Genlis allows, that women are physically weaker than men, and that they are formed for the nursing of children more than the trade of arms. Hence they are entitled to protection, and are unfitted for *command*. This is a very candid acknowledgment, but in order to recom-

pense the fair sex for this inferiority, the power which is withheld from them by reason, is made up to them by unceasing tenderness and perpetual regard. The true empire of women is that of love, and the mythology of the ancients as well as the experience of the moderns, testify, that the force of this sentiment is superior to every other description of force. Madame Genlis thinks, that there is no young woman of the age of twenty of distinguished beauty who would consent to exchange it, even if the exchange were possible, for the possession of a crown. She would not consent to become ugly in order to become a queen.

Madame Genlis combats the objection, that the literary pursuits of women unfit them for the common duties of domestic life. 'These duties,' says Madame Genlis, 'cannot, in a well-regulated family, occupy more than an hour in a day.' But Madame G. should have made one stipulation, that these literary ladies should not be the mothers of children, and should besides be in circumstances of competent affluence. We, however, entirely coincide in opinion with Madame Genlis, that '*des goûts sédentaires*,' are not the things which divert women from their duties. Let them write, says she, as much as they please, if they sacrifice to this amusement, plays, routes, balls, and idle visits. 'These are the dangerous dissipations which prevent women from attending to the education of their children and plunge families in embarrassment and distress.'

One of the specimens which we shall select of Madame Genlis' portraits of distinguished women in this work, shall be the following, of Madame the Marchioness du Deffant, which includes that of another celebrated lady, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, whose letters have been noticed in a former appendix of our review.

'It was impossible to be acquainted with Madame du Deffant and to study her character, without being convinced, that false philosophy relaxes all the springs of the soul, withers the imagination, and dries up the heart. Madame du Deffant was naturally of a good disposition; she was obliging, generous. To much genius, she added an artless simplicity in her conversation. She was the only female *philosophe*, without pedantry and without presumption, the only one who was not inflamed with the desire of sway or of captivating admirers by her brilliant qualities; the only one in short who had not the absurd intolerance of impiety. With too much correctness of judgment to be strongly attached to error, but with too much weakness and indolence to reject it, her life was past in the most painful uncertainty.

Without religion, there is no futurity for old age, or at least if it admit one, it cannot enjoy the prospect without alarm. Thus, at the close of her life, she wrote a copy of verses, of which the following is the conclusion.

‘ Quelques plaisirs dans la jeunesse,
Des soins dans la maternité,
Tous les malheurs dans la vieillesse,
Puis la peur de l'éternité.

‘ Madame du Deffant was of a discontented and unquiet temper, and subject to considerable inequalities. Her dejection rendered her unsusceptible of any strong emotions of joy or of any lively sentiment; but her conversation was always agreeable, because it was always devoid of art. Her house was for more than twenty years the rendezvous of all the men of letters of most celebrity and talents. To a great number of them she did important services; but she experienced more than one instance of ingratitude. Madame du Deffant had taken into her house a Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, a lady of good family, but without fortune, who soon supplanted her benefactor in her own family, in which she formed a particular society, who preferred the apartment of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse to the saloon of Madame du Deffant. The last, wounded by this neglect, complained of it to her friend; she was answered with haughtiness; and the misunderstanding proceeded to extremities. Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, by means of the friends whom she had formed at the house of Madame du Deffant, obtained a pension from the king. This was assuredly a very extraordinary favour, to which she had not the smallest claim. Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse soon abandoned for ever the asylum where she had experienced such singular hospitality. She collected a colony of beaux esprits, who were deserters from the house of Madame du Deffant. This insurrection produced a literary republic, who detested their ancient chief, whose authority they had renounced. The American rebels were never more exasperated against his Britannic majesty, than was M. d'Alembert, the Washington of this revolt, against Madame du Deffant. M. de la Harpe says, that Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse had a soul *singularly prone to love*. It was singularly so indeed; for she was violently in love with two different persons at the same time. In this respect she appears to have been an extraordinary anomaly in the *loving faculty*. M. de la Harpe says, moreover, that Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was so afflicted by the death of the *Count de Mora*, a young Spanish nobleman, that her grief shortened her days. It was not this cause alone which occasioned the destruction of her health. She had, it is true, a violent fondness for this young Spaniard; but she was, at the same time, passionately enamoured of M. Guibert. And she had, moreover, a strong liking for M. d'Alembert, who was the confidant of her two amours, and

who was, at the same time, desperately in love with herself. If people are so often victims to a single passion, it is not surprising, that she could not resist the strange inquietudes of two or three. All these things appear scandalous follies and marks of a depraved imagination to the generality of mankind, and, particularly as the heroine of this new species of romance was more than forty years of age. But modern philosophy admires this vast faculty of loving, this amorous philanthropy, which renders the heart of an energetic and sensitive woman as open to her adorers as that of a good mother to her children. We might say at the bottom of the portrait of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, *that she was the most interesting victim of love, for she loved all her lovers alike.* This, in a few words, would be the sum and substance of her letters.

'Madame du Deffant had the merit not to be embittered with resentment by so much ingratitude. She spoke of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse and of d'Alembert with moderation, complacency, and indulgence. This was, without doubt, an unintentional aggravation of their injustice. Madame du Deffant died in 1780, at the age of 84 years, during 30 of which she had been blind. Her correspondence which has been published, does little honour to her memory.'

The following is part of Madame Genlis' criticism on some of the romances of Madame Cottin, whose works are not unknown to the readers of our journal.

'Matilda,' says Madame Genlis, 'is the best work of Madame Cottin. We meet in it with several imitations of other romances, but it contains some delicious scenes, some noble, delicate, and generous sentiments, with several charming details, which place it amongst the best works of the kind. With the exception of a small number of phrases, the style is pure and elegant. Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia, added to the reputation of the author. It is an affecting picture of the purest sentiments of maternal and filial love. But, in this production, wit is too often substituted for sensibility; the elaborate beauty of the diction weakens the interest, and throws a coldness over the whole of a work, the sentiments and morality of which are admirable. This romance commences with the description of the deserts of Siberia. There is great beauty in this description; and it has a sombre cast perfectly suited to the subject. The author is truly original in this fine passage. She employs no pomp of phrase, no superfluity of ornament. The whole picture is simple but grand, and appears to exhibit the life of the scene. The same praise may be bestowed on all the descriptive parts of this romance, particularly that of a storm in a forest.

'Madame Cottin was deficient in invention and imagination, and she has often borrowed her ideas from others; but she had sensibility, delicacy, and a capacity for the portraiture of glow-

ing scenes. As it is more easy in a person of talents and genius to renounce dangerous errors, than to correct a style already formed, Madame Cottin, whilst she succeeded in rendering her diction more pure, nevertheless discovered too much refinement and art. It is only in her first work that we meet with instances of a ridiculous phraseology; but, in her other productions, we find many which a correct taste would wish to reform, because they are deviations from nature and from truth.'

Madame Necker occupies a comparatively large space in these two small volumes. Madame Genlis tells us, that Madame Necker, notwithstanding her genius and acquirements, which she does not attempt to depretiate, could never write two pages together which were either 'very amusing or perfectly reasonable.' Madame Necker is reproved for a constant endeavour to attract attention by novel thoughts and sparkling conceits. This lady had been educated with unusual care; she learned Latin, and the books which she read, were calculated to render her understanding less frivolous than that of the generality of her sex. At the time she became the wife of Mr. Necker, he was only the clerk of a Swiss banker. When her husband afterwards obtained the direction of the French finances, she made use of her power only to do good. She attended to the interior management of an hospital, and exerted herself in various acts of beneficence. Madame Genlis commends her religious principles, the elevation of her sentiments, and the constancy of her virtue.

'She was,' says the female critic of her life, 'a good mother, a sincere friend, the most affectionate, the best of wives. Equally worthy of esteem and admiration, she had only one fault; but this proved the torment of her life, involved her in numerous inconsistencies, and perverted her judgment and her understanding. She had a passionate taste for literature, and showed how the most innocent and the most exalted pursuit may be productive of the greatest inconveniences, particularly in a woman.'

Notwithstanding the religious sentiments of Madame Necker, she is said to have been habitually surrounded by Deists and Atheists. Though she affected to admire the beauty of the country, and said, that there was much more virtue in Switzerland than at Paris, she could not live without being perpetually surrounded with a crowd of literati in the French capital. Her desire to shine as a wit rendered her rather unamiable as a woman. She took no pleasure in that agreeable trifling, the occasional mixture of which is necessary in the intercourse of society, as

the recreation of the mind, a relaxation from the toils of business, or an escape from the gloom of care. Madame Necker is said never to have tasted the charm of exciting the smile of good humour and of increasing the stock of mirth. Her literary vanity is said so completely to have absorbed her other desires, that she never wrote a letter which she had not previously elaborated in her brain, or which she had not repeatedly corrected and revised; and she kept copies of all her epistolary compositions. Her insatiable desire for celebrity vitiated her taste and her character. In order to obtain praise herself, she lavished it on works which she did not approve, and on men whom she could not esteem. Madame Necker exhibits specimens of her literary defects; her puerile thoughts, laborious conceits, extravagant ornaments, and affected phraseology. But our limits admonish us, that we must bring this article to a close.

ART. IX.—*P. OVIDII NASONIS METAMORPHOSES. Recensuit, varietate Lectionis notisque Instruxit Gottlieb Erdmann Gierig. Editio altera ad singulos prope Versus vel Emendatio vel Auctior. H. T. Lipsiæ 1804. 1807. 8vo.*

THE first volume of this book was published some years before the second; but the difficulty of intercourse with the Continent has been so great, that neither of them are much known in this country, and the supply of them, at present, is not, we believe, very abundant. Gierig, it may be remembered, published an edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* in 1785, which met with a very rapid sale. It was almost entirely a reprint of Burman's Text, and included nearly all the errors of the quarto. The present edition is far more critical: the obtrusions of Burman and Heinsius on the text, or their scrupulous extension of certain faulty readings, are equally avoided. The new readings, which it must be confessed, were accumulated in a most bangling manner in the former edition, are in this thoroughly refashioned; a choice of those which are best, is subjoined to the text, and each cited MS. is clearly defined. A few treatises, containing the Life of Ovid, and some account of the work, with a chronological arrangement of the *Metamorphoses* are prefixed; and a very useful and careful INDEX VERBORUM occupies 541 pages

at the end of the second volume. Notwithstanding all these claims to attention, the work before us is extremely inelegant and heavy.

A description of mythological transformations was among the earliest efforts of the Grecian muse. Homer, Hesiod, and Simonides, introduced little fables of this nature, to embellish historical detail, to adorn severer truth by allegory, and to express the legends of their faith in cultivated language. The age of the poetess Corinna is not precisely defined. She wrote *Επεροίων βιβλῆς*. Callisthenes, an inhabitant of Olynthus, and a disciple of Aristotle; Antigonus, in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus; Nicander, and Parthenius, wrote *Μεταμορφώσεις*. *Αλλοιωσεις*. *Επεροίου με-
ν.* &c. These compiled chiefly on subjects of transformation in general, while one Bœus studied and elucidated a particular subject, and gave his opinions on the change of men into birds, in his *ορνιθογονία*. These, however, have perished, and we are unable, at the present time, to decide whether Ovid did much more than select and cull from Grecian prototypes; or add, and even invent, according to the dictates of his own genius. In a question of such uncertainty, we should be inclined to lean to the opinion of those who, taking into consideration the stores of mind and the exuberance of fancy in the Latin poet, have given him credit for many of those fables which are not now to be found in the remains of the mythologists.

Gierig is of a contrary opinion. We venture, however, to conjecture, that the sweet stories of Pyramus and Thisbe, and Philemon and Baucis, and some others, which it would be tedious to mention, and of which not a trace exists in any more ancient writer, were originally from the hand of Ovid. Another praise is certainly due to the poet in his *Metamorphoses* (which he does not generally deserve in his other works), that he has frequently altered his mode of narration and catastrophe from the Greeks, not only where he perceived that more ornament might be derived from alteration, but where his original was indelicate, he has wound up his story with every attention to purity and decency. Of this, we have instances in the transformation of the boy into a lizzard, and the mournful destinies of Cephalus and Procris.

The facility with which Ovid wrote, led him into much tautology and puerility. When he seizes on an idea, he hunts it down: we are delighted when we enter the field with him; but we are frequently jaded before we leave

him. There is perhaps no author who has more talent for pleasing, and whom, at the same time, the reader can put down with less regret. The Germans alone, who write 'perpetual commentaries,' and who are totally insensible to any beauty in their author, can plod on from beginning to end without fatigue. But it is time to talk again of the commentator. As a specimen, therefore, of Gierig's edition of the *Metamorphoses*, we will examine B. XIII, which commences at p. 242, of the second volume,

The readers of Ovid will recollect, that this book is generally considered the most eloquent, beautiful, and, in parts, the most sublime of all the works which that author has left behind him. The dispute between Ajax and Ulysses for the armour of Achilles, is conducted with great dignity and spirit, with the ingenuity of an orator, and the subtlety of a sophist. The story of Hecuba excels in the pathetic, and part of it is even superior to the original in Euripides. In neither instance can her transformation into a bitch be read without contempt, and we must avow, that the alterations Ovid has made in the end of this tale are for the worse. The fables of Memnon, Anius, and Scylla, have each their respective claims on attention: the Galatea is, on the whole, too diffuse, but we prefer it to the prosaic simplicity of Theocritus, and the medley with which this book closes, cannot be read without much interest.

M. Porcius Latro, says Seneca Contr. L. II., wrote a book on the 'Armorum Judicium:' he was tutor to Ovid, who pillaged much from him. Latro, however, had all his stores at second hand, for the subject was treated very early in the *Ὀκλων κρισις* of Æschylus, and the *Ιλίας μικρά* of Lesches. Pausanias, in his book which treats of the geography of Attica, mentions, that this legend was as an article of faith among the Æolians in his time. Two sophistical declamations of Antisthenes, the one from the mouth of Ajax, the other of Ulysses, are preserved among the Greek orators.* Two dramas on the same subject were written by the two Latin playwrights, Atticus and Pacuvius. Timanthes and Parrhasius transmitted this fable through some ages, in two most celebrated paintings. The poets, however, and the painters, live no longer on paper or on canvass, and L. Calaber alone exists to compete with Ovid. His age is not quite settled: it is, however, admitted,

* Reiske oratores Græci, t. viii.

that he was many years junior to our bard, and certainly his inferior in thought, judgment and execution.*

We must first enter our protest against those notes which profess to be explanatory, but which are a medley of ignorance and absurdity. The lowest scholars, at our lowest academies, would not be instructed by the following trash, which we insert, as chance directed us to the leaf, assuring our readers, that there is not a page, no, nor a column of a page, which is not disgraced by the same mawkish, silly trumpery.

‘L. XIII. v. 10. habent hoc heroes et milites strenui, ut eloquentiam spernant præ suâ fortitudine, v. c. Hercules IX. 29. Tydeus ap. Eurip. Phœn. vi. 603. Marius ap. Sallust: Jug. 85. 31. Ajax ap. Antisthen. p. 55. ὁ πολέμος ἔλογον, κρινεται, ἀλλ’ ἐργω. dicere, scil. cum facundia, eloquentem esse. Sæpe sic dicere ap. Cic facere, præclara facinora edere, fortem esse. Sallust. Cat. 3. *Pulchrum est benefacere reipublicæ: etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est—valere arte, viribus, excellere.*

‘13. Memoranda, enumeranda, recensenda *Vidistis enim.* Magni æstimant bellatores, facinora sua ante oculos vel ducis, vel militum edidisse. Vid. Liv. xxi. 43. extr. *sine teste.* ap. Antisth. p. 54. Ille. nihil facit. φανερώς, ego nihil λαθρά. *quorum nox conscia est*, quoniam noctu sua perpetraverat, unde Senec. Troad. 754. Ulixes, *nocturnus miles*, et ibid. 38. Diomedes *nocturnus Ithaci comes.* Id infra in laudem suam vertit Ulysses; sed superbus et iratus Ajax callida consilia pro ignavi animi signis habet.’

This is a fair specimen of the folly of Gierig and of the general German system of commenting where comment is not necessary. We doubt whether we ever quoted a more nonsensical illustration. But if our German annotator cannot instruct youngsters, from the circumstance of his surpassing them in childishness, we fear, that were he of their age, he would suffer a more severe chastisement than we can inflict, for the following false concord.

‘—in *pectus*, tum demum *vulnere passum* 391. xiii. *passum, pro patientem.*’

This is almost incredible. But we must begin, as they say, from the beginning.

* Q. Caláber Parilipomenon L. V. 180-316. We shall not enter into the foolish dispute whether Quintus was the same as Ennius. This was indeed a strange metempsychosis. See the subject well treated in the prefatory remarks to the 1st vol. of Q. Smyrneus, just published.

————— 'sed demit honorem
Æmulus Ajaci. Non est tenuisse superbum
Sit licet hoc ingens, quicquid speravit Ulixes.' 16.

Gierig, following the footsteps of Burman, would place a full punctuation after æmulus. We prefer the usual reading.

————— 'vitataque traxit in arna.' 39.

is preferred by Gierig to *jurataque*, the reading of most MSS. and editions, and which we would retain. *Invitataque* is inadmissible.

'Quæ meruit; quæ (si Dii sunt) non vana preceris.' 49.

This is notoriously a very shuffling line. Gierig reads *sunt* most carelessly. Heinsius amended this passage *quæ Dii, Dii dent*, which we disapprove. The proper reading is doubtless *Dii sint*.

————— 'ostendit, quod jam præfoderat, aurum.' 60.

Burman seldom corrects elegantly, when he follows closely the *ductus literarum*. In the present instance, notwithstanding we highly approve his alteration, which our editor should have inserted, *quod clam*.

'Qui licet eloquio fidum quoque Nestora vincat.' 63.

The Basil edition has *fidum sibi, quod efficacius*, says Gierig. Nay, *fidum sibi* is not Latin: as Mr. G. should have known by one of the commonest rules of Grammar, it would be *fidum illi*. This is gross.

'molem clypei.' 75.

This is illustrated (*risum teneatis?*) by σάκος καὶ πύργον.

'Sustinui; sortemque meam novistis Achivi.' 88.

Of the three readings *novistis, novistis, fovistis*, Gierig, with his usual obliquity of judgment, has retained the worst, and the only one which cannot be construed. We prefer Heinsius's conjecture of *fovistis*.

————— 'raptâ cum Pallade captum.' 99.

Many editions, from MSS. authority, read *captâ*. It is so like the jingle and play on words usual to Ovid, that we suspect it to be the genuine reading.

'Arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hostes.' 121.

It may be worth while to quote a passage from Seneca (Controv. II. ii.) in point, which seems generally to have escaped the commentators:

'Adeo autem studiosè Latronem audivit (sc. Ovidius) ut mul-

tas ejus sententias in versus suos transtulerit. In *armorum judicio* dixerat *Latro: mittantur arma in hostes, et petantur*: Naso dixit “*arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hostes.*”

‘*Finierat Telamione satus*’—122.

‘*Finierat* orationem, peroraverat causam suam. *Murmur*, et alias *fremitus*, sermo multorum promiscuè loquentium. *Adstitit*, surrexit ad eos.’

Is not this too bad? We have also much fault to find with orthographical affectation—*heres. poteremur*, for instance, in the space of two lines—in v. 134, we have a bone to pick with Le Fevre, though no quarrel, for once, with Gierig.

—‘*per quem magnus Danais successit Achilles.*’

Le Fevre would have read *accessit*, and declares the passage unintelligible with the present reading; but *successit* here signifies *accessit*, as in a thousand other instances. E. 9.

Et *tecto* assuetus coluber *succedere* et *umbræ*. Vir. Geor. Utque *alios* taceam, qui *sævum* perdere possit Hectors, nempe dedi.’ V. 177.

So it should be printed, as it has been printed for centuries; but Heinsius, on the authority of two MSS. altered it to *alias*, and referred to ‘*Cities*,’ some of which had been just mentioned. Gierig follows this strange opinion, and prints *alias*. The context actually requires *alios*. Nor is G. more fortunate in explaining *sævum* by *fortem*, and *nempe* by *certe*. The latter explanation (as he may find on consulting his dictionary on the force of *certe*), would make absolute nonsense. There is a strange confusion again in the editor’s ideas, when he says, on the line

‘*Immeritam sævæ natam mactare Dianæ.*’ 185.

that *immeritam* and *sævæ* are inappropriate epithets, as Ulysses was aider and abettor in the intended murder. Be it so. Would not *immerita* still apply to Iphigenia, although from motives of superstition or prudence Ulysses agreed to the ratification of the oracle? She was *immerita* no doubt, and Ulysses could not have blackened her character, if he had wished it. As for *sævæ*, it is the very epithet Ulysses should have used for Diana: the more *sævæ* the goddess was, the less culpable the mortal who would appease her. But such follies crowd upon us in every line of annotation, that we must occupy ourselves in somewhat else than the detection of these minutely ridiculous

absurdities, though it may be pleasant to some to hear that Gierig denominates capital cities '*urbes capitales*.' P. 257

— '*fueritque benignior Ajax*.' 255.

On this difficult hemistich Gierig throws no new light. He condenses, however, the opinions of some of his predecessors without much circumlocution.

'In verbis *fueritne benignior Ajax* laborarunt interpretes. Heins. τὸ *benignior* passive sumebat pro eo, qui benigne habetur, cujus tamen significationis exemplum se ignorare fatebatur. Burm. explicat, magis popularis, blandus, ut adedò obtineat quæ velit. MSS. quidam *quia* aut *quoque dignior*, unde Heinsii conj. *fuerit his dignior*. Prius placebat etiam Capofer. Koepernius pro *Ajax* suadebat *Hector*.'

When doctors disagree, it is difficult to decide; certain it is, that the text, as it now stands, is corrupt, and that all the explanations and readings given in the above note, are most futile. We would rather read with old Muretus *ferat hæc ut dignior*, and as some MSS. give *dignior*, we conceive, that that great critic has probably preserved us the true reading: at all events he has made a passage construe, which was before downright nonsense, and which continues so in Gierig's text.

On v. 281, we are gravely informed, '*Graiûm murus*,' that *murus* frequently means '*tutela*,' '*præsidium*,' and that a brave hero is sometimes denominated '*a wall*,' '*a tower*,' '*a shield*,' &c.

————— '*cumque alto sydera cælo*

Pleiadasque, Hyadasque, immunemq. æquoris Arcton,

Diversasque urbes, nitidumque Orionis ensem.' 292.

Gierig must excuse us if we would read *diversosque orbes* — *urbes* are quite out of their place in an enumeration of the celestial bodies. Besides the next line, which we have not before seen insisted on, leads us to this conclusion,

'*Postulat, ut capiat, quæ non intelligit, arma.*'

Now the *cities*, we presume, and such like pretty pictures, might be perfectly intelligible to Ajax, while the astronomical position and denominations of the *orbs* above his head, might be wholly beyond the science of the rude warrior. Mr. Gierig's explanation of *diversas* is ridiculous. '*Diversas urbes*,' in quibus diversa negotia, belli et pacis, tractantur.'

'*Eloquioque virum morbis, iræque furem*

Molliet, aut aliquâ producet callidus arte.' 322.

We cannot, perhaps, find a more amusing instance of

Heinsius's hypercriticism than in the last of these lines, he would read *alia* for *aliqua*, because he says, that eloquence is, in itself, an art!!!

[' Utque tui mihi, sic fiat tibi copia nostri:]

Te tamen aggrediar : [mecumque reducere nitar.] 332.

Although we approve of the MS. which omits the first verse, and are persuaded it is spurious; however, as it is the fashion of the modern press to preserve every ancient gloss, we would place it after the second line. Indeed, without this arrangement, no sense whatever can be elicited from it. Almost every MS. varies from its fellow in the reading of the second verse. Heinsius has on the passage a strange idea, which is not unworthy of record. He imagines, that Ovid left many hemistichs from haste or negligence, which he intended to fill up at some future time. That this was the case with Virgil, we know; but then the circumstances under which he left his poem unfinished, are also well known. Ovid not only scrupulously polished his poems, but he has written an epilogue to his *Metamorphoses*, in which he promises himself immortality on the score of perfection. From the total variety of readings which the MSS. afford us of the termination of this verse,

——'mecumque reducere nitar

——nec inultus, spero, relinquitur.

——longè formidine pulsâ.

——solerti pectore fidus.

——castrisque reducere nitar.'

(of which latter reading, Burman and Lenzius approved), we are inclined, with Gierig, to conjecture, that these and similar hemistichs are of comparatively late date; and that the original MS. (from which all that are now in existence, descend), was mutilated in the termination of this and of some other verses. This being the case, we conceive the choice of reading to be optional, and the line as printed in this edition, to have at least equal claims to a place in the text with any of its rivals.

The second fable of this book, the transformation of Hecuba into a bitch, commences at the 399th verse. *Antistita*. 410 is an uncommon word; but Ovid delights in antique expressions. We believe, that the plural number of *ærum* is to be found only in his writings. Aulus Gellius remarks, that Cicero himself (whose chaste ear generally revolted at grotesque and ancient words), was particularly delighted with the usage of *Antistita*. Noct. Att. XIII.

It is on a passage in the oration against verses, that Gellius makes this observation.

‘Pugnantem pro se, proavitaque regna tuentem.’ 416.

Some read *tenentem*. Gierig very justly prefers the former word: but he is not so successful in repudiating the variation approved of by Heinsius, and authorized by five MSS. of

————— ‘cano de vertice raptum.’ 427.

for ‘*crinem*,’ which is inharmoniously repeated in the following verse. *Polymestor* is preferred to *Polymnestor*, without due cause: *Clytemnestra* is never printed *Clytemestra*. We much disapprove of these orthographical affectations.

————— ‘similisque minaci

Temporis illius vultum referebat Achilles.’ 442.

The elegance and the force of the passage require the participle rather than the adjective. *Minanti* is besides in all the MSS. but one; Gierig prints the adjective injudiciously, following the traces of Heinsius, who was particularly fond of the more unusual reading, without regard to the better, in nineteen instances out of twenty.

‘Mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere posset.’ 462.

On our referring to Burman's Ovid, we found the following strange note about the amendment of the above line, *euphoniæ gratiâ*. Our musical readers will probably think it an alteration of *durum per durius*. He says,

[‘Languidi et simul durissimi hi numeri, tribus vocibus in mugientem illam literam *m* exeuntibus, et tribus ibidem spondeis se subsequentibus, ego malle,

‘*Mors tamen hæc vellem mea matrem fallera possit.*’]

‘Verba movent oris: Priami vos filia Regis,

Nunc captiva rogo.’ 470.

We prefer this reading. Gierig tells us, it is *wretched*. He reads *monent* and *nunc*: (we take for granted he means *monent*, as there is an erratum in the page *movent vulg. movent.*) We cannot refrain from quoting the short instance of pathos which is now before us.

‘Dixerat—at populus lacrymas, quas illa tenebat,

Non tenet. Ipse etiam flens invitique sacerdos

Præbita conjecto rupit præcordia ferro.

Illa super terram defecto poplite labens

Pertulit intrepidus ad fata novissima vultus.

Tunc [leg. tum.] quoque cura fuit partes velare legendas

Cum caderet, castique decus servare pudoris.’ 477.

How far superior, at the end, is this spirited copy to the prosaic original in Euripides.

πολλὴν προνοίαν εἶχεν εὐσχημῶς πεσεῖν
κρυπτεῖν ὃ ἄ κρυπτεῖν ὀμμάτων ἀρσενῶν χρεῶν.

Evr. Hec. v. 569.

We may remark, by the way, that the critical reader will do well to turn to professor Porson's observations on the last of these lines, in his edition of the Hecuba.

V. 487. *edidcras* is received into the text for *ediderat*, from an excellent conjecture of Heinsius, who is unsuccessful a few lines forward in altering

'Nata tuæ (quid enim superest?) dolor ultime matri,' 494,
into

————— ' (quis enim superest dolor?) ultima matri,'
for the common reading may easily be defended by

'Tu dolor es, facinusque meum.'—Met. x. 193.

'At, puto, funeribus *dotabere* regia virgo.'—523.

Gierig has omitted to mention that Macrobius quotes this line, and uses *dotabere*, which is infinitely superior to the other reading *donabere*.

'Dixit; et ad litus passu *procedit anili*.'—533.

Three MSS. give us *properavit*; and so, with leave of our editor, we should have printed the line. *Anili* would not then be, as he now says it is, an ornamental epithet alone: but it would add most effectually to the sense. Thus in the Eneid, iv. 641.

————— 'gradum studio *celerabat anili*.'

Euripides and Ovid henceforth proceed with a different story concerning the recovery of Polydorus's body on the sea-shore.

'Factaque Threiciis *ingentia vulnera telis*,' v. 537.

We cannot omit a most curious illustration, by Burman, of *ingentia vulnera*, from Florus ii. 7. '*Vulnera non spiculis, sed ingentibus pilis, nec minoribus adacta gladiis ultra mortem patebant*.' If the words were *telis ingentibus* there might be a shadow of excuse for this illustration; at present it is solely gratuitous, and in the style of the old Dutch quarto men.

V. 539, '*et pariter vocem*,' &c. *et quippe, siquidem*, G. No such thing; *et* is simply *and*: nor does the text bear the refinement intended. On the word *sustollere*, which is *sursum tollere*, we refer our readers to the 37th chapter of

the third book of Vossius *de Analogiâ*. It occurs here in the 542d line; but there are three different readings, either *extollit*, *attollit* (which we prefer) or *tollit torvos ad sidera* by transposition.

‘Credidit Odrysius, prædæque assuetus amore.’ 554.

‘Heinsius suadebat vel *amori*, vel *allectus amore*.’ And Gierig should have taken his advice. The former correction, however, of Heinsius is far preferable to the latter. Burman accumulates instances to prove the construction of *assuescere* with an ablative. Most of them might undergo as easy a remedy as the line before us: and the rest would have been more honoured in the breach than the observance. We would rather correct grammatically where it is possible, without doing violence to the text, than support an unanalogical phrase by similar passages either obsolete, or themselves possibly corrupt. But ‘*non hærebis*,’ says Gierig, ‘*you shall not stick at it*,’ *Ἀναίδεια, μεγάλη Θέη*.

‘Atque ita correptum captivarum agmine matrum
Involat.’—560.

Ita seems to be perfectly out of its place here: but all the commentators have passed by this passage in silence. We would read *in*: ‘*involare in aliquem*’ is the proper phrase; and the sense seems to require some other word than *ita*, which has reference to nothing which precedes

‘*Exspoliâtque genas oculis*.’—562.

away with *expilatque* and *expellitque genis oculos*. *Exspoliât* is a word *probæ notæ*. Although both Heinsius and Burman dig in Nonius, Cyprian and such like barbarous blockheads to establish this certain reading, Cicero, Salust, and the best authors would give an hundred instances of the usage, if necessary. At the 575th line the fable of Hecuba closes, and we begin on that of Memnon.

Sophocles wrote a drama on Memnon, from which Ovid might have borrowed his imagery, as he did from Euripides in the preceding story. We shall have little herein to remark, as the tale is short; but as our praise is scanty to the editor, we cannot omit it when due; which it is in the ensuing note.

‘*Diva tamen venio: non ut delubra, diesque
Des mihi sacrificos*.’—589.

‘*Sacrificum* poetis est, quicquid ad sacra pertinet. *Sacrifica securis, sacrificia ara, sacrifici ritus*. Ergo etiam licuit *sacrificos dies* dicere, quibus sacra fiunt. Non igitur erat, cur Heins.

et Burm. h. l. hærerent, et ille suaderet *popasque sacrificos*, hic vel *dapes sacrificas*, vel *focos sacrificos*. Schirach interpretatur, sacerdotes, quod ferri non potest.

‘Parentali perituræ marte rebellant.’—619.

Gierig disapproves of *mar*te (a mere conjecture of Heinsius) and yet admits it into the text. Read *morte*. Daniel Heinsius prefers a reading which is in the Vatican MS.

——— ‘parentali morituræ more rebellant.’

Morte or even *mar*te is preferable: so in the *amores*

————— ‘sic Memnonis umbris

Annua solenni cæde parentet avis.’ I. 13. 3.

In the next fable concerning Anius,

————— ‘scelerataque limina Thracum.’—628.

Read, with the common editions, *litora*. Gierig gives no reasons for this useless alteration; and, in the next line, read on the Basil MS. authority, or even if there were no authority at all,

‘Et Polydore, tuo manantem sanguine terram.’

for *et Polydoreo*, which elegant word, we need scarcely add, is admitted into our text.

‘Andros habet, pro patre locumque et regna tenentem.’—649.

‘The rythm plainly shows,’ says Heinsius, ‘that this line is not Ovidian; we must alter it to *locos et regna*,’ (which we humbly conceive would be nonsense, since *locum* and *locos* signify quite different things) ‘or *loci jam regna*, or *sceptra*. Now, in point of harmony, we confess that many undisputed Ovidian lines are far more inharmonious. To say nothing of the play on the words, how shall we account a few lines back for

‘Non oblita animorum, annorum oblita suorum?’

and many other such verses? *locum* is for *solium*, and not as Gierig childishly asserts for *insulam*. The meaning is, that he was his father’s *locum tenens* at Andros.

V. 662, Gierig has foisted *dedantur* into the text, for the common and better reading *reddantur*; and, in 663, *consortia pectora*, a conjecture of Heinsius, and a most useless one, for *consortia corpora*. Were an edition of Ovid to be printed with all Heinsius’s readings, it would no more belong to Ovid, than Mr. Burgess’s *Troades* belongs to Euripides. So again, v. 718, *irrita* is inserted on Heinsius’s sole dictum, into this text for *impia*; and

Mitcherslich (he must excuse us if we do not spell his name quite correct) has in vain clamoured for the restoration of *impia*.

It appears to us, that those critics who condemn the story, and more particularly the speech of the Cyclops to Galatæa, in this book of the Metamorphoses, attempt to impose laws on Ovid to which he never subscribed. The solemnity of the Epick, or the simplicity of the pastoral, is not in character with our bard. We must measure him by other rules; and not always feel indignant if his point is overstretched, or his conceit too grotesque. We confess we have no objection, when Polypheme goes to his toilette for the purpose of rendering himself pleasing in the eyes of his mistress, to find him combing himself with a rake, and shaving himself with a sickle. We have always suspected the 797th line of being spurious;

* Et, si non fugias, riguo formosior horto,'

for we can make little sense of it, or rather none at all; yet as all the MSS. have it, and the editors '*do not stick*,' as Gierig would say, we merely advance our conjecture *perquam timide*.

' Nec tibi castanæ, me conjuge nec tibi deerunt

Arbori fœtus: omnis tibi serviet arbor.—V. 829.

Replace *arbutei*. The very reason which Gierig gives for the admission of *arborei* makes against him.

' De *arbuteis fœtibus* v. ad I. 104. Sed ego è pluribus MSS. *arborei* revocari, quia Polyphemus delicatos fructus promittit, uvas, pruna etc, et addit, *omnis tibi serviet arbor*, tibi fructus feret. Similiter *servire* ap. Plin. in Epp. et in Paneg.'

The last part of this note is nonsense; but surely if Ovid has mentioned *various* fruits, and concluded with the general term *arbor*, *arborei* in the commencement of the line would be a most impertinent and flat tautology. Besides, it is not true, that all the enumerated fruits are delicate; chesnuts, for instance, in the present day, are among those which we *munch*. Now the *arbutei fœtus*, as is evident from Ovid himself,* were eaten by mankind in the golden age; and they were combined with *fraga*.

' *Arbuteos fœtus montanaque fraga* legebant.'

And surely if puny mortals could crack such kernels, Galatæa, who was deemed a fit spouse to a giant fifteen feet

* Met. L. I. de Auræ ætate v. 104.

high, need not have refused a few espaliers of this fruit-tree.

‘*Ut vix sustineant distentum cruribus uber.*’—V. 825

‘*Sustineant* e quinque MSS. et edd: nonnullis recepit Heinsius, qui monet, posse etiam *circumagant* legi, quo verbo Horatius usus sit. Duo, *contineant*. Vulg. *circumeant*.’ We wonder that Heinsius did not print *circumagant*: it appears the best reading. In 828, it may not be incurious to remark (*in ovilibus hædi*) that ewes and she-goats were frequently enclosed in the same stall or fold, whence *ovile* justly applies to *hædi*. We may follow up this remark by referring the critical reader to Bentley’s observations on Horace.*

‘*Inveni geminos, qui tecum ludere possint,
Inter se similes, vix ut dignoscere possis,
Villosæ catulos in summis montibus ursæ.*’—837.

‘I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.’

SHENSTONE.

Sed nunc non erit his locus. We cite the Latin to note a vile alteration of Heinsius, in the second line, which is not disapproved by Gierig.

——— ‘*Et vix dignoscere quos sit.*’

Ovid was occasionally too idle to avoid *homœoteleuta*. Was any emendation necessary we would propose

‘—— quos vix dignoscere *par sit*,
—— ut *par sit* centeno gutture niti. Pers.

Cumque suis videor translata viribus Ætnam.’—868.

This is unintelligible. We are surprized that it should be retained by Gierig, when Heinsius conjectures *rupibus*. But, in general, Gierig seizes only on his outrè, and absurd conjectures. We will venture to propose *translatis ignibus*; *ignibus* (but with the elision of *translatam* unnoticed) is to be found in the Barberin MS. whence we ground our conjecture.†

Brydone’s Tour is an entertaining book; but we confess we did not expect to find it formally quoted by a plodding German in *explanation of fable*. It has been doubted by some, but without foundation, whether Brydone was ever out of England: but his authority has been called in question by all. Gierig, however, cites it

* Bent. in Hor. L. I. Od. 17. 9.

† *Translatum* Cantabr. *Translatam ignibus un.* Barb. *geminatis viribus Ætne unus* MS.

twice in p. 304. It is wonderful however how ignorant foreigners are of the value we place on certain voyages and travels written in our language: or of the extent of our literature in this branch. To this misapplication of Gierig's, we can add a more diverting fact. A dictionary of voyages just printed in Germany, assures its readers that there are no other voyages written in English, besides Captain Cooke's voyage, and Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

Of Glaucus, says Gierig,

‘—— et innitens, quæ stabat proxima, moli.’—916.

‘He *leant* because he could not *sit down*, for he was half-fish.’ True, he was half-fish; but on old gems and bas-reliefs Gierig might have noted that enough of his *sit down* remained for him to enjoy that pleasant position whenever he pleased. Sea-nymphs are represented with fishes tails, yet they were all sitting and working at their needle; if we remember right, in the fourth Georgick, when they jumped up *vitreis SEDILIBUS* all of them on hearing the blubbering of Aristæus. Gierig is the cause of mirth in us; and well he may be, for he has caused us many a tedious hour.

We here close the thirteenth book of the *Metamorphoses*, which we have perused, text, various readings and notes thoroughly and carefully. Our final sentence cannot but be disadvantageous to Gierig's abilities and judgment. In nine instances out of ten he prefers and inserts the worst reading. In *no one* instance does he advance a conjecture of his own; and is feeble in supporting or controverting the opinions of others. He does not point out a single beauty in thought, language, or rhythm: and does not notice a single defect. He appears to know little, or indeed nothing of what has been done for Ovid by later critics, in miscellaneous criticisms, since the days of Burman; whence he avoids the disgusting appellatives of *vir clarissimus*, *humanissimus*, *illustrissimus*, &c.; and, in fine, we think if he had confined himself to writing an index adapted to the pages of former editions, he would have conferred a greater obligation on the classical world, than his index in its present state can do, with his notes into the bargain.

What then is the best Ovid? Where can we procure a critical edition of the *Metamorphoses*, if we are to decide against Gierig? We answer that, in the form of notes, Ovid's text ‘wants but little here below.’ A corrected

text, from the substratum of Burman's edition, with some of the mythological and local difficulties (where there are such) explained from that which was used for the Dauphin; and a few notes from the Variorum, edited by Cnippingius, might make a very useful volume.

We cannot dismiss the *Metamorphoses* without expressing a hope that they may soon meet with an adequate translator; and a notification that we intend to break a spear with Gierig again, when our duties call us to an examination of his Pliny.

Art. X.—*Annali di Geografia, e di Statistica, &c.*

Annals of Geography and Statistics. By I. Graberg. Genoa, 1809, 2 vols. 8vo. London, Deboffe.

THE subject of statistics, as a branch of political economy, has occupied the attention of the writers of Germany in a particular manner for nearly a century past. The names of Busching, Zimmerman, Reichard, and Bertach, are familiar to every person who is acquainted with German literature as the indefatigable editors of many voluminous works on the topography of their own and other countries.

The importance of this branch of study has been long acknowledged in Great Britain; but we have reason to believe that the statistical account of Scotland, executed under the auspices of Sir John Sinclair, was the first regular work of the kind which appeared in this country.

Partial attempts of a similar nature have been made in France since the period of the revolution, and a taste for statistics has also been excited in some of her dependant states. M. Graberg, a German, settled in the Ligurian Republic, has been several years occupied in collecting materials for a survey of his adopted country; and has at length produced the two volumes of which we are about to give an account.

The plan adopted by the learned author is similar to that of the celebrated continental work, which many of our readers must have seen entitled, '*Ephemerides Geographiques Universelles*,' and published at Weimar. Every number of M. Graberg's work contains four distinct sections.

1. A Geographical Memoir or Dissertation by the Author.

2. Critical Notices and Extracts from the best geogra-

phical and statistical Works published in Italy, and indeed throughout Europe, particularly from such Works as by their scarceness or high price, or from the language in which they are written, are not within the reach of every Reader.

3. Geographical Novelties, Discoveries, Changes, &c. in the existing Empires of the World.

4. Miscellaneous, political, and literary Intelligence, interesting to Geography and Statistics. New Books, Correspondence, &c.

We shall now give an account of the most interesting part of the contents of the volumes before us.

Part First.—*Geographical and Statistical Memoirs.* By *M. Graberg.*

The most valuable article under this head is an abridgement of the history of geography, which the author brings down to the end of the 15th century. The continuation to the present time will be given in a future volume of his work.

In speaking of the difficulty of fixing upon the epoch at which we may date the origin of geography, and the nation which invented it, M. Graberg leans to the opinions of those who deny that the book of Genesis can be reconciled with what they are pleased to call true philosophy.

He divides the history of geography into three periods or epochs, viz. the ancient, the middle, and the modern; and he seems inclined to denominate as *primitive* geography that which precedes the year 1000 before the Christian era. The books of Moses and the works of Homer are the only sources from which we may derive any thing like facts on the subject of this primitive geography.

The author next furnishes his readers with the history of geography from the reign of Solomon to the time of Herodotus, the father of history and geography among the Greeks. He is of opinion that the fleets of Solomon never left the Arabian gulph, and that the mines of Ophir were in Arabia Felix. From the days of Homer to those of Pericles, Greece exhibited no geographical monument. The Arabs and Jews, the Phenicians and Carthaginians, made some progress in discoveries, but they were so jealous of them in respect to other nations, that the latter in particular, ran their vessels on shore rather than permit other navigators to follow them. It is proved beyond all doubt, according to M. Graberg, that at these early periods, the adventurous mariners of

the Mediterranean were acquainted with the Azores, the Canaries, Great Britain, and perhaps even America.

Several among the ancients assigned a spherical form to the earth and the sacred writings confirm this opinion. Anaximander, a disciple of Thales, was the first Greek who represented the earth on a globe and on geographical charts; but notwithstanding the labours of Pythagoras, Scylax, Leucippus, and a great number of other philosophers and geographers, the acquirements of Herodotus were still confined to a very small part of Europe, to about one half of Asia and to that part of Africa which is situated to the north of the tropic of Cancer. He makes no mention of the Gauls, and yet he had heard of Great Britain and the shores of the Baltic by different names.

After the time of Herodotus the Greeks did little in the way of discovery. The Phoceans, however, who were settled at Marseilles, and in Corsica, fitted out two famous expeditions, in order to extend their knowledge of geography beyond the pillars of Hercules. Euthymenes was sent towards the south, and Pytheas sailed northwards. We know nothing of the voyage of the former, but it is certain that the latter penetrated to the frozen sea, visiting the Shetland Islands and the Baltic. Eudoxus of Cnidos, Ephorus, and Aristotle, afterwards contributed to the progress of geography; but it was reserved for Alexander the Great to explore the interior of Asia. His conquests ended on the one hand at the river Sehon, and on the other at the Hyphasis, the Bejah of Major Rennell's maps. In Africa he penetrated to the deserts of Libya, while Nearchus and Onesicritus made the tour of Arabia by sea. India was perfectly known under the successors of Alexander. Eratosthenes ought to be considered as the father of Greek geography; his work is not extant, but it served as the basis for all those who followed him, and Strabo has preserved considerable fragments of him. Aristarchus of Samos reproduced the system of the double motion of the earth, already proposed by Pythagoras and Nicetas of Syracuse; but he was not more fortunate than his predecessors, or than Galileo and Copernicus, his successors.

The first Roman who distinguished himself as a geographer was Sulpicius Gallus. The conquests made by these ambitious republicans daily extended their geographical knowledge, which when added to that of the Greeks, soon embraced the greater part of the old world.

Hipparchus corrected the works of Eratosthenes, and laid the first foundations in the school of Alexandria for a geography truly astronomical, and was the first to discover the means of determining the difference of the meridian on the earth, otherwise than by itinerary measurements. Several other authors contributed to the progress of geography, but it was not until the consulship of Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony, that the senate of Rome employed Zenodorus, Theognetes, and Polycletes to lay down accurate maps of the empire. The Punic wars had already made the Romans acquainted with the whole of the northern part of Africa, of which they knew more than we do at present; for during the third Punic war they had arrived at the Niger, with which we are still in a great measure unacquainted.

The Romans afterwards subjugated Iberia, Lusitania, Gaul, Helvetia, Germany, Greece, Pannonia, and Thrace. Cæsar described Belgium and the British Isles, and the victories obtained in the east against Mithridates, opened the navigation of the Euxine Sea and the passage by Mount Caucasus to the country of the Scythians. Persia, Arabia, and India, were soon better known to the Romans than to the Greeks. Vipsanius Agrippa about this period composed a large geographical work, which is not extant. The accounts of Cornelius Balbus, and of Caius Gallus, served in the reign of Augustus, to form a general description of the earth, and in these works, Africa, and particularly Egypt, were better described than in any of our modern maps. Isidorus of Charax, and the consul Asinius Pollio also wrote geographical works, which are lost; but in the writings of Strabo and Pomponius Mela, we have all that the Greeks and Romans then knew respecting this science. Scotland and Ireland were unknown until the reigns of Claudian and Domitian; and Prussia was first heard of in that of Nero. Ptolemy of Damietta in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, composed a complete work, which became a guide for all future geographers, and which has been translated into almost every language in Europe. This work shows that at that period, the northern and eastern parts of Asia, the northern parts of Africa, and the northern extremity of Europe, were the Gades and Ganges of travellers.

We now come to the second or middle era of the history of geography, which extends according to M. Graberg's arrangement, from the year 300 to the end of the 15th century. Here the industry and learning of the author

are highly meritorious, and justly entitle him to rank among the literary benefactors of the present day. It is, upon the whole, such a curious piece of history, that we consider it our duty to be more ample than usual in our account of it.

Agathamereus and Pausanias are the first who present themselves to our notice at the commencement of the above era, but little else than their names has survived the wreck of ages. Rome gave birth to Julius Honorius and Vibius Sequester, who composed a geographical dictionary, which was imitated and copied a long time afterwards by Boccacio, who has not the candour to acknowledge the obligation. Eusebius sanctified geography in some measure by his dictionary of the cities and other places mentioned in Scripture. The two Roman itineraries, the one of Antoninus Augustus, who must have lived soon after the reign of Constantine, and the other which we are acquainted with by the name of the Table of Peutinger, and which was composed between 368 and 396, prove that maps were used in those days, and shew how far geographical knowledge was cultivated.

Festus Rufus Avienus composed an iambic poem on the maritime shores, and Hierocles Æthicus and other authors wrote valuable notes on the empire of the east. Agathodemon set about constructing geographical charts on the principles laid down by Ptolemy, and Marcien Capella composed a poem on the nuptials of Mercury with Philology, in which he details the knowledge possessed at that time on the state of the earth. But the most precious work of the above century is the geographical dictionary of Stephen of Byzantium, composed about the year 500, of which we have an extract only made by Hermolaus about the time of the emperor Justinian.

Another excellent work of this period is the Christian Topography of Cosmus Indico Pleustes, which contains some valuable details on the sources of the Nile, on India, and China. M. Graberg informs us that this was the last geographical work which appeared from the above period to the ninth century; for the history of Orosius and the works of St. Isidore of Seville present so few facts on the subject of positive geography, that they are scarcely worthy of notice. The geography of Ravenna did something more in the seventh century; having made us acquainted with a great number of geographical authors whose works are lost. The monk Dicuilus in 825, copied Pliny, Solinus, Orosius, and St. Isidore. Priselun, who had tran-

slated into Latin the *Periegesis* of Dionysius, made us acquainted with the report of the commissioners sent in 393 by the emperor Theodosius to measure the provinces, a work which like many others is lost, but which may have served as the basis of Peutinger's Table; and of the geographical account of the empire published in the fifth century. We have some charts of the eighth century: one which is in the library of Turin in a Commentary on the Apocalypse, written in 787, speaks of a quarter of the globe as being inhabited by the Antipodes, and another published by Harding and Gough in England, positively places the infernal regions and the palace of Pluto in the north of Scotland: M. Graberg here remarks, that this spot is fully as well adapted for the situation of Pandemonium as the shores of the Adriatic where it was placed by Homer.

The victories of Charlemagne and the missions in Scandinavia made known the north of Europe and the country of those formidable Normans who had been remarkable for their piracies and conquests for several centuries before. It is not quite ascertained that this people had discovered Iceland and Greenland so early as 835, but it is certain that they penetrated by those shores to the continent of North America.

The Arabs cultivated geography at this period with the greatest success. Abulfeda mentions nearly sixty authors of the ninth century, and Herbelot, Hottinger, and Casiri, have made us acquainted with many more. The Caliph Al-mamon, or Abdallah III, in 833, ordered a translation of the works of Ptolemy and the measurement of a degree of the meridian by the three brothers, Benshaker: two Arab travellers, Wahal and Abuzcid described India and China; and the libraries of the Escorial, of the Institute of Bologna and other public libraries, are in possession of some very fine geographical charts of Arabic authors of the above era, which, without doubt, were the first who united the study of navigation to that of geography.

A royal author had the merit of enlarging the stock of knowledge of the above era on the subject of the northern parts of Europe. Alfred, king of England, published the travels of Oder and of Wolfstan in a description of the whole of Europe, particularly of Scandinavia, the north of Germany, and the shores of the Baltic Sea. While Massoudi Cothbeddin, Ibn Hankal, and Abu Riham were enriching the geography of the east with their works, the

Normans discovered Greenland and the northern parts of America. In M. Mallet's learned History of Denmark, the account of these discoveries is to be found. His proofs are striking and afford strong grounds for the belief that Torfin Kallsæfner, the father of Eric the Red (Rauda), who discovered Greenland, explored the coast of America beyond the 49th degree of North latitude. The voyage of the *Almagrurim*, or the wanderers of Lisbon to the Island of the *Septe Cittadi*, and that of Madoc ap owen Gwynnaeth from Wales to America, are not much to be relied upon. They are within the bounds of probability, however.

Seven maps of England and of the adjoining islands, made in the tenth century, have been found in that country, and William the Conqueror, in 1083, procured the publication of the famous Domesday book, containing a topographical and statistical description of the counties of England. Adam, of Bremen, about this period published a description of Denmark, and other missionaries did the same for the countries into which they endeavoured to introduce the Christian religion.

But it was still among the Arabs that geography continued to make most progress. Several Arab, Persian, and Turkish authors, wrote valuable works, but all of them were surpassed by the celebrated Al Edrissi, better known by the name of the Nubian geographer, who published about the year 1150, his *Geographical Recreations*, in order to illustrate a terrestrial globe, which he had constructed of silver, and which weighed 400lbs. This was the first Arabic work which contained any thing like rational notions upon the subject of Europe and its northern parts.

The Crusades did not add much to geographical learning; but they inspired a desire of exploring the interior of Asia. The works published in Europe by Silvester Giraldus and by the Rabbi, Benjamin of Tudela, are too full of fables to be of any use. Some maps of this century, however, which still exist in Russia and England, tend to shew, that geography was not forgotten, a circumstance which is also proved by the learned commentaries of Eustathius, Bishop of Thessalonica, upon the *Periegesis* of Dionysius, composed about the year 1180. Papebroch and Hartnacci have also made us acquainted with a great number of the accounts of pilgrims who visited Palestine.

While the Mahometan authors were zealously occupied with the progress of geography, and while Ebn Al Nardi published his '*Marvellous Pearl*,' which contained a good

description of Africa, Arabia, and Syria, the victorious armies of the sons of Gengis Khan made their appearance on the shores of the Borysthenes and the Tigris, and conferred new benefits upon geography, in consequence of the powers of Europe and the sovereign pontiff having sent ambassadors to persuade them to become Christians and unite against the Saracens of Arabia, Egypt, and Syria.

These messengers of peace brought back information with them, which, until the discoveries of the Russians in Asia, was the best that could be obtained relative to those distant countries. Several of the accounts thus procured have been lost; but we are still in possession of those drawn up by Luciumel, Ricold de Monte Croix, Van Carp, Ascelin, and Ruysbrook. The latter sent by St. Lewis, King of France, to the Court of Manga Kan, Emperor of the Moguls, where he met with Ayton I. King of Armenia, who some time afterwards composed a description of Asia, which the Monk Ayton, his nephew, made use of in 1307, when writing his History of the Moguls or Oriental Geography. Ruysbrook is the first Christian geographer who made Europeans acquainted with China and Thibet, and who speaks of the Koumish, the ardent spirits of the Tartars, and of the application of rhubarb as a medicine.

The Hanseatic league and the Italian republics of Genoa, Venice, and Pisa, which for some time had become the arbiters of the commerce of Europe, soon began to profit by the relations which had been established with the eastern powers, in order to extend their commerce into India and China. Their public archives ought still to contain some monuments of their commercial and political operations, which, if known, would throw great light on the history of the middle ages. The Genoese in particular, by means of their establishments at the lower part of the Euxine and the Levant, carried on a considerable trade with the interior of Asia, Persia, India, and China. The passage by the Arabian Gulf was at first shut against them by the Saracens and afterwards by the jealousy of the Venetians, who, in 1260, obtained permission from the Soudans of Egypt to appoint Alexandria as the entrepôt of their commerce with India and the spice countries, and this trade was preserved until the Portuguese, two centuries afterwards, doubled the Cape of Good Hope.

This artful policy of the Venetians so thwarted the views of the Genoese, that they resorted to various ways of counteracting it. Persuaded that it was possible to reach India after leaving the straits of Gibraltar, two Genoese

citizens, Tedisios Doria and Ugolin Vivaldi, undertook, in 1291, this voyage with two gallies: they carried with them two Franciscan monks to effect the conversion of the people whom they might fall in with on their long and dangerous voyage. All the Genoese historians and several contemporary authors, among others Pierre d'Abano and Cieco d'Ascoli, have spoken of this expedition, but no person has ever informed us what became of the gallies or their crews. M. Graberg, with incredible industry, however, has procured and published a letter written in 1455, by Antonio Usodimare, a Genoese, to his creditors, in which he speaks of an old man whom he had seen on the coast of Guinea, and who recollected part of the crews having been cast ashore there.

The same manuscript which has preserved this letter, contains an account of some other expeditions which were undertaken by the Genoese previous to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and of the new continent, which shew, that the Genoese had their La Peyrouse and Delangle five centuries before the French. But although these attempts had not the desired effect at the time, they nevertheless contributed to pave the way for the epoch so glorious to the Genoese, when the greatest man of his age had the genius and good fortune to discover, that the earth was round, and that there were antipodes.

The discovery of the mariner's compass, which must be referred to nearly the end of the thirteenth century, undoubtedly belongs to the Italians, and a Frenchman, M. Flaminius Venanson, has set the matter completely at rest in a work published by him at Naples a few years ago. It results from all M. Graberg's inquiries, that the polarity of the needle was known to the Italians long before the end of the 13th century, although it is difficult to fix the precise date of its discovery, and that Flavius Gioja was the person who first brought the mariner's compass into use.

Geographical charts began to be multiplied in Europe about this period: the extension of religion and commerce, with travels and voyages, all united to forward the progress of geography. The travels of the celebrated Marco Paolo made known the interior and the eastern and southern parts of Asia. Before his time Tartary, Tangūt or Thibet, China, and the great archipelago of India, were but imperfectly known. Japan in particular had never before been heard of in Europe, and Marco Paolo, in speaking of the above island, suggests a very probable hy-

pothesis for the foundation of the two empires of Mexico and Peru in the new world.

The Chinese and Indians at that period cultivated geography and navigation with success. Madagascar, Zanguebar and the coast of Mocaranga were made known in Europe by the relations of Marco Paolo, who was also the first European who mentions Polynesia. His voyages undoubtedly opened the way for that brilliant career in which Columbus, Magellan, Bougainville, Cook, and Vancouver, afterwards acquired so many claims to the gratitude of mankind.

‘It is probable,’ according to M. Graberg, ‘that but for these early voyages, and the attempts of the Genoese and Venetians, the new world would have remained undiscovered for several centuries longer, and Vasco di Gama would never have visited the Cape of Good Hope.’

A short time after the period above alluded to, the Monk Ayton, an Armenian, wrote an *Oriental Geography*, a copy of which preserved in the Laurentine Library, at Florence, contains some maps executed about the beginning of the fourteenth century. Peter Visconti, a Genoese, prepared, in 1318, nine hydrographical charts which, in 1806, were still to be seen in the Palatine Library, at Vienna.

Marino Samuto, a Venetian, about the year 1324, wrote a *Geographical History of the East*, which may be regarded as a complete treatise on the navigation and commerce of the age. But even at this advanced period, there were still more geographers among the Arabs than in Europe. Abulfeda, Prince of Hamath, in Syria, composed a description of the habitable globe, which ought to serve as the ground work of all our knowledge on the subject of the geography of the middle ages.

A zeal for the conversion of the infidels, the desire of riches or a thirst for information contributed to the encouragement of a knowledge of the Geography of the East throughout Europe. Oderic de Pordenone and Andelon di Negro, both celebrated Genoese astronomers and philosophers, Balducci Pegoletti, of Florence, John Mandeville, of England, and a great number of monks, brought into Europe about this time many valuable narrations relative to the distant countries of Asia, while the Spaniards succeeded in finding their way to the Canaries or Fortunate Islands, already known to the Genoese long before the 14th century, according to the testimony of Petrarch, who was himself the author of a Syriac itinerary and some let-

ters, which contain very interesting geographical information, and in one of which we find the discovery of the new world predicted.

The celebrated Dittamondo di Fazio degli Uberti must have been composed about the year 1367, nearly about the time with the famous Chart of the Pizzigani, and a short time before the voyages of the two Zenos, who have furnished such grounds of dispute among the learned, but who are entitled to more credit, according to our author, than they have generally received. We have only to observe, that if their works are authentic, they must have visited America 120 years before Columbus.

It is impossible to advance a single step in the history of the geography of the middle ages, without meeting with Arabian geographers. In 1403, Abd-el-Raschid-el-Bakuy composed a description of the remarkable events of the world; but as wars and conquests in general contributed most to the advancement of geography, those of the famous Timer or Tamerlane, by furnishing occasion for sending ambassadors to the east, opened fresh sources of geographical knowledge. Pelago de Sotomayor, Fernandez de Palazuelos, Ruy Gonzales de Clavijo, and John Schildberger, of Munich, in Bavaria, brought back with them into Europe immense stores of valuable information.

But this abundance of materials for the geography of the interior of Asia, which had no connection with the maritime states of Europe, could not contribute much to the furtherance of geographical studies so far as Europe itself was concerned, and still less to the grand project which was now broached of sailing to the Indies by the Atlantic Ocean. The Portuguese had long attempted to make the tour of Africa, but so late as 1415, they had not even doubled Cape Non. The great victory obtained over the Moors in that year at Ceuta, excited in the Infanta, Henry the IVth, son of King John I, a desire to visit the country of the people whom he had vanquished, and it is to the curiosity thus raised, that we are indebted for all the discoveries which were subsequently made from Cape Non to Cape Gardafan, and also for the discovery of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope. His officers discovered, in 1418, the Island of Porto Santo, and in 1420, that of Madeira; but it was not until 1433, that Gillianoy doubled the dreadful Cape Bojador, until that period the limit of the discoveries on that coast. The

Azores were discovered by Gonzalvo Velho Cabral nearly at the same period.

While the Portuguese were busily occupied in making discoveries, the Italians profited by them, and laid down charts. Buondelmenti composed a geographical dictionary and an atlas, which is preserved in the library of the Chigi and of Laurente de Medicis: another cosmography, with maps, by Georgio Dati, is also preserved in the Magliabechi Library of Florence. The maps of Andrew Bianchi bear the date of 1436: they consist of ten sheets, and are the most valuable geographical monuments of that age, notwithstanding the strange configuration of the earth which they present and the fables with which they are filled.

A Genoese named Beccario or Bedrario, drew up about the same period a chart, which is in the library at Parma, and on which we also find the Islands Antilia, which are to be seen in the charts of Bianchi.

But it was Prince Henry of Portugal who had the merit of correcting and reducing the sea charts to their true form, which contributed not a little to the success of his first voyagers. In Italy, literature and the arts had by this time sought an asylum, and those luminaries arose who were destined to diffuse the arts and sciences over Europe, and who secured to their country the appellation of the mistress of the world. Thomas de Sarzane, who wore the Tiara under the name of Nicholas V. was the first sovereign who favoured by his munificence the study of geography: he gave Guarini fifteen hundred crowns for a Latin translation of Strabo, and to this pontiff we are also indebted for translations of Homer, Herodotus, Ptolemy, Diodorus, Siculus, and Polybius. Æneas Silvius Piccolomini not only imitated his illustrious predecessor in his predilection for the sciences, but composed himself several valuable works.

The celebrated Fra Mauro composed about this time a planisphere, in which he marked all the discoveries of the Portuguese on the coast of Africa, including the mouth of the Senegal and Cape Verd, which Denis Fernandez had visited in 1446. The renown of these discoveries had brought to Portugal a crowd of adventurers from all parts of Europe, but particularly from Italy, where the Genoese and Venetians, jealous of the success of the Portuguese, became desirous of sharing in it.

Among the Italians who assisted the Portuguese in their discoveries, the first rank is unquestionably due to two Ge-

noese, Antony Usodimare and Dominico Noli. The former passed Cape Verd in 1455, and discovered in the following year the islands of that name, which were better explored in 1462, by the latter. The Venetian Cadamasto having met with Usodimare near Cape Verd, joined with him, in order to share the glory of his discoveries.

About the same period, a great variety of valuable information respecting the east was acquired by the voyages and travels of Descompte, Cornaro, Nicolas Conti, Ambrose Contarini, and Josaphat Barbaro, which Ramuzzio has published in his elegant collection of voyages and travels.

Grazioso Benincasa of Ancona published between 1463 and 1471, some sea charts, which are still preserved at Venice: his son, Andrew, made others in 1476, and Francis Borlinghieri, a noble Florentine, composed at the age of twenty-three, a Treatise on Geography, which is now very scarce. It was published in 1480, and is only a commentary upon, or rather translation of Ptolemy, but it is valuable on account of its maps and charts, which are engraved upon copper. These were certainly the first that were engraved in this way after those of Maso Finiguerra, which appeared in 1478, with an edition of Ptolemy, and which are certainly the most ancient.

But among those who contributed to throw light upon the new Continent, Paul Toscanelli, the Florentine, and George Interiani, the Genoese, ought not to be passed over. There are letters in existence written by the former, which gave rise perhaps more than any thing else to the idea of Columbus, that he might sail round the world by steering westward. The latter had been long convinced of the possibility of a voyage of this description, and he had been confirmed in this idea by his own voyages in the Indian Ocean. There is nothing extant of this illustrious Genoese but a small history of the manners of the Circassians, or the people beyond the Tanais, printed in Ramuzzio's collection.

Notwithstanding the progress which geography and navigation seem to have made, the knowledge acquired on these subjects did not produce the important results which might have been expected. The true philosophers were already persuaded, that the earth was round, and that the tour might be made of it by sailing westward. Every voyage made towards this coast furnished new proofs of the existence of an immense continent in the Atlantic Ocean. Vincent Dias, on returning from Guinea, thought

he saw the Island of Madeira, which he mentioned to Lucas di Cazzana, a Genoese merchant, who made three or four voyages with him afterwards in quest of this island, but without effect.

The glory of this discovery was reserved for another Genoese, who had long meditated upon a voyage to the new world. This was Christopher Columbus. It is much to be regretted, according to M. Graberg, that we know nothing of the voyage undertaken by Columbus to the northern extremity of the Atlantic Ocean, in which he sailed beyond Iceland; but we may be allowed to conjecture, that the discoveries of the Zeni and of the Normans, which he must have been acquainted with, were the most powerful causes which led this immortal man to attempt the discovery of the new world to the westward of the Atlantic Ocean.

Much has been said of a Portuguese geographer named Martin, of Bohemia, the friend of Columbus, who furnished him with precise ideas respecting the new continent. This personage has also been confounded with *Martin Behaim*, a gentleman of Nuremberg, who died in 1507, and to whom the construction of a globe is ascribed, which is still preserved in the capital of Franconia. But it has been clearly ascertained, that Columbus was indebted to neither of the above geographers. The charts of the latter, in particular, could give him no accurate information, for they contain the Antilia and all the fabulous islands of Marco Paolo and Mandeville.

The Portuguese still continued their discoveries on the coast of Africa, having passed the equator in 1484, and two years afterwards the dreadful promontory of the tempests called the Cape of Good Hope. Some missionaries who were sent in search of the famous Prester John brought back with them into Europe some valuable information respecting India, Abyssinia and the eastern coast of Africa.

It would seem, that the Italians were still destined to be the historiographers of the discoveries made by the Portuguese. Laurent Asthemius and Domenico Maria Negro, composed some voluminous geographical works, but those of the latter only are now extant. They consist of twenty-six books, and were published in 1490.

The difficulties and obstacles which retarded the executive of the project of Columbus are well known. We may briefly remind our readers, that he set out from Palos on the 3d of August, 1492, with three small vessels and 120

men: that after remaining thirty-three days out of sight of land, and despairing of seeing their native country again, the crew murmured against the admiral, and even formed the project of throwing him overboard, but the genius of Columbus finally triumphed, and on the 11th of October, he discovered the Island of San Salvadore.

The way was now cleared, and this discovery was followed by that of the whole of America. A great number of navigators wished to share the glory of the Genoese. Cabot, a Venetian, in the service of England, discovered in 1497 the coast of North America from Hudson's straits to the Chesapeake. M. Graberg is of opinion, therefore, that Cabot ought to be regarded as the discoverer of the continent of the new world. It is remarkable, that the name of Florida given by the Spaniards to the whole of North America, was afterwards restricted to a small peninsula, while that of America, which was at first given to the Brazils only, was extended to the two continents of the new hemisphere.

Upon the authority of the accounts given by two Portuguese Jews on their return from Persia to Lisbon, Vasco de Gama undertook, in 1497, his voyage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. When he arrived at Malinda, in Zanguebar, he met with Malemo Kana, an Indian pilot of the Guzzerat, who undertook to conduct him to India, by traversing the sea, which the Arabians called *occult* and *dark*, and the passage was effected in twenty-two days. Gama anchored at Calicut on the 16th of May, 1499.

In addition to Columbus and Cabot, Vespucci, the Florentine, had the merit of discovering the shores of Guiana, Cumana, Caraccas, and Venezuela. Our limits here compel us reluctantly to take our leave of this valuable work.

ART. XI.—*Sexti Aurelii Propertii Carmina. recensuit, illustravit Christianus Theophilus Kuinoel. Eloquent. et Poes. Prof. Ord. in Academia Gissensi. Lipsiæ II. T.*

A POETRY professor from Germany demands our earnest attention; a true son of a continental university: a gentleman of no mean capacities in note making, but in absurdity and stupidity surpassing, we will venture to say, all his predecessors and all his contemporaries.

And can such volumes really have a sale in this country? Can it be worth while to wade through the sands and mud to Heligoland, with a packet of these at their back, to those miserable smugglers who supply us with such contraband

trash? But we must talk a little about Propertius and his annotators, previously to his falling into the hands of the oratory and poetry professor.

Broukhusius, Vulpius, Barthius, and Burman (whose unfinished work was completed by Santenius), are decidedly the best critics on Propertius. The first of these annotators admitted without rhyme or reason, and without information to the reader, the conjectural emendations, good or bad, of Heinsius and Scaliger. Our opinion of Vulpius (whose edition is now scarce, and sells at a most unreasonable price), is, that he was uncommonly shy of all difficulties in the text of his author, and shirked them, as often as they occurred, unless where he could derive sufficient tinder from his predecessor to light his own candle. Barthius, in this edition, may be said to have used much more diligence than any who went before him, in noting and assorting various readings, and in transferring to his own use the conjectures of the learned; he, however, did little for the illustration of the text. In his extracts from the commentaries of Vulpius, Passeratius, and Broukhusius, he seems to us to have exerted no great share of judgment. His mistakes are of a gross and ludicrous nature: to the correction of corruptions he was unequal; and for the explanation of obscurities, sense and learning are requisite, to which he had very slender pretensions. Under this conviction, Burman treats him and his edition very cavalierly; but Burman himself is not without his faults.

These consist generally in the accumulation of useless knowledge: those of his successor, the poetry professor, of useless ignorance. Burman gave us too much of what he knew; but Kuinoel of what he does not know. It is, however, but fair to listen to the proposals of the critic before us, and his promises of instruction and amusement.

‘Cum Vulpio et Barthio ordinem elegiarum veterem reduxi, atque, auctore Barthio, editionem Gottingensem secundam, quæ A. 1762 prodiit, ab operis describendam curavi, ita tamen, ut multis in locis e codicibus antiquis lectiones, quæ mihi veræ et genuinæ viderentur, in locum corruptarum idoneoque sensu carentium reponerem. Nullum omnino locum, nisi vitii manifestum, sollicitate ausus sum, præsertim si veteris Codicis Auctoritas prætendi non poterat, &c. P. 9.

The poetry professor proceeds to inform us, that he has used his own discretion in occasionally introducing the corrections into the text, which were suggested by his own genius. He then ridiculously adds:

‘In annotationibus textui subjectis id potissimum egi, ut

omnem orationis habitum exponerem ; ut sententiarum contextum et ordinem observarem ; poeticum sermonem verbis interpreter vulgariis et propriis ; ut legentium animos adverterem ad ea, quæ præclarâ et insigni aliquâ venustate a poeta proposita sunt, ut quæ ex grammaticâ, vel antiquitate, vel historiâ explicanda essent, explicarem ; ut Græcorum quoque poetarum locos, e quibus vel Propertius tanquam ex fontibus hauserit, vel in quibus summa cum quibusdam poetæ nostri locis conspiratio deprehenderetur, excitarem : omninoque nihil inexplicatum relinquerem, in quo hædere possent adolescentes jam aliquantum in hoc literarum genere versati et proveci, ad ingenuæ doctrinæ solidæque eruditionis laudem adspirantes. His enim imprimis commentarius meus destinatus est.' P. 11.

We shall detain our readers with a specimen of Mr. Kuinoel's animadversions on one only of the elegies, and this we shall not select with a view to his exposure, as on perusing the notes to all, we really think there is not one worse than its neighbour, and therefore we take the first we light upon. We will choose elegy 3d, book ivth.

' Hæc Arethusa suo mittit mandata Lycotæ.'

It will be necessary, for the purpose of shewing the excellencies of Mr. K.'s thoughts, to translate *excerpta* from his notes into our own language, which we shall interpret most literally word for word.

The general character of this elegy, the poetry professor informs us (as it becomes a poetry professor to deal in analysis), shews the

' sorrow, regret, solitude, faith, industry, and vows of Arethusa for her husband, who is gone to the wars, and asks him to keep the leagues of the genial bed uncorrupted. It is a most bonied strain: it breathes the most ardent and most tender love, and most vividly declares the passion of grief and regret ; the enunciation itself is sweet and simple, such as is wont and ought to exist in sadness.'

This is in the strain of nearly all modern German comments.

' Siqua tamen tibi lecturo pars oblita deerit.'

The professor seems afraid, that we should scan the end of this verse *oblitâ dêērit*: for he gravely tells us, that deerit is a spondee.

' Occidat, immeritâ qui carpsit ab arbore vallum,

Et struxit querulas rauca per ossa tubas.'

' *Occidat*—may it turn out ill to him. *Immeritâ ab arbore*, which did not deserve to be mutilated. *Vallum*, to defend the rampart. *Struxit* composed, constructed. *Querulas tubas*, Propertius somewhere else calls them *mæstas*. *Rauca per ossa*.

Trumpets were anciently made of bone or horn: latterly of brass. *Dic mihi nunc*, Confess fairly.'

We are really ashamed of trespassing on the patience of our readers by exposing the fatuity of these German professors. We will continue, however, to cull a flower or two, here and there, to the end of this elegy, and then conclude with a very few farther animadversions.

'23. *Urit lorica lucertos: urit* means "presses," "pinches," *lucertos* are put for *humeros*!!! *imbelles* that is *molles*, unfit for the labour of war.

'*Cogor et e tabulâ pictos ediscere mundos.*

'*Accuratiorem notitiam locorum, ubi Lycotas versaretur, sibi comparare cupiens Arethusa, ad tabulas geographicas confugere, easque perlustrare cogitur. mundos pro mundi partes.*

'*Assidet* is a word applicable to those who sit by the sick or afflicted for the sake of help or solace, as may be seen in Petronius and Ovid—either *Africus* the south-west wind is put for the north-east! or as a woman is speaking, perhaps she is not very accurate in her knowledge of the compass.'

This is most ingenious! as is also the information immediately afterwards conveyed to us, that *fulgeat* means *enitescat*; and that Horace uses the word *splendeat*. But we close the volume.

It has been somewhere smartly said, that Propertius makes love like a pedant. Mr. Kuinoel makes notes in the same manner. We have extracted only from the first volume, which contains 560 pages, the second about 700, at the commencement of which is a reprint of Santenius's short and sensible preface, and some extracts from that of Barthius. All the remainder consists of observations.

We have looked over many Latin classics which have lately issued from the German press; but it has never fallen to our lot to encounter one so thoroughly disgraced by its editor as Propertius. In a bibliographical point of view, we understand that of the *Charta Optima et Maxima* only twelve copies were printed, and that only three of them have found their way into this country. They bore the enormous price of nearly eight pounds. 'A fool and his money are soon parted,' says the proverb.

ART. XII.—*Les Fontaines de Paris, &c.*

The Fountains of Paris. Paris, Moissy, 1810.

THIS is a most magnificent work in 4to. and exhibits some favourable specimens of the proficiency of the modern French in the art of engraving. The architectural monuments recorded in the work, are not always however so tasteful as to deserve the waste of talent which has been expended on them. The old fountains of Paris were generally the workmanship of some ignorant dabbler in brick and mortar, who filled the office of district surveyor perhaps to the neighbourhood where the article (for ornament it could not be called) was wanted.

Sixteen new fountains have been recently erected by order of the emperor, and although ten of these are by the same architect, they display a richness and variety in the design which would have done honour to a more celebrated school of architecture than that of France. The name of this favourite architect is M. Brall. It is intended that some of these monuments shall signalize the recent events which have raised France to her present grandeur; and the devices are of course appropriate. No inscriptions, however, have been as yet affixed to them, in consequence as it should seem of a dispute among the members of the Institute as to the language most proper for conveying the remembrance of these great events to posterity. The work has been published in numbers, and has strong claims to the attention of the admirers of the fine arts.

ART. XIII.—*Dissertations sur plusieurs Especes de Fuci, &c.*

Dissertations upon several new Species of Fuci, with their Description in Latin and in French. By M. Lamouroux. Paris, 1808, 1 Vol. 4to. with 36 Plates.

OPPORTUNITIES have not occurred, since the time of Linnæus, of examining marine plants with such accuracy as to classify and arrange them with sufficient precision; indeed with the exception of the Swedish botanists, the only works which describe the fuci are English; and

M. Lamouroux is of opinion that their materials were so scanty as to require a separate work.

The author has been several years engaged in collecting his materials; he has made voyages to various parts of the European shores, and besides his own collection of specimens he has been favoured with thousands from all quarters of the globe.

M. Lamouroux introduces his work with a well written preface, containing a multitude of curious facts and general observations respecting marine botany, which, like all other writers upon particular branches of science, he informs his readers has been shamefully neglected.

The definitions are given with much clearness. A Latin word expresses the exclusive character of each species. Synonymy is carefully attended to, and the description treats successively of the root, stalk, branches, fructification, colour, height, &c. in a copious manner.

This is merely the first fasciculus of a work which the author is desirous of continuing if it meets with public encouragement. It contains a description of twenty curious species of fuci, ten of which are original, never having been before described. The plates are engraved with much elegance, and present the character of each species with great precision; and the work comes to us recommended by splendid typography.

DIGEST OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

RELIGION.

IN the fourth part of his 'Hints,' the barrister has defended with his usual ability the cause of moral christianity, against the spurious jargon of mystery and folly which has been substituted for it in the preaching and writings of certain persons, who have been led into error by their ignorance or their enthusiasm. Many of the sentiments in the sermons of Dr. Valpy 'on public Occasions,' evince the warmth of his benevolence and the liberality of his politics. Though we should not have advised the publication of Dr. George Campbell's posthumous 'Lectures on the Pastoral Character,' yet we are not unwilling to allow that they contain scattered proofs of his good sense, and vigorous understanding.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Colonel Kirkpatrick's 'Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul,' abounds with much valuable information respecting that sequestered and hitherto almost unexplored territory. While this volume will be highly valued by those, who are more immediately interested in East Indian affairs, the general reader will find it a source of instruction and amusement. Mr. Brodie has shewn himself a warm advocate for liberty in his 'History of the Roman Government,' though we cannot much commend it either for solidity of information, depth of remark, or purity of style. Colonel Malcolm's 'Sketch of the political History of India' is a performance which reflects honour on the candour and impartiality of the writer. Mr. Howel has displayed great depth and accuracy of research in his new improved and enlarged edition of the State Trials, which will furnish the student of English history with a

copious stock of information on constitutional topics of the last importance to the lives and liberties of Englishmen. Mr. Trotter's 'Memoirs of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox,' contain very few particulars of any interest or importance respecting that great statesman, but they are a very palpable demonstration of the conceit, vanity, and impertinence of the writer. The 'Select Letters of Tippoo Sultan,' which have been recently translated by Colonel Kirkpatrick, accompanied with a very valuable commentary, throw a good deal of light on the character of Tippoo, and on some of the transactions of his reign. Mr. Hodgson's life of Bishop Porteus is a commendable tribute of his respect, his affection, and his gratitude, to the memory of his relative, his benefactor, and his friend.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

We were much entertained by the perusal of 'Sketches of History, Politics, and Manners in Dublin and in the North of Ireland, in the Autumn of 1810.' Major Pike's 'Exploratory Travels through the Western Territories of North America,' is a valuable work, on account of the geographical information which it affords relative to an immense tract of country which is but little known, and particularly with respect to the wilds of Louisiana and the sources of the Arkansaw. Some useful particulars relative to the productions, manufactures, and commerce of Tunis, are contained in the work of Mr. Macgill, which we noticed in our journal for November. M. Chateaubriand, of whose travels in Greece, &c. we furnished a copious account in our last number, is a writer of much sensibility and animation. He is often a nice and discriminating observer, and his sketches, both of persons and of places, exhibit much correctness and vivacity. His moral remarks, which are frequently tinged with a hue of melancholy, from the reverses of fortune which he appears to have experienced, add to the beauty and the interest of his local delineations. Mr. Gell has displayed rather more antiquarian zeal than we admire in his 'Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca;' but it is a work which will not fail to interest those whose minds are imbued with classical literature, and whose imagination has been enriched by the study of the poets and historians of Greece.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The mischievous influence of the Spanish inquisition, even in recent times, though restrained by the force of public opinion, and mitigated by the diffusion of knowledge, has been well exhibited in a letter, translated from a Spanish journal, called *El Espanol*. Mr. Waddington has produced various data on which to ground his attack on the monopoly of the East India Company, in his 'Oriental Exposition.' We bestowed a good deal of attention on Mr. Ensor's important work 'on National Education.' It displays great variety of reading and much acuteness of remark. Mr. Cunninghame's 'Principles of the Constitution of Governments,' is a very sensible and judicious performance, though the method is rather formal and dry.

PHILOSOPHY, PHYSICAL AND METAPHYSICAL.

Mr. Fearn's 'Essay on Human Consciousness,' though it contains what appears rather a fanciful hypothesis, exhibits many ingenious remarks, and is the work of a man who dares to think for himself, and to publish what he thinks. This is no small merit in the present period of servility and imitation. We have given a full and we hope satisfactory analysis of the papers in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1810. Some interesting communications will be found in the 'Transactions of the Medical Society of London,' the first part of the first volume of which passed under our review in our number for November. Mr. Cresswell's 'Elements of Linear Perspective,' is well calculated to instruct the pupil in that branch of the mathematics.

POETRY.

Mr. Orger has undertaken a poetical translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, in which, if he proceeds as he has begun, his version is likely to be superior to that of his predecessors, and to supply a more correct and spirited likeness of the beautiful original. The 'Remains of Joseph Blackett,' which have been edited by Mr. Pratt, contain proofs of undoubted genius. This is particularly visible in his odes. Mr. Bingham's poem on 'The Pains of Memory,' contains some passages which do honour to

his sensibility, his taste, and his descriptive powers. The poems of William Robert Spencer, contain a gay variety of elegant effusions, some of which are characterized by great beauty of sentiment and great felicity of diction. We have noticed some of the defects in Mr. Hayley's 'Three Plays;' but we trust that we have not been niggardly of our praise on his tragedy of Eudora; and we shall be happy to see another volume of his dramatic compositions.

NOVELS.

The inflated extravagance of diction, which deforms Rosa Matilda's novel of 'The Passions,' deducts very much from the interest which her work would otherwise have excited. The effect of her talents, for talents she undoubtedly possesses, is impaired by the repulsive affectation of her style. The 'political romance,' entitled 'Despotism, or the Fall of the Jesuits,' contains some well-drawn portraits, interesting descriptions, and acute remarks. 'Self-Controul,' is a novel so seasoned with evangelical cant, that our stomachs were seized with a nausea on the perusal, from which we should not soon have recovered, if we had not found an agreeable antidote in the perusal of 'Frederick de Montford.' 'Isadora of Milan,' is altogether an interesting story, and susceptible of a good moral application. The novel of 'Thinks-I-to-Myself,' contains a little, very little, wit and pleasantry, mixed up with a great deal of vulgarity, dulness, and impertinence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In 'The Gleaner, a Series of periodical Essays,' &c. Dr. Drake has rescued many papers, and some whole works of men of talents and genius from a state of unmerited obscurity and neglect. Mr. Weber's 'Metrical Romances of the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries,' are valuable, as tending to throw light on the manners and language of our ancestors. The same gentleman is entitled to some praise, for republishing the 'Dramatic Works of Ford.' Mr. Gilchrist's letter on that publication should not be neglected by those who peruse this edition of the plays of Ford. Mr. Newton has displayed much talent and ingenuity in his 'Return to Nature, or Defence of the Vegetable Regimen.'

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